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THE

# A D V E N T U R E R.

BY

DR. HAWKSWORTH.

*THE FOUR VOLUMES IN ONE.*

*TENTANDA VIA EST; QUA ME QUOQUE POSSIM  
TOLLERE HUMO, VICTORQUE VIRUM VOLITARE PER ORA.*

VIRG.

ON VENTROUS WING IN QUEST OF PRAISE I GO,  
AND LEAVE THE GAZING MULTITUDE BELOW.

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T H E

# A D V E N T U R E R.

No. I. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1752.

*Hac arte Pollux, et vagus Hercules  
Immixus, arces attigit igneas.*

HOR.

*Thus mounted to the tow'rs above,  
The vagrant hero, son of Jove.*

FRANCIS.

AS every man, in the exercise of his duty to himself and the community, struggles with difficulties which no man has always surmounted, and is exposed to dangers which are never wholly escaped; life has been considered as a warfare, and courage as a virtue more necessary than any other. It was soon found, that without the exercise of courage, without an effort of the mind by which immediate pleasure is rejected, pain despised, and life itself set at hazard, much cannot be contributed to the publick good, nor such happiness procured to ourselves as is consistent with that of others.

But as pleasure can be exchanged only for pleasure, every art has been used to connect such gratifications with the exercise of courage, as compensate for those which are given up: the pleasure of the imagination are substituted for those of the senses, and the hope of future enjoyments for the possession of present; and to decorate these pleasures and this hope, has wearied eloquence and exhausted learning. Courage has been dignified with the name of heroick virtue; and heroick virtue has deified

the hero: his statue, hung round with ensigns of terror, frowned in the gloom of a wood or a temple; altars were raised before it, and the world was commanded to worship.

Thus the ideas of courage, and virtue, and honour, are so associated, that wherever we perceive courage, we infer virtue and ascribe honour; without considering, whether courage was exerted to produce happiness or misery, in the defence of freedom or support of tyranny.

But though courage and heroick virtue are still confounded, yet by courage nothing more is generally understood than a power of opposing danger with serenity and perseverance. To secure the honours which are bestowed upon courage by custom, it is indeed necessary that this danger should be voluntary: for a courageous resistance of dangers to which we are necessarily exposed by our station, is considered merely as the discharge of our duty, and brings only a negative reward, exemption from infamy.

He who at the approach of evil, betrays his trust or deserts his post, is branded with cowardice; a name perhaps more reproachful than any other, that does not imply much greater

turpitude ; he who patiently suffers that which he cannot without guilt avoid, escapes infamy, but does not obtain praise. It is the man who provokes danger in its recess, who quits a peaceful retreat, where he might have slumbered in ease and safety, for peril and labour, to drive before a tempest or to watch in a camp ; the man who descends from a precipice by a rope at midnight, to fire a city that is besieged ; or who ventures forward into regions of perpetual cold and darkness, to discover new paths of navigation, and disclose new secrets of the deep ; it is the ADVENTURER alone on whom every eye is fixed with admiration, and whose praise is repeated by every voice.

But it must be confessed that this is only the praise of prejudice and of custom : reason as yet sees nothing either to commend or imitate ; a more severe scrutiny must be made, before she can admit courage to belong to virtue, or entitle its possessor to the palm of honour.

If new worlds are sought merely to gratify avarice or ambition, for the treasures that ripen in the distant mine, or the homage of nations whom new arts of destruction may subdue ; or if the precipice is descended merely for a pecuniary consideration ; the Adventurer is, in the estimation of reason, as worthless and contemptible as the robber who defies a gibbet for the hire of a strumpet, or the fool who lays out his whole property on a lottery-ticket. Reason considers the motive, the means, and the end ; and honours courage only when it is employed to effect the purpose of virtue. Whoever exposes life for the good of others, and desires no superadded reward but fame, is pronounced a hero by the voice of reason ; and to withhold the praise that he merits, would be an attempt equally injurious and impossible. How much then is it to be regretted, that several ages have elapsed since all who had the will had also the power thus to secure at once the shout of the multitude, and the eulogy of the philosopher ! The last who enjoyed this privilege were the heroes that the history of certain dark ages distinguishes by the name of Knights Errant ; beings who improved the opportunities of glory that were peculiar to their own times, in which giants were to be encountered, dragons destroyed, enchantments dissolved, and captive princesses set at liberty.

These heroes, however numerous, or wherever

they dwelt, had nothing more to do, than, as soon as Aurora with her dewy fingers unlocked the rosy portals of the east, to mount the steed, grasp the lance, and ride forth attended by a faithful squire : a giant or a dragon immediately appeared ; or a castle was perceived with a moat, a bridge, and a horn ; the horn is sounded, a dwarf first appears, and then an enchanter ; a combat ensues, and the enchanter is defeated ; the Knight enters the castle, reads a Talisman, dissolves the enchantment, receives the thanks of the princesses, and encomium of the knights ; then is conducted by the principal lady to the court of her father ; is there the object of universal admiration, refuses a kingdom, and sets out again to acquire new glory by a series of new adventures.

But if the world has now no employment for the Knight-Errant, the Adventurer may still do good for fame. Such is the hope with which he quits the quiet of indolence and the safety of obscurity ; for such ambition he has exchanged content, and such is his claim as a candidate for praise. It may, indeed be objected that he has no right to the reward ; because if it be admitted that he does good for fame, it cannot be pretended that it is at the risk of his life : but honour has been always allowed to be of greater value than life.

If, therefore, the Adventurer risks honour, he risks more than the Knight. The ignominy which falls on a disappointed candidate for publick praise, would by those very Knights have been deemed worse than death ; and who is more truly a candidate for publick praise than an author ? But as the Knights were without fear of death, the Adventurer is without fear of disgrace or disappointment : he confides, like them, in the temper of his weapon, and the justice of his cause ; he knows he has not far to go, before he will meet with some fortress that has been raised by sophistry for the asylum of error, some enchanter who lies in wait to ensnare innocence, or some dragon breathing out his poison in defence of infidelity ; he has also the power of enchantment, which he will exercise in his turn ; he will sometimes crowd the scene with ideal beings, sometimes recal the past, and sometimes anticipate the future ; sometimes he will transport those who put themselves under his influence

to regions which no traveller has yet visited, and will sometimes confine them with invisible bands till the charm is dissolved by a word, which will be placed the last in a paper which he shall give them.

Nor does he fear that this boast should draw upon him the imputation of arrogance or of vanity; for the Knight, when he challenged an army, was not thought either arrogant or vain: and yet as every challenge is a boast, and implies a consciousness of superiority, the ostentation is certainly in proportion to the force that is defied; but this force is also the measure of danger, and danger is the

measure of honour. It must also be remarked, that there is great difference between a boast of what we shall do, and of what we have done. A boast when we enter the lists, is a defiance of danger; it claims attention, and it raises expectation: but a boast when we return, is only an exultation in safety, and a demand of praise which is not thought to be due; for the praise that is thought to be due is always paid. Let it be remembered, therefore, that if the Adventurer raises expectation, he proportionably encreases his danger; and that he asks nothing which the publick shall desire to withhold.

## NO. II. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1752.

*Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.*

HOR.

—*To sink in shame, or swell with pride,  
As the gay palm is granted or deny'd.*

FRANCIS.

THE multitudes that support life by corporal labour, and eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, commonly regard inactivity as idleness; and have no conception that weariness can be contracted in an elbow-chair, by now and then peeping into a book and musing the rest of the day: the sedentary and studious, therefore, raise their envy or contempt, as they appear either to possess the conveniencies of life by the mere bounty of fortune, or to suffer the want of them by refusing to work.

It is, however, certain that to think is to labour; and that as the body is affected by the exercise of the mind, the fatigue of the study is not less than that of the field or the manufactory.

But the labour of the mind, though it is equally wearisome with that of the body, is not attended with the same advantages. Exercise gives health, vigour, and cheerfulness, sound sleep, and a keen appetite: the effects of sedentary thoughtfulness are diseases that embitter and shorten life, interrupted rest, tasteless meals, perpetual languor, and causeless anxiety.

No natural inability to perform manual operations has been observed to proceed from dis-

inclination; the reluctance, if it cannot be removed, may be surmounted; and the artificer then proceeds in his work with dexterity and exactness, as if no extraordinary effort had been made to begin it: but with respect to the productions of imagination and wit, a mere determination of the will is not sufficient; there must be a disposition of the mind which no human being can procure, or the work will have the appearance of a forced plan, in the production of which the industry of art has been substituted for the vigour of nature.

Nor does this disposition always ensure success, though the want of it never fails to render application ineffectual; for the writer who sits down in the morning, fired with his subject, and teeming with ideas, often finds at night, that what delighted his imagination offends his judgment, and that he has lost the day by indulging a pleasing dream, in which he joined together a multitude of splendid images without perceiving their incongruity.

Thus the wit is condemned to pass his hours, those hours which return no more, in attempting that which he cannot effect, or in collecting materials which he afterwards discovers to be unfit for use: but the mechanic and

the husbandman know, that the work which they perform will always bear the same proportion to the time in which they are employed, and the diligence which they exert.

Neither is the reward of intellectual equally certain with that of corporal labour; the artificer, for the manufacture which he finishes in a day, receives a certain sum; but the wit frequently gains no advantage from a performance at which he has toiled many months, either because the town is not disposed to judge of his merit, or because he has not suited the popular taste.

It has been often observed, that not the value of a man's income, but the proportion which it bears to his expences, justly denominates him rich or poor; and that it is not so much the manner in which he lives, as the habit of life he has contracted, which renders him happy or wretched. For this reason, the labour of the mind, even when it is adequately rewarded, does not procure means of happiness in the same proportion as that of the body. They that sing at the loom, or whistle after the plough, wish not for intellectual entertainment; if they have plenty of wholesome food, they do not repine at the inelegance of their table, nor are they less happy because they are not treated with ceremonious respect and served with silent celerity. The scholar is always considered as becoming a gentleman by his education; and the wit is conferring honour upon his company, however elevated by their rank or fortune: they are, therefore, frequently admitted to scenes of life very different from their own; they partake of pleasures which they cannot hope to purchase; and many superfluities become necessary, by the gratification of wants, which in a lower class they would never have known.

Thus the peasant and the mechanick, when they have received the wages of the day, and procured their strong beer and supper, have scarce a wish unsatisfied: but the man of nice discernment and quick sensations, who has acquired a high relish of the elegancies and refinements of life, has seldom philosophy enough to be equally content with that which the reward of genius can purchase.

And yet there is scarce any character so much the object of envy, as that of a successful writer. But those who only see him in

company, or hear encomiums on his merit, form a very erroneous opinion of his happiness: they conceive him as perpetually enjoying the triumphs of intellectual superiority; as displaying the luxuriancy of his fancy, and the variety of his knowledge, to silent admiration; or listening in voluptuous indolence to the music of praise. But they know not, that these lucid intervals are short and few; that much the greater part of his life is passed in solitude and anxiety; that his hours glide away unnoticed, and the day, like the night, is contracted to a moment by the intense application of the mind to its object: locked up from every eye, and lost even to himself, he is reminded that he lives only by the necessities of life; he then starts from a dream, and regrets that the day has passed unenjoyed, without affording means of happiness to the morrow.

Will Hardman the smith had three sons, Tom, Ned and George. George, who was the youngest, he put apprentice to a taylor: the two elder were otherwise provided for; he had by some means the opportunity of sending them to school upon a foundation, and afterwards to the University. Will thought that this opportunity to give his boys good learning, was not to be missed: learning, he said, was a portion which the D-v-l could not wrong them of; and when he had done what he ought for them, they must do for themselves.

As he had not the same power to procure them livings, when they had finished their studies, they came to London. They were both scholars; but Tom was a genius, and Ned was a dunce: Ned became usher in a school at the yearly salary of twenty pounds, and Tom soon distinguished himself as an author; he wrote many pieces of great excellence; but his reward was sometimes withheld by caprice, and sometimes intercepted by envy. He passed his time in penury and labour; his mind was abstracted in the recollection of sentiment, and perplexed in the arrangement of his ideas and the choice of expression.

George, in the mean time, became a master in his trade, kept ten men constantly at work upon the board, drank his beer out of a silver tankard, and boasted that he might be as well to pass in a few years as many of those for whom he made laced cloaths, and who

thought themselves his betters. Ned wished earnestly that he could change stations with George: but Tom, in the pride of his heart, disdained them both; and de-

clared, that he would rather perish upon a bulk with cold and hunger, than steal through life in obscurity, and be forgotten when he was dead.

### N<sup>o</sup>. III. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1752.

— *Scenis decora alta futuris.*

VIRG.

*The splendid ornament of future scenes.*

#### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

AS the business of Pantomimes is become a very serious concern, and the curiosity of mankind is perpetually thirsting after novelties, I have been at great pains to contrive an entertainment, in which every thing shall be united that is either the delight or astonishment of the present age: I have not only ransacked the fairs of Bartholomew and Southwark, but picked up every uncommon animal, every prodigy of nature, and every surprizing performer, that has lately appeared within the bills of mortality. As soon as I am provided with a theatre spacious enough for my purpose, I intend to exhibit a most sublime Pantomime in the modern taste; but far more ostentatious in its feats of activity, its scenes, decorations, machinery, and monsters. A sketch of my design I shall lay before you; and you may possibly think it not inconsistent with the character of an Adventurer to recommend it to publick notice.

I have chosen for the subject the Fable of Hercules, as his labours will furnish me with most extraordinary events, and give me an opportunity of introducing many wonders of the monstrous creation. It is strange that this story, which so greatly recommends itself by its incredibility, should have hitherto escaped the search of those penetrating geniuses, who have rummaged not only the legends of antiquity, but the fictions of Fairy tales, and little history-books for children, to supply them with materials for Perseus and Andromeda, Doctor Faustus, Queen Mab, &c. In imitation of these illustrious wits, I shall call my entertainment by the name of HARLEQUIN HERCULES,

In the original story, as a prelude to his future victories, we are told that Hercules strangled two serpents in the cradle: I shall therefore open with this circumstance; and have prepared a couple of pasteboard serpents of an enormous length, with internal springs and movements for the contortions, which I dare say will far exceed that astonishing one in Orpheus and Eurydice. Any of the common-sized parti-coloured gentry that have learnt to whimper and whine after being hatched in the egg in the Rape of Proserpine, may serve for this scene: but as the Man Hercules must be supposed to be of a preternatural bulk of body, the Modern Colossus has practised the tiptoe step and tripping air for the ensuing parts. Instead of a sword of lath, I shall arm him, in conformity to his character, with a huge cork-club.

The first labour is the killing the Nemean lion, who, in imitation of the fable, shall drop from an oiled-paper moon. We have been long accustomed to admire lions upon the stage; but I shall vastly improve upon this, by making our conqueror slay him upon the spot, and cloke himself with the skin: I have therefore got a tawny-coloured hide made of coarse serge, with the ears, mane and tip of the tail, properly bushed out with brown worsted.

Next to this is the destruction of the Hydra, a terrible serpent with seven heads; and as two were said to sprout up again in the place of every one that was cut off, I design by the art of my machinery to exhibit a successive regeneration of double heads, till a hundred and more are prepared to be knocked off by one stroke of the aforesaid cork-club.

I have a beautiful canvas wild boar of Erymanthus for the third labour; which, as Harlequin is to carry it off the stage upon his shoul-

ders, has nothing in its belly but a wadding of tow, and a little boy who is to manage its motions, to let down the wire jaw, or gnash the wooden tusks: and though I could rather wish he were able to grunt and growl, yet as that is impossible, I have taught the urchin to squeak prodigiously like a pig.

The fourth labour, his catching the hind of Mænalus, whose feet were of brass and horns of gold, I fear I must omit; because I cannot break any common buck to run slow enough. But he is next to drive away those enormous birds of Stymphalus's Lake, which were of such prodigious bigness, that they intercepted the light with their wings, and took up whole menas their prey. I have got a flock of them formed of leather covered with ravens feathers: they are a little unwieldy, I must confess; but I have disposed my wires so as to play them about tolerably well, and make them flap out the candles; and two of the largest are to gulp down the grenadier, stationed at each door of the stage, with their caps, muskets, bayonets, and all their accoutrements.

The sixth labour is an engagement with the Amazons; to represent whom, I have hired all THE WONDERFUL TALL MEN AND WOMEN that have been lately exhibited in this town. The part of Hypolita their queen is to be played by the Female Sampson, who, after the company has been amazed with the vast proofs of her strength, is to be fairly slung in a wrestling bout by our invincible Harlequin.

I shall then present you with a prospect of the Augean stable, where you will have an arrangement on each side of seven or eight cows hides stuff with straw, which the fancy's eye may as easily multiply into a thousand, as in a tragedy-battle it has been used to do half a dozen scene-shifters into an army. Hercules's method of cleansing this stable is well known; I shall therefore let loose a whole river of pewter to glitter along the stage, far surpassing any little clinking cascade of tin that the play-house or Vauxhall can boast of.

As he is next to seize upon a bull breathing out fire and flames, I had prepared one accordingly, with the palate and nostrils properly loaded with wild-fire and other combustibles; but by the unskilfulness of the fellow inclosed in it, while he was rehearsing Bull's part, the head took fire, which spread to the carcase,

and the fool narrowly escaped suffering the torment of Phalaris. This accident I have now guarded against, by having lined the roof and jaws with tin plates of iron.

To personate Geryon, who had three bodies, I have contrived to tie three men together back to back; one of them is the FAMOUS NEGRO who swings about his arms in every direction; and these will make full as grotesque a figure as the man with a double mask. As Harlequin for his eighth labour is to deliver this triple-form monster to be devoured by his cannibal oxen, I shall here with the greatest propriety exhibit the NOTED Ox with six legs and two bellies; and as Diomedé must be served up in the same manner as a meal for his flesh-eating horses, this will furnish me with a good pretext for introducing the BEAUTIFUL PANTHER MARE.

After these I shall transport you to the orchard of the Hesperides, where you will feast your sight with the green paper trees and gilt apples. I have bought up the old copper Dragon of Wantley as a guard to this forbidden fruit; and when he is new burnished, and the tail somewhat lengthened, his aspect will be much more formidable than his brother dragon's in Harlequin Sorcerer.

But the full display of my art is reserved for the last labour, the descent through a trap-door into hell. Though this is the most applauded scene in many of our favourite pantomimes, I do not doubt but my hell will out-do whatever has been hitherto attempted of the kind, whether in its gloomy decoration, its horrors its flames, or its devils. I have engaged the engineer of Cuper's Gardens to direct the fire works; Ixion will be whirled round upon a wheel of blazing saltpetre; Tantalus will catch at reflux flood of burning rosin; and Sisyphus is to roll up a stone charged with crackers and squibs, which will bound back again with thundering explosion: at a distance you will discover black steams arising from the River Styx represented by a stream of melted pitch. THE NOTED FIRE-EATER also shall make his appearance, smoking out of red-hot tobacco-pipe champing lighted brimstone, and swallowing his infernal mess of broth. Harlequin's errand hither being only to bring away Cerberus, have instructed THE MOST AMAZING NEW ENGLISH CHIEN SAVANT to act the part of the three-headed dog, with the assistance of two



tificial noddles fastened to his throat. The sagacity of this animal will surely delight much more than the pretty trick of his rival, the human hound, in another entertainment.

Thus I have brought my Hercules through his twelve capital enterprizes; though I purpose to touch upon some other of the Grecian hero's achievements. I shall make him kill Cacus the three-headed robber, and shall carry him to Mount Caucasus, to untie Prometheus, whose liver was continually preyed upon by a vulture. This last-mentioned incident I cannot pass over, as I am resolved that my vulture shall vie in bulk, beauty and docility, with the so much applauded STUPENDOUS OSTRICH: and towards the end I doubt not but I shall be able to triumph over the SORCERER'S GREAT GELDING, by the exhibition of my Centaur Nessus, who is to carry off the LITTLE WOMAN that weighs no more than twenty-three pounds, in the character of Deianira; a burthen great enough for the ostler who is to play the brute-half of my Centaur, as his back must be bent horizontally, in order to fix his head against the rump of the man-half.

The whole piece will conclude with Harlequin in a bloody shirt, skipping, writhing, and rolling, and at length expiring, to the irregular motions of the fiddle-stick: though, if any of the fire-offices will ensure the house, he shall mount the kindled pile, and be burned to ashes in the presence of the whole audience.

Intrigue is the soul of these dumb shews, as well as of the more senseless farces: Omphale, therefore, or Deianira, must serve for my Colombine; and I can so far wrest the fable to my own purpose, as to suppose that these dangers were encountered by Harlequin for their sakes. Eristheus, the persecutor of Hercules, will be properly characterized by Pantaloon;

and the servant, whose business it is, as Homer says, 'to shake the regions of the gods with laughter,' shall be the WONDERFUL LITTLE NORFOLK-MAN, as in all books of chivalry you never read of a giant but you are told of a dwarf. The fellow with Stentorian lungs, who can break glasses and shatter window-panes with the loudness of his vociferation, has engaged in that one scene, where Hercules laments the loss of his Hylas, to make the whole house ring again with his bawling; and the wonderful man, who talks in his belly, and can fling his voice into any part of a room, has promised to answer him in the character of Echo.

I cannot conclude without informing you, that I have made an uncommon provision for the necessary embellishments of singing and dancing. Grim Pluto, you know, the black-peruked monarch, must bellow in bass, and the attendant-devils cut capers in flame-coloured stockings, as usual; but as Juno cherished an immortal hatred to our hero, she shall descend in a chariot drawn by peacocks, and thrill forth her rage; Deianira, too, shall vent her amorous sighs to soft airs: the Ainazons, with their gilt-leather breast-plates and helmets, their tin-pointed spears and looking-glass shields, shall give you the Pyrrhic dance to a preamble on the kettle-drums; and at Omphale's court, after Hercules has resigned his club, to celebrate her triumph, I shall introduce a grand dance of distaffs, in emulation of the Witches dance of broomsticks. Nothing of this kind shall be omitted, that may heighten either the grandeur or beauty of my entertainment: I shall therefore, I hope, find a place somewhere in this piece, as I cannot now have the WIRE-DANCER, to bring on my DANCING-BEARS.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

A

LUN Tertius.

## No. IV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1752.

*Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.*

HOR.

*Fictions, to please, should wear the face of truth.*

ROSC.

NO species of writing affords so general entertainment as the relation of events; but all relations of events do not entertain in the same degree.

VOL. II,

It is always necessary, that facts should appear to be produced in a regular and connected series, that they should follow in a quick succession, and yet that they should be delivered

B

with discriminating circumstances. If they have not a necessary and apparent connection, the ideas which they excite obliterate each other, and the mind is tantalized with an imperfect glimpse of innumerable objects that just appear and vanish; if they are too minutely related, they become tiresome; and if divested of all their circumstances, insipid; for who that reads in a table of chronology or an index, that a city was swallowed up by an earthquake, or a kingdom depopulated by a pestilence, finds either his attention engaged, or his curiosity gratified?

Those narratives are most pleasing which not only excite and gratify curiosity, but engage the passions.

History is a relation of the most natural and important events: history, therefore, gratifies curiosity, but it does not often excite either terror or pity; the mind feels not that tenderness for a falling state, which it feels for an injured beauty; nor is it so much alarmed at the migration of barbarians, who mark their way with desolation, and fill the world with violence and rapine, as at the fury of a husband, who, deceived into jealousy by false appearances, stabs a faithful and affectionate wife kneeling at his feet, and pleading to be heard.

Voyages and Travels have nearly the same excellencies and the same defects: no passion is strongly excited except wonder; or if we feel any emotion at the danger of the traveller, it is transient and languid, because his character is not rendered sufficiently important; he is rarely discovered to have any excellencies but daring curiosity; he is never the object of admiration, and seldom of esteem.

Biography would always engage the passions, if it could sufficiently gratify curiosity: but there have been few among the whole human species whose lives would furnish a single adventure; I mean such a complication of circumstances, as hold the mind in an anxious yet pleasing suspense, and gradually unfold in the production of some unforeseen and important event; much less such a series of facts, as will perpetually vary the scene, and gratify the fancy, with new views of life.

But Nature is now exhausted; all her wonders have been accumulated, every recess has been explored, deserts have been traversed, Alps climbed, and the secrets of the deep disclosed;

time has been compelled to restore the empires and the heroes of antiquity; all have passed in review; yet fancy requires new gratifications, and curiosity is still unsatisfied.

The resources of Art yet remain: the simple beauties of nature, if they cannot be multiplied, may be compounded, and an infinite variety produced, in which by the union of different graces both may be heightened, and the coalition of different powers may produce a proportionate effect.

The Epic Poem at once gratifies curiosity and moves the passions; the events are various and important; but it is not the fate of a nation, but of the hero in which they terminate, and whatever concerns the hero engages the passions; the dignity of his character, his merit, and his importance, compel us to follow him with reverence and solicitude, to tremble when he is in danger, to weep when he suffers, and to burn when he is wronged: with these vicissitudes of passion every heart attends Ulysses in his wanderings, and Achilles to the field.

Upon this occasion the Old Romance may be considered as a kind of Epic, since it was intended to produce the same effect upon the mind nearly by the same means.

In both these species of writing truth is apparently violated: but though the events are not always produced by probable means, yet the pleasure arising from the story is not much lessened; for fancy is still captivated with variety, and passion has scarce leisure to reflect, that she is agitated with the fate of imaginary beings, and interested in events that never happened.

The Novel, though it bears a nearer resemblance to truth, has yet less power of entertainment; for it is confined within the narrower bounds of probability, the number of incidents is necessarily diminished, and if it deceives us more, it surprises us less. The distress is indeed frequently tender, but the narrative often stands still; the lovers compliment each other in tedious letters and set speeches; trivial circumstances are enumerated with a minute exactness, and the reader is wearied with languid descriptions and impertinent declamations.

But the most extravagant, and yet perhaps the most generally pleasing of all literary performances, are those in which supernatural events

are every moment produced by Genii and Fairies; such are the Arabian Nights Entertainments, the Tales of the Countess d'Anois, and many others of the same class. It may be thought strange, that the mind should with pleasure acquiesce in the open violation of the most known and obvious truths; and that relations which contradict all experience, and exhibit a series of events that are not only impossible but ridiculous, should be read by almost every taste and capacity with equal eagerness and delight. But it is not, perhaps, the mere violation of truth or of probability that offends, but such a violation only as perpetually recurs. The mind is satisfied, if every event appears to have an adequate cause; and when the agency of Genii and Fairies is once admitted, no event which is deemed possible to such agents is rejected as incredible or absurd; the action of the story proceeds with regularity, the persons act upon rational principles, and such events take place as may naturally be expected from the interposition of superior intelligence and power: so that though there is not a natural, there is at least a kind of moral probability preserved, and our first concession is abundantly rewarded by the new scenes to which we are admitted, and the unbounded prospect that is thrown open before us.

But though we attend with delight to the achievements of a hero who is transported in a moment over half the globe upon a griffon, and see with admiration a palace or a city vanish upon his breaking a seal or extinguishing a lamp: yet if at his first interview with a mistress, for whose sake he had fought so many battles and passed so many regions, he should

salute her with a box on the ear; or if immediately after he had vanquished a giant or a dragon, he should leap into a well or tie himself up to a tree; we should be disappointed and disgusted, the story would be condemned as improbable, unnatural, and absurd, our innate love of truth would be applauded, and we should expatiate on the folly of an attempt to please reasonable beings, by a detail of events which can never be believed, and the intervention of agents which could never have existed.

Dramatick Poetry, especially tragedy, seems to unite all that pleases in each of these species of writing, with a stronger resemblance of truth, and a closer imitation of nature: the characters are such as excite attention and solicitude; the action is important, its progress is intricate yet natural, and the catastrophe is sudden and striking; and as we are present to every transaction, the images are more strongly impressed, and the passions more forcibly moved.

From a dramatick poem to those short pieces, which may be contained in such a periodical paper as the *Adventurer*, is a bold transition. And yet such pieces, although formed upon a single incident, if that incident be sufficiently uncommon to gratify curiosity, and sufficiently interesting to engage the passions, may afford an entertainment, which, if it is not lasting, is yet of the highest kind. Of such, therefore, this paper will frequently consist: but it should be remembered, that it is much more difficult and laborious to invent a story however simple and however short, than to recollect topics of instruction, or to remark the scenes of life as they are shifted before us.

No. V. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1752.

*Tunc et aves tutas movere per aera pennas;  
Et lupus impavidus mediis erravit in agris:  
Nec sua credulitas piscem suspenderat hamo.  
Cuncta sine insidiis, nullamque timentia fraudem,  
Plenaque pacis erant.*——

OVID.

*Then birds in airy space might safely move,  
And tim'rous hares on heaths securely rove:  
Nor needed fish the guileful hook to fear;  
For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.*

DRYDEN.

I HAVE before remarked, that it is the peculiar infelicity of those who live by intellectual labour, not to be always able equally to improve their time by application: there are seasons when the power of invention is suspended, and the mind sinks into a state of debility from which it can no more recover itself, than a person who sleeps can by a voluntary effort awake. I was sitting in my study a few nights ago in these perplexing circumstances, and after long rumination and many ineffectual attempts to start a hint which I might pursue in my lucubration of this day, I determined to go to bed, hoping that the morning would remove every impediment to study, and restore the vigour of my mind.

I was no sooner asleep than I was relieved from my distress by means which, if I had been waking, would have increased it; and instead of impressing upon my mind a train of new ideas in a regular succession, would have filled it with astonishment and terror. For in dreams, whether they are produced by a power of the imagination to combine images which reason would separate, or whether the mind is passive, and receives impressions from some invisible agent, the memory seems to lie wholly torpid, and the understanding to be employed only about such objects as are then presented, without comparing the present with the past. When we sleep, we often converse with a friend who is either absent or dead, without remembering that the grave or the ocean is between us. We float like a feather upon the wind, or we find ourselves this moment in England and the next in India, without reflecting that the laws of nature are suspended, or enquiring how the scene could have been

so suddenly shifted before us. We are familiar with prodigies; we accommodate ourselves to every event, however romantic; and we not only reason, but act upon principles which are in the highest degree absurd and extravagant.

In that state, therefore, in which no prodigy could render me unfit to receive instruction, I imagined myself to be still sitting in my study, pensive and dispirited, and that I suddenly heard a small shrill voice pronounce these words — ‘Take your pen; I will dictate an Adventurer.’ I turned to see from whom this voice proceeded, but I could discover nothing: believing, therefore, that my good genius, or some favourite muse was present, I immediately prepared to write, and the voice dictated the following narrative.

‘I was the eldest son of a country gentleman, who possessed a large estate; and when I was about nineteen years of age, fell with my horse as I was hunting; my neck was dislocated by the fall, and for want of immediate assistance I died before I could be carried home: but I found myself the next moment, with inexpressible grief and astonishment, under the shape of a mongrel Puppy in the stable of an inn, that was kept by a man who had been butler to my father, and had married the cook.

‘I was indeed greatly caressed; but my master, in order, as he said, to increase my beauty as well as my strength, soon disencumbered me of my ears and tail. Besides the pain that I suffered in the operation, I experienced the disadvantages of this mutilation in a thousand instances: this, however, was but a small part of the calamity which in this state I was appointed to suffer.

‘ My master had a son about four years old, who was yet a greater favourite than myself; and his passions having been always indulged as soon as they appeared, he was encouraged to gratify his resentment against any thing, whether animate or inanimate, that had offended him, by beating me; and when he did any mischief, for of other faults little notice was taken, the father, the mother, or the maid, were sure to chastise me in his stead.

‘ This treatment from persons whom I had been accustomed to regard with contempt, and command with insolence, was not long to be borne: early one morning, therefore, I departed. I continued my journey till the afternoon without stopping, though it rained hard: about four o’clock I passed through a village; and perceiving a heap of shavings that were sheltered from the wet by the thatch of a house which some carpenters were repairing, I crept as I thought unnoticed into the corner, and laid myself down upon them: but a man who was planing a board, observing that I was a strange dog and of a mongrel breed, resolved to make himself and his companions merry at my expence: for this purpose having made a hole about two inches diameter in a piece of deal, he suddenly caught me up and putting the remainder of my tail through this diabolical engine, he made it fast by driving in a wedge, with a heavy mallet, which crushing the bone, put me to inexpressible torment. The moment he set me down, the wretches who had been spectators of this waggery, burst into immoderate laughter at the awkward motions by which I expressed my misery, and my ridiculous attempt to run away from that which I could not but carry with me. They hooted after me till I was out of their sight: however, fear, pain, and confusion, still urging me forward with involuntary speed, I ran with such force between two pales that were not far enough asunder to admit my clog, that I left it with the remainder of my tail behind me. I then found myself in a farm-yard; and fearing that I should be worried by the mastiff which I saw at a distance, I continued my flight: but some peasants who were at work in a neighbouring barn, perceiving that I ran without being pursued, that my eyes were enflamed, and that my mouth was covered

‘ with foam, imagined that I was mad, and knocked out my brains with a flail.

‘ Soon after I had quitted this maimed and persecuted carcass, I found myself under the wings of a Bullfinch with three others that were just hatched. I now rejoiced in the hope of soaring beyond the reach of human barbarity, and becoming like my mother a denizen of the sky: but my mother, before I was perfectly fledged, was surprized in her nest by a school-boy, who grasped her so hard, to prevent her escape, that she soon after died; he then took the nest with all that it contained, which he deposited in a basket, where I presently lost my three companions in misfortune, by change of food and unskilful management. I survived; and soon after I could feed myself, I was taken by my tyrant’s mother when she went to pay her rent, as a present to her landlord’s daughter, a young lady who was extremely beautiful, and in the eighteenth year of her age.

‘ My captivity now began to lose its terrors; I no longer dreaded the rude gripe of a boisterous urchin, whose fondness was scarcely dangerous than his resentment; who in the zeal of his attachment to a new play-things, might neglect me till I perished with hunger; or who might wring off my neck, because he had some other use for the halfpenny which should procure me food: the confinement of a cage became habitual; I was placed near a pleasant window; I was constantly fed by one of the finest hands in the world; and I imagined, that I could suffer no misery under the patronage of smiles and graces.

‘ Such was my situation, when a young lady from London made an afternoon’s visit to my mistress: she took an opportunity to caress me among her other favourites, which were a parrot, a monkey and a lap-dog; she chirped, and holding out her finger to me, I hopped upon it; she stroked me, put my head to her cheek, and to shew my sensibility of her favours, I began to sing: as soon as my song was over, she turned to my mistress, and told her, that the dear little creature might be made absolutely the sweetest bird in the world, only by putting out his eyes, and confining it in a less cage: to this horrid proposal my fair keeper agreed, upon being again assured that my song would be greatly improved;

and the next day performed herself the operation, as she had been directed, with the end of a hot knitting-needle. My condition was now more easily to be conceived than expressed: but I did not long suffer the mournful solitude of perpetual darkness; for a cat came one night into the room undiscovered, dragged me through the wires of the cage, and devoured me.

I was not displeased to find myself once more at large; delivered from blindness and captivity, and still able to sport upon the breeze in the form of a Cockchafer. But I had scarce entered this new scene of existence, when a gentleman in whose garden I was feasting on one of the leaves of a cherry-tree, caught me, and turning to his son, a boy who had just been put into his first breeches—"Here, Tommy," says he, "is a bird for you." The boy received me with a grin of horrid delight, and, as he had been taught, immediately inhaled me alive upon a corking-pin, to which a piece of thread was fastened, and I was doomed to make my young master sport, by fluttering in the agonies of death: and when I was quite exhausted, and could no longer use my wings, he was bid to tread upon me, for that I was now good for nothing; a command with which he mercifully complied, and in a moment crushed me to atoms with his foot.

From a Cockchafer I transmigrated into an Earth-worm, and found myself at the bottom of a farmer's dunghill. Under this change of circumstances I comforted myself by considering, that if I did not mount upon the wind, and transport myself from place to place with a swiftness almost equal to thought, yet I was not likely either to please or to offend mankind, both of which were equally fatal; and I hoped to spend my life in peace, by escaping the notice of the most cruel of all creatures.

But I did not long enjoy the comfort of these reflections. I was one morning disturbed by an unusual noise, and perceived the ground about me to shake. I immediately worked my way upward to discover the cause; and the moment I appeared above the surface, I was eagerly snatched up by a man who had stuck a dung-fork into the ground and moved it backward and forward to produce the ef-

fect that had now happened. I was put into a broken pan with many other associates in misfortune, and soon after disposed of to one of those gentle swains who delight in angling. This person carried us the next morning to the brink of a river, where I presently saw him take out one of my companions, and, whistling a tune, pass a barbed hook through the whole length of his body, entering it at the head and bringing it out at the tail. The wretched animal writhed itself on the bloody hook, in torture which cannot be conceived by man, nor felt by any that is not vital in every part. In this condition he was suspended in the water as a bait for fish, till he was, together with the hook on which he hung, swallowed by an eel. While I was beholding this dreadful spectacle, I made many reflections on the great inequality between the pleasure of catching the prey, and the anguish inflicted on the bait. But these reflections were presently lost, in the same agonies of which I had been a spectator.

You will not have room in this paper to relate all that I suffered from the thoughtless barbarity of mankind, in a Cock, a Lobster, and a Pig: let it suffice to say, that I suffered the same kind of death with those who are broken upon the wheel, I was roasted alive before a slow fire, and was scourged to death with small cords, to gratify the wanton appetite of luxury, or contribute to the merriment of a rabble.

Thus far I had written as amanuensis to an invisible dictator; when my dream still continuing, I felt something tickle my wrist, and turning my eye from the paper to see what it was, I discovered a Flea, which I immediately caught, and killed, by putting it into the candle. At the same instant the Flea vanished, and a young Lady of exquisite beauty stood before me. "Thoughtless wretch," said she, "thou hast again changed the state of my existence, and exposed me to still greater calamities than any that I have yet suffered. As a Flea I was thy monitor, and as a Flea I might have escaped thy cruelty if I had not intended thy instruction. But now to be concealed is impossible, and it is therefore impossible to be safe. The eyes of desire are upon me, and to betray me to infamy and guilt will be the toil of perseverance and the study of reason. But though man

' is still my enemy, though he assails me with  
' more violence and persists with more obsti-  
' nacy, I have yet less power of resistance ;  
' there is a rebel in my own bosom who will  
' labour to give me up, whose influence is not  
' easily surmounted. Publish, however, what  
' I have communicated; if any man shall be re-  
' claimed from a criminal inattention to the  
' felicity of inferior beings, and restrained from  
' inflicting pain by considering the effect of  
' his actions, I have not suffered in vain. But  
' as I am now exposed not only to accidental  
' and casual evils, as I am not only in dan-  
' ger from the frolics of levity, but from

' the designs of cunning; to atone for the  
' injury which thou hast done me, let the  
' Adventurer warn the sex of every wile  
' that is practised for their destruction; and  
' deter men from the attempt, by displaying  
' the aggravated guilt, and shameless disinge-  
' nuity, of assuming an appearance of the most  
' ardent and tender affection, only to over-  
'whelm with unutterable distress the beauty  
' whom love has made credulous, and inno-  
' cence keeps unacquainted with suspicion.'

While I listened to this address, my heart  
throbbed with impatience; and the effort that  
I made to reply, awaked me.

## No. VI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1752.

*Nunc auctionem facere decretum est mihi:  
Foras necessum est, quicquid habeo, vendere.  
Adeste sultis, præda erit præsentium.  
Logos ridiculos vendo.*

PLAUT.

*I am obliged to part with my whole stock, and am resolved to sell it by auction: you that will  
buy make haste, here will be excellent pennyworths; my merchandize is jests and witti-  
cisms.*

LAST Sunday morning I was disturbed  
very early by an old crony, a brother of  
the quill, as he calls himself, who burst into  
my chamber, and running to my bed-side—  
'Get up, my dear friend,' said he, pressing  
my hand with great eagerness; 'I have such  
'news for you! Here's your cloaths; make  
'haste let me beg of you.'

I had been used, at each return of the sab-  
bath, to receive a visit from my old acquain-  
tance about dinner time; but I could not ima-  
gine what had induced him to give me this  
morning salutation. However, I huddled on  
my cloaths, and had scarce seated him by the  
fire-side in my study, when flinging down a  
paper very much blotted upon the table—  
'There,' says he, 'there's a scheme for you,  
'my old boy! I am made for ever—Read it—  
'I am made for ever.'

I very well knew my friend's foible: he has  
learning, a great deal of vivacity, and some  
judgment; but he wants the necessary steady-

ness for serious application. He is continually  
in pursuit of new projects, but will not allow  
himself time to think of putting them in exe-  
cution. He has contracted with every eminent  
bookseller in town for works of which he had  
only conceived the design, and scarce ever pro-  
ceeded beyond the title-page and preface. He  
is a professed writer; and of a genius so ex-  
tensive, that all subjects are alike to him; but  
as he cannot submit to the drudgery of correct-  
ness, his performances are hurried over in so  
slovenly a manner, that they hardly procure  
him a bare subsistence. He is, therefore, per-  
petually exclaiming against the tyranny of the  
trade; and laments, that merit should be so much  
discouraged, by the ignorance or envy of the town.

I had often experienced the fertility of his in-  
vention, in forming such projects as were easy  
in theory but impossible in the practice; I  
therefore expected nothing less than such an-  
other whimsical contrivance as his last, 'for  
'making new boards out of shavings:' but

how was I surprized, when I took up his paper, and saw at the top of it the following advertisement !

On the                      day of                      next,

Will be sold by AUCTION,

A curious and valuable collection of manuscripts (warranted originals) in prose and verse :

Being the entire stock in trade of

TIMOTHY SPINBRAIN,

Author,

Leaving off Business.

As I could not help smiling at the conceit, my friend understood it as a mark of my approbation ; and snatching the sheet out of my hand — ‘ Well,’ says he, ‘ don’t you think this will free me from the impertinence of duns, and the servility of suing to those unconscionable vultures the booksellers, for more copy-money ? Why, man, I shall raise an estate by it, I have such an infinite number of tracts on political, polemical, philosophical, physiological, æconomical, religious, and miscellaneous subjects. My manuscripts, let me tell you, are of great utility, and consequently more valuable, than those in the Vatican or Bodleian libraries.’ He then proceeded to descant on the particulars of his plan ; not forgetting to enliven his discourse with many sprightly sallies against the retailers of the works of the learned, those blood-suckers, as he called them, of the literary commonwealth.

‘ Sir,’ continued he, ‘ I intend to strike off an impression of twenty thousand copies of my catalogue, to be distributed among all the lovers of literature throughout the three kingdoms ; and I shall take care to circulate a sufficient number among the Virtuosi in Holland, France, Italy, Spain, Germany, and elsewhere. I will just mention to you some of the chief articles that enrich my collection.

‘ In politics, I have an infallible scheme for ruining the French power, which, I suppose, will be bought up at any price, by commission from abroad, if our ministry have not spirit enough to outbid them. I have another for a coalition of parties, which will prevent all disputes at the next general election. I have another for discharging the national debt, which I contrived in gratitude

‘ for my being set at liberty by the last act of insolvency. I have several other pamphlets on the important topics of liberty, bribery, and corruption, written on both sides the question ; and a most curious collection of speeches adapted to every kind of debate, which will be of admirable use to young members of parliament.

‘ In philosophy, I have several new systems in opposition to the present received opinions : I have a proof that the earth is an octagon ; another, that the sun is inhabited ; and a third, that the moon may, for aught we can tell to the contrary, be made of green cheese. I have a new theory of optics, demonstrating that darkness is caused by certain tenebrious rays oppugning, obtunding, sheathing, and absorbing the rays of light. I have resolved the phenomena of electricity and magnetism ; and have made many surprizing improvements in all the arts and sciences. These I fear will be carried off by some German professor, who will thence claim the merit to himself, and the honour of the discovery will be attributed to his nation.

‘ Those who are fond of displaying their talents in religious disputes, will find in my auction, sufficient matter for their various alterations ; whether they are Atheists, Deists, or distinguished by the modest appellation of Freethinkers. There is scarce a sect among the many hundred, whom I have not defended or attacked : but it must not be concluded from thence, that I have been biassed more towards one than another ; as you know the faith of an author is out of the question ; and he only writes pro or con, as the several opinions are more or less embraced or exploded in the world. I have got indeed, some infallible arguments against the Pope’s infallibility ; and some probable conjectures, that there never was such a person as Mahomet ; both which, I don’t doubt, will be bought up by the emissaries of Rome and Constantinople.’

Here I interrupted my friend, by asking him if he had not something likewise against the Patriarch of the Greek church ; or a serious admonition against the growth of Hotentotism among us. He answered very calmly, I should see in the catalogue, and proceeded.

‘ The emissaries of Constantinople——  
‘ Well——my stock in the Belles Lettres is



' almost inexhaustible. I have a complete set of criticisms on all the ancient authors, and a large store of conjectural emendations on the old English classics: I have several new essays on modern wit and humour; and a long string of papers, both serious and diverting, for periodical lucubrations. I have, I know not how many original entertaining novels, as well as elegant translations from the French; with a heap of single pamphlets on the most popular and interesting subjects. My poetry will consist of every article, whether tragedies, comedies, farces, masques, operas, sonnets, cantatas, songs, pastorals, satires, odes, elegies, or epithalamiums: and then, such a load of epigrams, anagrams, rebuses, riddles, acrostics, conundrums! which you know will fetch a high price from the witlings, and the proprietors of monthly magazines. To wind up the whole, there shall be several distinct lots of title-pages and mottoes, and dedications, and prefaces, and plans for books.

' Thus, my dear friend, have I opened to you the main drift of my design; and I believe at a moderate computation—let me see—ay, after I have cleared myself in the world, I shall be able to retire into the country, let me tell you, with a pretty fortune in my pocket. But before I begin my sale, if you can find any thing that will suit your Adventurer, as you are an old acquaintance, you shall have it at your own price.'

I thanked Mr. Spinbrain for his genteel offer, and heartily congratulated him on the prospect of his pretty fortune: but I could not help

enquiring, where all these immense stores of literature were lodged, as I never had observed any thing but loose scraps of paper scattered about his room, and one book of 'loci communes,' or 'hints,' as he called them, placed upon the chimney-piece. 'Ha!' says he, 'that's true; I forgot to mention that: why, indeed, they are none of them quite finished as yet: but I have got the rough draughts of most somewhere: besides, I have it all here,' pointing to his forehead. I advised him to set about it directly; and in the evening, when we parted, he resolved not to go to bed till he had perfected his scheme. Yesterday morning I received a note from him, acquainting me that he had laid aside all thoughts of his auction; because, as he imagined, the maid had inadvertently lighted his fire with the best of his materials.

The restlessness of my friend's chimerical genius will not, however, let him entirely give up the point: and though he has been disappointed in this mighty project, yet he informs me, he has hit upon a scheme equally advantageous, which shall monopolize the whole business of scribbling, and he offers to take me into partnership with him. 'Ah,' says he, 'we shall humble those fellows—We need not care a farthing for Mr. Bibliopola.' His design is to open a New Literary Warehouse, or Universal Register Office for Wit and Learning. The particulars he has promised to communicate to me to-morrow: in the mean time, he desires me to advance him a trifle, to buy paper for a poem on the late theatrical disputes.

No. VII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1752.

*Sit mihi fas audita loqui—*

VIRG.

*What I have heard, permit me to relate.*

I Received, a few weeks ago, an account of the death of a lady whose name is known to many, but the 'eventful history' of whose life has been communicated to few: to me it has been often related during a long and intimate acquaintance; and as there is not a single person living, upon whom the making it public can reflect unmerited dishonour, or whose delicacy or virtue can suffer by the relation, I

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think I owe to mankind a series of events from which the wretched may derive comfort, and the most forlorn may be encouraged to hope; as misery is alleviated by the contemplation of yet deeper distress, and the mind fortified against despair by instances of unexpected relief.

The father of Melissa was the younger son of a country gentleman who possessed an estate

C

of about five hundred a year; but as this was to be the inheritance of the elder brother, and as there were three sisters to be provided for, he was at about sixteen taken from Eton school, and apprenticed to a considerable merchant at Bristol. The young gentleman, whose imagination had been fired by the exploits of heroes, the victories gained by magnanimous presumption, and the wonders discovered by daring curiosity, was not disposed to consider the acquisition of wealth as the limit of his ambition, or the repute of honest industry as the total of his fame. He regarded his situation as servile and ignominious, as the degradation of his genius and the preclusion of his hopes; and longing to go in search of adventures, he neglected his business as unworthy of his attention, heard the remonstrances of his master with a kind of sullen disdain, and after two years legal slavery, made his escape, and at the next town enlisted himself a soldier; not doubting but that, by his military merit and the fortune of war, he should return a general officer, to the confusion of those who would have buried him in the obscurity of a counting-house. He found means effectually to elude the enquiries of his friends, as it was of the utmost importance to prevent their officious endeavours to ruin his project and obstruct his advancement:

He was sent with other recruits to London, and soon after quartered with the rest of his company in a part of the country, which was so remote from all with whom he had any connection, that he no longer dreaded a discovery.

It happened that he went one day to the house of a neighbouring gentleman with his comrade, who was become acquainted with the chamber-maid, and by her interest admitted into the kitchen. This gentleman, whose age was something more than sixty, had been about two years married to a second wife, a young woman who had been well educated and lived in the polite world, but had no fortune. By his first wife, who had been dead about ten years, he had several children: the youngest was a daughter who had just entered her seventeenth year; she was very tall for her age, had a fine complexion, good features, and was well shaped; but her father, whose affection for her was mere instinct, as much as that of a brute for its young, utterly neglected her education. It was impossible for him, he said, to live with-

out her; and as he could not afford to have her attended by a governess and proper masters in a place so remote from London, she was suffered to continue illiterate and unpolished; she knew no entertainment higher than a game at romps with the servants; she became their confident, and trusted them in return, nor did she think herself happy any where but in the kitchen.

As the capricious fondness of her father had never conciliated her affection, she perceived it abate upon his marriage without regret. She suffered no new restraint from her new mother, who observed, with a secret satisfaction, that Miss had been used to hide herself from visitors, as neither knowing how to behave, nor being fit to be seen; and chose rather to conceal her defects by excluding her from company, than to supply them by putting her to a boarding school.

Miss, who had been told by Betty that she expected her sweetheart, and that they were to be merry, stole down stairs, and, without scruple, made one in a party at blindman's buff. The soldier of fortune was struck with her person, and discovered, or thought he discovered, in the simplicity of nature, some graces which are polished away by the labour of art. However, nothing that had the appearance of an adventure could be indifferent to him; and his vanity was flattered by the hope of carrying off a young lady under the disguise of a common soldier, without revealing his birth, or boasting of his expectation.

In this attempt he became very assiduous, and succeeded. The company being ordered to another place, Betty and her young mistress departed early in the morning with their gallants; and there being a privileged chapel in the next town, they were married.

The old gentleman, as soon as he was informed that his daughter was missing, made so diligent and scrupulous an inquiry after her, that he learned with whom and which way she was gone. He mounted his horse, and pursued her, not without curses and imprecations; discovering rather the transports of rage than the emotion of tenderness, and resenting her offence rather as the rebellion of a slave than the disobedience of a child. He did not, however, overtake them till the marriage had been consummated; of which when informed by the

husband, he turned from him with expressions of brutality and indignation, swearing never to forgive a fault which he had taken no care to prevent.

The young couple, notwithstanding their union frequently doubled their distress, still continued fond of each other. The spirit of enterprize and the hope of presumption were not yet quelled in the young soldier; and he received orders to attend King William, when he went to the siege of Namur, with exultation and transport, believing his elevation to independence and distinction as certain as if he had been going to take possession of a title and estate. His wife, who had been some months pregnant, as she had no means of subsistence in his absence, procured a passage with him. When she came on shore and mingled with the crowd that followed the camp, wretches who without compunction wade in human blood to strip the dying and the dead, to whom horror is become familiar and compassion impossible, she was terrified: the discourse of the women, rude and unpolished as she was, covered her with confusion; and the brutal familiarity of the men filled her with indignation and disgust. Her maid Betty, who had also attended her husband, was the only person with whom she could converse, and from whom she could hope the assistance of which she was so soon to stand in need.

In the mean time she found it difficult to subsist; but accidentally hearing the name of an officer, whom she remembered to have visited her mother soon after her marriage, she applied to him, told him her name, and requested that he would afford her his protection, and permit her to take care of his linen. With this request the captain complied; her circumstances became less distressed, and her mind more easy: but new calamity suddenly overtook her; she saw her husband march to an engagement in the morning, and saw him brought back desperately wounded at night. The next day he was removed in a waggon, with many others who were in the same condition, to a place of greater safety at the distance of about three leagues, where proper care might be taken of their wounds. She entreated the captain to let her go in the waggon with him; but to this he could not consent, because the waggon would be filled with those who neither were

able to walk, nor could be left behind. He promised, however, that if she would stay till the next day, he would endeavour to procure her a passage; but she chose rather to follow the waggon on foot, than to be absent from her husband. She could not, however, keep pace with it, and she reached the hospital but just time enough to kneel down by him upon some clean straw, to see him sink under the last agony, and hear the groan that is repeated no more.

The fatigue of the journey, and the perturbation of her mind, immediately threw her into labour, and she lived but to be delivered of Melissa, who was thus in the most helpless state left without father, mother, or friend, in a foreign country, in circumstances which could afford no hope of reward to the tenderness that should attempt the preservation of her life, and among persons who were become obdurate and insensible, by having been long used to see every species of distress.

It happened that, among those whom accident or distress had brought together at the birth of Melissa, there was a young woman, whose husband had fallen in the late engagement, and who a few days before had lost a little boy that she suckled. This person, rather perhaps to relieve herself from an inconvenience, than in compassion to the orphan, put it to her breast: but whatever was her motive, she believed that the affording sustenance to the living, conferred a right to the apparel of the dead, of which she therefore took possession; but in searching her pocket she found only a thimble, the remains of a pocket looking-glass, about the value of a penny in Dutch money, and the certificate of her marriage. The paper, which she could not read, she gave afterwards to the captain, who was touched with pity at the relation which an enquiry after his laundress produced. He commended the woman who had preserved the infant, and put her into the place of its mother. This encouraged her to continue her care of it till the captain returned to England, with whom she also returned, and became his servant.

This gentleman, as soon as he had settled his immediate concerns, sent Melissa under the care of her nurse to her grandfather; and inclosed the certificate of her mother's marriage in a letter containing an account of her death, and the means by which the infant had been

preserved. He knew that those who had been once dear to us, by whatever offence they may have alienated our affection when living, are generally remembered with tenderness when dead; and that after the grave has sheltered them from our resentment, and rendered reconciliation impossible, we often regret as severe that conduct which before we approved as just: he therefore hoped, that the parental fondness which an old man had once felt for his daughter, would revive at the sight of her offspring; that the memory of her fault would be lost in the sense of her misfortunes; and that he would endeavour to atone for that inexorable resentment which produced them, by cherishing a life to which she had, as it were, transferred her own. But in these expectations, however reasonable, he was mistaken. The old man, when he was informed by the messenger that the child she held in her arms was his grand-daughter, whom she was come to put under his protection, refused to examine the contents of the letter, and dismissed her with menaces and insult. The knowledge of every uncommon event soon becomes general in a country town. An uncle of Melissa's, who had been rejected by his father for having married his maid, heard this fresh instance of his brutality with grief and indignation; he sent immediately for the child and the letter, and assured the servant that his niece should want nothing which he could bestow: to bestow much, indeed, was not in his power, for his father having obstinately persisted in his resentment, his whole support was a little farm which he rented of the squire; but as he was a good economist, and had no children of his own, he lived decently; nor did he throw away content, because his father had denied him affluence.

Melissa, who was compassionate for her mother's misfortunes, of which her uncle had been particularly informed by her maid Betty, who

had returned a widow to her friends in the country, was no less beloved for her own good qualities; she was taught to read and write, and work at her needle, as soon as she was able to learn; and she was taken notice of by all the gentry as the prettiest girl in the place: but her aunt died when she was about eleven years old, and before she was thirteen she lost her uncle.

She was now again thrown back upon the world, still helpless, though her wants were increased, and wretched in proportion as she had known happiness: she looked back with anguish, and forward with distraction; a fit of crying had just afforded her a momentary relief, when the squire, who had been informed of the death of his tenant, sent for her to his house. This gentleman had heard her story from her uncle, and was unwilling that a life which had been preserved almost by a miracle, should at last be abandoned to misery, he therefore determined to receive her into his family, not as a servant, but as a companion to his daughter, a young lady finely accomplished, and now about fifteen. The old gentleman was touched with her distress, and Miss received her with great tenderness and complacency: she wiped away her tears; and of the intolerable anguish of her mind, nothing remained but a tender remembrance of her uncle, whom she loved and revered as a parent. She had now courage to examine the contents of a little box which he had put into her hand just before he expired; she found in it only the certificate of her mother's marriage, enclosed in the captain's letter, and an account of the events that have been before related, which her uncle had put down as they came to his knowledge: the train of mournful ideas that now rushed upon her mind, raised emotions which, if they could not be suppressed by reason, were soon destroyed by their own violence.

## No. VIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1752.

*Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.*

VIRG.

*Endure and conquer, live for better fate.*

IN this family, which in a few weeks after returned to London, Melissa soon became a favourite: the good squire seemed to consider her as his child, and Miss as her sister; she was taught dancing and musick, introduced to the best company, elegantly dressed, and allowed such sums as were necessary for trivial expences. Youth seldom suffers the dread of to-morrow to intrude upon the enjoyment of to-day, but rather regards present felicity as the pledge of future: Melissa was probably as happy as if she had been in the actual possession of a fortune, that, to the ease and splendor which she enjoyed already, would have added stability and independence.

She was now in her eighteenth year, and the only son of her benefactor was just come from the university to spend the winter with his father in town. He was charmed with her person, behaviour, and discourse; and what he could not but admire, he took every opportunity to commend. She soon perceived that he shewed particular marks of respect to her, when he thought they would not be perceived by others; and that he endeavoured to recommend himself by an officious assiduity, and a diligent attention to the most minute circumstances that might contribute to her pleasure. But this behaviour of the young gentleman, however it might gratify her vanity, could not fail to alarm her fear: she foresaw, that if what she had remarked in his conduct should be perceived by his father, or sister, the peace of the family would be destroyed; and that she must either be shipwrecked in the storm, or thrown overboard to appease it. She therefore affected not to perceive, that more than a general complaisance was intended by her lover; and hoped that he would thus be discouraged from making an explicit declaration: but though he was mortified at her disregard of that which he knew she could not but see, yet he determined to address her in such terms as should not leave this provoking neutrality in her power: though he re-

verenced her virtue, yet he feared too much the anger of his father to think of making her his wife; and he was too deeply enamoured of her beauty, to relinquish his hopes of possessing her as a mistress. An opportunity for the execution of his purpose was not long wanting: she received his general professions of love with levity and merriment; but when she perceived that his view was to seduce her to prostitution, she burst into tears, and fell back in agony unable to speak. He was immediately touched with grief and remorse; his tenderness was alarmed at her distress, and his esteem increased by her virtue; he caught her in his arms, and as an atonement for the insult she had received, he offered her marriage: but as her chastity would not suffer her to become his mistress, neither would her gratitude permit her to become his wife: and as soon as she was sufficiently recollected, she entreated him never more to urge her to violate the obligation she was under either to herself or to her benefactor. 'Would not,' said she, 'the presence of a wretch whom you had seduced from innocence and peace to remorse and guilt, perpetually upbraid you; and would you not always fear to be betrayed by a wife, whose fidelity no kindness could secure; who had broken all the bands that restrain the generous and the good; and who, by an act of the most flagitious ingratitude, had at once reached the pinnacle of guilt, to which others ascend by imperceptible gradations?'

These objections, though they could neither be obviated nor evaded, had yet no tendency to subdue desire: he loved with greater delicacy, but with more ardour; and as he could not always forbear expostulations, neither could she always silence them in such a manner as might most effectually prevent their being repeated. Such was one morning the situation of the two lovers; he had taken her hand into his, and was speaking with great eagerness;

while she regarded him with a kind of timorous complacency, and listened to him with an attention which her heart condemned: his father, in this tender moment, in which their powers of perception were mutually engrossed by each other, came near enough to hear that his heir had made proposals of marriage, and retired without their knowledge.

As he did not dream that such a proposal could possibly be rejected by a girl in Melissa's situation, imagining that every woman believed her virtue to be inviolate, if her person was not prostituted, he took his measures accordingly. It was near the time in which his family had been used to remove into the country: he, therefore, gave orders, that every thing should be immediately prepared for the journey, and that the coach should be ready at six the next morning, a man and horse being dispatched in the mean time to give notice of their arrival. The young folks were a little surprized at this sudden removal; but though the squire was a good-natured man, yet as he governed his family with high authority, and as they perceived something had offended him, they did not enquire the reason, nor indeed did they suspect it. Melissa packed up her things as usual: and in the morning the young gentleman and his sister having by their father's orders got into the coach, he called Melissa into the parlour; where in a few words but with great acrimony, he reproached her with having formed a design to marry his son without his consent, an act of ingratitude which he said justified him in upbidding her with the favours which he had already conferred upon her, and in a resolution he had taken that a bank bill of fifty pounds, which he then put into her hand, should be the last: adding that he expected she should within one week leave the house. To this heavy charge she was not in a condition to reply; nor did he stay to see whether she would attempt it, but hastily got into the coach, which immediately drove from the door.

Thus was Melissa a third time, by a sudden and unexpected desertion, exposed to penury and distress, with this aggravation, that ease and affluence were become habitual; and that though she was not so helpless as at the death of her uncle, she was exposed to yet greater danger; for few that have been used to slumber upon down, and wake to festivity, can re-

sist the allurements of vice, who still offers ease and plenty, when the alternative are a flock-bed and a garret, short meals, coarse apparel, and perpetual labour.

Melissa, as soon as she had recovered from the stupor which had seized her upon so astonishing and dreadful a change of fortune, determined not to accept the bounty of a person who imagined her to be unworthy of it; nor to attempt her justification, while it would render her veracity suspected, and appear to proceed only from the hope of being restored to a state of splendid dependence, from which jealousy or caprice might again at any time remove her, without cause and without notice. She had not, indeed, any hope of being ever able to defend herself against her accuser upon equal terms; nor did she know how to subsist a single day, when she had returned his bill and quitted his house: yet such was the dignity of her spirit, that she immediately inclosed it in a blank cover, directed to him at his country seat, and calling up the maid who had been left to take care of the house, sent her immediately with it to the post-office. The tears then burst out which the agitation of her mind had before restrained; and when the servant returned, she told her all that had happened, and asked her advice what she should do. The girl, after the first emotions of wonder had subsided, told her that she had a sister who lodged in a reputable house, and took in plain-work, to whom she would be welcome, as she could assist her in her business, of which she had often more than she could do; and with whom she might continue till some more eligible situation could be obtained. Melissa listened to this proposal as to the voice of Heaven; her mind was suddenly relieved from the most tormenting perplexity, from the dread of wandering about without money or employment, exposed to the menaces of a beadle, or the insults of the rabble: she was in haste to secure her good fortune, and felt some degree of pain lest she should lose it by the earlier application of another; she therefore went immediately with the maid to her sister, with whom it was soon agreed that Melissa should work for her board and lodging; for she would not consent to accept as a gift, that which she could by any means deserve as a payment.

While Melissa was a journeywoman to a person, who but a few weeks before would have regarded her with envy, and approached her with confusion; it happened that a suit of linen was brought from the milliner's wrapped up in a news-paper: the linen was put into the work basket, and the paper being thrown carelessly about, Melissa at last caught it up, and was about to read it; but perceiving that it had been published a fortnight, was just going to put it into the fire, when by an accidental glance she saw her father's name: this immediately engaged her attention, and with great perturbation of mind she read an advertisement, in which her father, said to have left his friends about eighteen years before, and to have entered either into the army or the navy, was directed to apply to a person in Staple's Inn, who could inform him of something greatly to his advantage. To this person Melissa applied with all the ardour of curiosity, and all the tumult of expectation; she was informed that the elder brother of the person mentioned in the advertisement was lately dead, unmarried; that he was possessed of fifteen hundred a year, five hundred of which had descended to him from his father, and one thousand had been left him by an uncle, which upon his death, there being no male heir, had been claimed by his sisters; but that a mistress who had lived with him many years, and who had been treated by the supposed heiresses with too much severity and contempt, had in the bitterness of her resentment published the advertisement, having heard in the family that there was a younger brother abroad.

The conflict of different passions that were at once excited with uncommon violence in the breast of Melissa, deprived her for a time of the power of reflection; and, when she became more calm, she knew not by what method to attempt the recovery of her right: her mind was bewildered amidst a thousand possibilities, and distressed by the apprehension that all might prove ineffectual. After much thought and many projects, she recollected that the captain, whose servant brought her to England, could probably afford her more assistance than any other person: as he had been often pointed out to her in public places by the squire, to whom her story was

well known, she was acquainted with his person, and knew that within a few months he was alive. She soon obtained directions to his house; and being readily admitted to a conference, she told him, with as much presence of mind as she could, that she was the person whom his compassion had contributed to preserve when an infant; in confirmation of which she produced his letter, and the certificate it enclosed; that by the death of her father's elder brother, whose family she had never known, she was entitled to a very considerable estate; but that she knew not what evidence would be necessary to support her claim, how such evidence was to be produced, nor with whom to entrust the management of an affair in which wealth and influence would be employed against her. The old captain received her with that easy politeness which is almost peculiar to his profession, and with a warmth of benevolence that is seldom found in any: he congratulated her upon so happy and unexpected an event; and, without the parade of ostentatious liberality, without extorting an explicit confession of her indigence, he gave her a letter to his lawyer, in whom he said she might with the utmost security confide, and with whom she would have nothing more to do than to tell her story. 'And do not,' said he, 'doubt of success, for I will be ready to testify what I know of the affair, whenever I shall be called upon; and the woman who was present at your birth, and brought you over, still lives with me, and upon this occasion may do you signal service.'

Melissa departed, melted with gratitude and elated with hope. The gentleman to whom the captain's letter was a recommendation, prosecuted her claim with so much skill and assiduity, that within a few months she was put into the possession of her estate. Her first care was to wait upon the captain, to whom she now owed not only life but a fortune: he received her acknowledgments with a pleasure, which only those who merit it can enjoy; and insisted that she should draw upon him for such sums as she should want before her rents became due. She then took very handsome ready-furnished lodgings, and determined immediately to justify her conduct to the squire, whose kindness she still remembered, and whose resent-

ment she had forgiven. With this view she set out in a chariot and six, attended by two servants in livery on horseback, and proceeded to his country-seat, from whence the family was not returned: she had lain at an inn within six miles of the place; and when the chariot drove up to the door, as it was early in the morning, she could perceive the servants run to and fro in a hurry, and the young lady and her brother gazing through the window to see if they knew the livery; she remarked every circumstance which denoted her own importance with exultation; and enjoyed the solicitude which her presence produced among those from whose society she had been so lately driven with disdain and indignation.

She now increased their wonder, by sending in a servant to acquaint the old gentleman that a lady desired to speak with him about urgent business, which, would not, however, long detain him: he courteously invited the lady to honour him with her commands, hastened into his best parlour, adjusted his wig, and put himself in the best order to receive her. She alighted, and displayed a very rich undress, which corresponded with the elegance of her chariot, and the modish appearance of her servants. She contrived to hide her face as she went up the walk, that she might not be known too soon; and was immediately introduced to her old friend, to whom she soon discovered herself to his great astonishment, and before he had recovered his presence of mind, she addressed him to this effect: 'You see, Sir, an orphan who is under many obligations to your bounty, but who has been equally injured by your suspicions. When I was a dependent upon your liberality, I would not assert my innocence, because I could not bear to be suspected of falsehood: but I assert it now I am the possessor of a paternal estate, because I cannot bear to be suspected of in-

gratitude. That your son pressed me to marry him, is true; but it is also true that I refused him, because I would not disappoint your hopes and impoverish your posterity.' The old gentleman's confusion was increased by the wonders that crowded upon him: he first made some attempts to apologize for his suspicions with awkwardness and hesitation; then doubting the truth of appearance, he broke off abruptly, and remained silent; then reproaching himself, he began to congratulate her upon her good fortune, and again desisted before he had finished the compliment. Melissa perceived his perplexity, and guessed the cause; she was therefore about to account more particularly for the sudden change of her circumstances; but Miss, whose maid had brought her intelligence from the servants, that the lady's name who was with her papa was Melissa, and that she was lately come to a great estate by the death of her uncle, could no longer restrain the impatience of her affection and joy; she rushed into the room and fell upon her neck, with a transport that can only be felt by friendship, and expressed by tears. When this tender silence was past, the scruples of doubt were soon obviated; the reconciliation was reciprocal and sincere; the father led out his guest, and presented her to his son with an apology for his conduct to them both.

Melissa had bespoke a dinner and beds at the inn; but she was not suffered to return. Within a few weeks she became the daughter of her friend, who gave her hand to his son, with whom she shared many years' that happiness which is the reward of virtue. They had several children, but none survived them; and Melissa upon the death of her husband, which happened about seven years ago, retired wholly from town to her estate in the country, where she lived beloved, and died in peace.

## NO. IX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1752.

—Εν πύλοις δὴν διδασκαλίην.

He hung the instructive symbol o'er his door.

VET. EPIGR.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR.

I Should be sorry to take off your attention from matters of greater moment, and to divert you from the speculation of faults, that

present themselves directly before your eyes, by desiring you to contemplate the enormities that hang over your head. It has been customary, I know, with you writers of essays, to treat the subject of SIGNS in a very



ludicrous manner: for my part, I cannot help thinking, that it deserves a more serious consideration. The attacks of your predecessors on the absurdities which tradesmen usually commit in these pendent advertisements, have been very slight, and consequently have produced no salutary effect: blunders have to this day been handed down from master to apprentice, without any regard paid to their remembrances; and it is left to the sturdy Adventurer, if he pleases, to combat these monstrous incongruities, and to regulate their Babel-like confusion.

I am at present but an humble journeyman sign-painter in Harp Alley; for though the ambition of my parents designed that I should emulate the immortal touches of a Raphael or a Titian, yet the want of taste among my countrymen, and their prejudice against every artist who is a native, have degraded me to the miserable necessity, as Shaftesbury says, of 'illustrating prodigies in fairs, and adorning heroic sign-posts.' However, as I have studied to improve even this meanest exercise of the pencil, I intend to set up for myself; and, under the favour of your countenance to reduce the vague practice of SIGN-PAINTING to some standard of elegance and propriety.

It cannot be doubted, but that SIGNS were intended originally to express the several occupations of their owners; and to bear some affinity, in their external designations, with the wares to be disposed of, or the business carried on within. Hence the HAND and SHEARS is justly appropriated to tailors; as the HAND and PEN is to writing-masters; though the very reverend and right worthy order of my neighbours, the Fleet-parsons, have assumed it to themselves as a mark of—'Marriages performed without imposition.' The WOOL-PACK plainly points out to us a WOOLLEN-DRAPER; the NAKED BOY elegantly reminds us of the necessity of cloathing; and the GOLDEN FLEECE figuratively denotes the riches of our staple commodity; but are not the HEN and CHICKENS, and the three PIGEONS, the unquestionable right of the poulterer; and not to be usurped by the venders of silk or linen?

It would be endless to enumerate the gross blunders committed in this point, by almost every branch of trade. I shall therefore con-

fine myself chiefly to the numerous fraternity of Publicans, whose extravagance in this affair calls aloud for reprehension and restraint. Their modest ancestors were contented with a plain Bough stuck up before their doors: whence arose the wise proverb—'Good wine needs no bush:' but how have they since deviated from their ancient simplicity! They have ransacked earth, air, and seas; called down sun, moon, and stars, to their assistance; and exhibited all the monsters that ever teemed from fantastic imagination. Their Hogs in Armour, their Blue Boars, Black Bears, Green Dragons, and Golden Lions, have already been sufficiently exposed by your brother essay writers:

—*Sus horridus, araque Tigris,  
Squamæque Draco, et fulva cervice Leona.*

VIRG.

With foamy tusks to seem a bristly boar,  
Or imitate the lion's angry roar;  
Or hiss a dragon, or a tyger stare.

DRYDEN.

It is no wonder that these gentlemen, who indulge themselves in such unwarrantable liberties, should have so little regard to the choice of SIGNS adapted to their MYSTERY. There can be no objection made to the BUNCH OF GRAPES, the RUMMER, or the TUNS: but would not any one enquire for a Hosier at the LEC, or for a Locksmith at the CROSS-KEYS? And who would expect any thing but water to be sold at the FOUNTAIN? The TURK'S HEAD may fairly intimate that a seraglio is kept within; the ROSE may be strained to some propriety of meaning, as the business there transacted may be said to be done, 'under the Rose:' but why must the ANGEL, the LAMB, and the MITRE, be the seats of drunkenness or prostitution?

Some regard should likewise be paid by tradesmen to their situation; or, in other words, to the propriety of the place: and in this too the Publicans are notoriously faulty. The KING'S ARMS, and the STAR AND GARTER, are aptly enough placed at the court end of the town, and in the neighbourhood of the Royal Palace; SHAKESPEARE'S HEAD takes his station by one Play-house, and BEN JOHN

son's by the other: HELL is a public-house adjoining to Westminster Hall, as the DEVIL TAVERN is to the lawyers quarters in the Temple: but what has the CROWN to do by the 'Change, or the GUN, the SHIP, or the ANCHOR, any where but at Tower-Hill, at Wapping, or Deptford?

It was certainly from a noble spirit of doing honour to a superior desert, that our forefathers used to hang out the Heads of those who were particularly eminent in their professions. Hence we see GALEN and PARACEL-SUS exalted before the shops of chemists; and the great names of TULLY, DRYDEN, POPE, &c. immortalized on the rubric posts of book-sellers, while their heads denominate the learned repositories of their works. But I know not whence it happened that Publicans have claimed a right to the physiognomies of kings and heroes, as I cannot find out, by the most painful researches, that there is any alliance between them. LEBEC, as he was an excellent cook, is the fit representative of luxury; and BROUGHTON, that renowned athletic champion, has an indisputable right to put up his own head, if he pleases: but what reason can there be, why the glorious DUKE WILLIAM should draw porter, or the brave ADMIRAL VERNON retail flip? Why must QUEEN ANNE keep a gin-shop, and KING CHARLES inform us of a skittle-ground? Propriety of character, I think, requires, that these illustrious personages should be deposited from their lofty stations; and I would recommend hereafter that the ALDERMAN's effigy should accompany his INTIRE BUTT BEER; and that the comely face of that public-spirited patriot, 'who first reduced the price of punch, and raised its reputation PRO BONO PUBLICO,' should be set up wherever three-pen'orth of warm rum is to be sold.

I have been used to consider several Signs, for the frequency of which it is difficult to give any other reason, as so many hieroglyphics with a hidden meaning, satirizing the follies of the people, or conveying instruction to the passer by. I am afraid that the stale jest on our sober citizens gave rise to so many HORNS in the public streets; and the number of CASTLES floating with the wind, was probably designed as a ridicule on those erected by soaring projectors. TUMBLEDOWN DICK, in the borough of Southwark, is a fine moral on the

instability of greatness and the consequences of ambition: but there is a most ill-natured sarcasm against the fair-sex exhibited, on a sign in Broad St. Giles's, of a headless female figure called the GOOD WOMAN.

*Quale portentum, neque militaris  
Daunia in latis alit esculentis;  
Nec Juba tellus generat, leonum  
Arida nutrix.*

HOR.

No beast of such portentous size  
In warlike Daunia's forest lies,  
Nor such the tawny lion reigns  
Fierce on his native Afric's thirsty plains.

FRANCIS.

A discerning eye may also discover in many of our SIGNS evident marks of the religion prevalent among us before the Reformation. Saint GEORGE, as the tutelary saint of this nation, may escape the censure of superstition: but St. DUNSTAN with his tongs ready to take hold of SATAN's nose, and the legions of ANGELS, NUNS, CROSSES, and HOLY LAMBS, certainly had their origin in the days of Popery. Among the many SIGNS, which are appropriated to some particular business, and yet have not the least connection with it, I cannot, as yet, find any relation between BLUE BALLS and pawn-brokers; nor could I conceive the intent of that long POLE jutting out at the entrance of a barber's shop, till a friend of mine, a learned etymologist and glossariographer, assured me, that the use of this POLE took its rise from the corruption of an old English word. 'It is probable,' says he, 'that our primitive tonsors used to stick up a wooden block, or head, or POLL, as it was then called, before their shop windows, to denote their occupation; and that afterwards, through a confounding of different things with a like pronunciation, they put up that parti-coloured staff of an enormous length, which is now called a POLE, and appropriated only to barbers.'

The same observations might be extended to other methods that tradesmen make use of to attract the public notice. Thus, the card manufacturers stamp upon their packs the figure perhaps of Harry the Eighth, or the Great Mogul, though I cannot find in history that either

of these monarchs played at cards: it would therefore be more in character to give us a picture of the GROOM-PORTER, or of that master of the science the celebrated HOYLE, who has composed an elaborate treatise on every fashionable game:

I could point out to you many more enormities; but lest I should exceed the limits of your paper, I shall at present conclude with assuring you, that I am

Your devoted humble servant,  
PHILIP CARMINE.

A

## No. X. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1752.

*Da, Pater, augustam menti conscendere sedem;  
Da fontem lustrare boni; da, luce reperta,  
In te conspicuus animi desigere visus!*

BOETH:

*Give me, O Father, to thy throne access,  
Unshaken seat of endless happiness!  
Give me, unveil'd, the source of good to see!  
Give me thy light, and fix mine eyes on thee!*

NOTHING has offended me more; than the manner in which subjects of eternal moment are often treated. To dispute on moral and theological topics is become a fashion; and it is usual with persons, of whom it is no reproach to say they are ignorant, because their opportunities of gaining knowledge have been few, to determine with the utmost confidence upon questions to which no human intellect is equal. In almost every tavern and every ale-house illiterate petulant prates of fitness and virtue, of freedom and fate; and it is common to hear disputes concerning everlasting happiness and misery, the mysteries of religion and the attributes of GOD; intermingled with lewdness and blasphemy, or at least treated with wanton negligence and absurd merriment.

For lewdness and blasphemy, it is hoped no apology will be seriously offered: and it is probable; that if the question in debate was, which of the disputants should be hanged on the morrow, it would be conducted with decency and gravity, as a matter of some importance: that risible good-humour, and that noble freedom, of which they appear to be so fond, would be thought not well to agree with their subject; nor would either of the gentlemen be much delighted, if an argument intended to demonstrate that he would within a few hours be suspended on a gibbet, should be embellished with a witty allusion to a button and loop, or a jocular remark that it would effectually secure him from future accidents either by land or water: and yet the justice and mercy of

Omnipotence, the life and death of the Soul; are treated with ridicule and sport; and it is contended, that with ridicule and sport they ought always to be treated.

But the effect, as well as the manner, of these fashionable disputes, is always ill: they tend to establish what is called natural religion, upon the ruins of Christianity; and a man has no sooner stiled himself a moral philosopher, than he finds that his duty both to GOD and man is contracted into a very small compass, and may be practised with the greatest facility. Yet as this effect is not always apparent, the unwary are frequently deluded into fatal error; and imagine they are attaining the highest degree of moral excellence, while they are insensibly losing the principles upon which alone temptation can be resisted, and a steady perseverance in well-doing secured.

Among other favourite and unsuspected topics, is the Excellency of Virtue. Virtue is said necessarily to produce its own happiness, and to be constantly and adequately its own reward; as vice, on the contrary, never fails to produce misery, and inflict upon itself the punishment it deserves; propositions, of which every one is ready to affirm, that they may be admitted without danger. But from hence it is inferred, that future rewards and punishments are not necessary, either to furnish adequate motives to the practice of virtue, or to justify the ways of God. In consequence of their being not necessary, they become doubtful; the Deity is less and less the object of fear and

hope; and as virtue is said to be that which produces ultimate good below, whatever is supposed to produce ultimate good below is said to be virtue: right and wrong are confounded, because remote consequences cannot perfectly be known; the principal barrier, by which appetite and passion are restrained, is broken down; the remonstrances of conscience are overborne by sophistry; and the acquired and habitual shame of vice is subdued by the perpetual efforts of vigorous resistance.

But the inference from which these dreadful consequences proceed, however plausible, is not just; nor does it appear from experience, that the premises are true.

That VIRTUE ALONE IS HAPPINESS BELOW, is indeed a maxim in speculative morality, which all the treasures of learning have been lavished to support, and all the flowers of wit collected to recommend; it has been the favourite of some among the wisest and best of mankind in every generation; and is at once venerable for its age, and lovely in the bloom of a new youth. And yet if it be allowed that they who languish in disease and indigence, who suffer pain, hunger and nakedness, in obscurity and solitude, are less happy than those who, with the same degree of virtue, enjoy health, and ease, and plenty, who are distinguished by fame, and courted by society; it follows that virtue alone is not efficient of happiness, because virtue cannot always bestow those things upon which happiness is confessed to depend.

It is indeed true, that virtue in prosperity enjoys more than vice, and that in adversity she suffers less: if prosperity and adversity, therefore, were merely accidental to virtue and vice, it might be granted, that, setting aside those things upon which moral conduct has no influence, as foreign to the question, every man is happy, either negatively or positively, in proportion as he is virtuous; though it were denied, that virtue alone could put into his possession all that is essential to human felicity.

But prosperity and adversity, affluence and want, are not independent upon moral conduct: external advantages are frequently obtained by vice, and forfeited by virtue; for as an estate may be gained by secreting a will, or loading a die, an estate may also be lost by withholding a vote, or rejecting a job.

Are external advantages then too light to turn the scale? Will an act of virtue, by which all are rejected, ensure more happiness than an act of vice, by which all are procured? Are the advantages, which an estate obtained by an act of vice bestows, overbalanced through life by regret and remorse? and the indigence and contumely that follow the loss of conveniences, which virtue has rejected, more than compensated by content and self-approbation?

That which is ill-gotten, is not always ill-used; nor is that which is well rejected always remembered without regret. It is not to be supposed that he who, by an act of fraud, gained the possession of a thousand pounds a year, which he spends in such a gratification of his appetites and passions as is consistent with health and reputation, in the reciprocation of civilities among his equals, and sometimes in acts of bounty and munificence, and who uses the power and influence which it gives him so as to conciliate affection and procure respect; has less happiness below, than if by a stronger effort of virtue he had continued in a state of dependence and poverty, neglected and despised, destitute of any other means to exercise the social affections than mutual condolence with those who suffer the same calamity, and almost wishing, in the bitterness of his distress, that he had improved the opportunity which he had lost.

It may indeed be urged, that the happiness and infelicity of both these states are still in exact proportion to virtue: that the affluence, which was acquired by a single act of vice, is enjoyed only by the exercise of virtue; and that the penury, incurred by a single effort of virtue, is rendered afflictive only by impatience and discontent.

But whether this be granted or denied, it remains true that the happiness in both these states is not equal; and that in one the means to enjoy life were acquired by vice, which in the other were lost by virtue. And if it be possible, by a single act of vice, to encrease happiness upon the whole of life; from what rational motives can the temptation to that act be resisted? From none, surely, but such as arise from the belief of a future state, in which virtue will be rewarded and vice punished; for to what can happiness be wisely sacrificed, but to greater happiness? and how can the ways of God

be justified, if a man, by the irreparable injury of his neighbour, becomes happier upon the whole, than he would have been if he had observed the eternal rule, and done to another as he would that another should do to him?

Perhaps I may be told that to talk of sacrificing happiness to greater happiness, as virtue, is absurd; and that he who is restrained from fraud or violence, merely by the fear of Hell, is no more virtuous than he who is restrained merely by the fear of a gibbet.

But supposing this to be true, yet with respect to society, mere external rectitude of conduct answers all the purposes of virtue; and if I travel without being robbed, it is of little consequence to me, whether the persons whom I met on the road were restrained from attempting to invade my property by the fear of punishment, or the abhorrence of vice: so that the gibbet, if it does not produce virtue, is yet of such incontestible utility, that I believe those gentlemen would be very unwilling that it should be removed, who, are notwithstanding, so zealous to steel every breast against the fear

of damnation; nor would they be content, however negligent of their souls, that their property should be no otherwise secured, than by the power of MORAL BEAUTY, and the prevalence of ideal enjoyments.

If it be asked, how moral agents became the subjects of accidental and adventitious happiness or misery; and why they were placed in a state in which it frequently happens, that virtue only alleviates calamity, and vice only moderates delight; the answer of Revelation is known, and it must be the task of those who reject it to give a better; it is enough for me to have proved that man is at present in such a state: I pretend not to trace the 'unsearchable ways' of 'the Almighty,' nor attempt to 'penetrate the darkness that surrounds his throne:' but amidst this enlightened generation, in which such multitudes can account for apparent obliquities and defects in the moral world, I am content with an humble expectation of that time, in which 'every thing that is crooked shall be made straight, and every thing that is imperfect shall be done away.'

## No. XI. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1752.

—*Ille potens sui  
Latusque deget, cui licet in diem  
Dixisse, vixi.*

HOR.

*Happy the man, and happy he alone,  
He who can call to-day his own;  
He who, secure within, can say,  
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.*

DRYDEN.

### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT is the fate of all who do not live in necessary or accidental obscurity, who neither pass undistinguished through the vale of poverty, nor hide themselves in the groves of solitude, to have a numerous acquaintance and few friends.

An acquaintance is a being who meets us with a smile and a salute, who tells us in the same breath that he is glad and sorry for the most trivial good and ill that befalls us, and yet who turns from us without regret, who scarce wishes to see us again, who forsakes us in hopeless sickness or adversity, and when we die re-

members us no more. A friend is he with whom our interest is united, upon whose participation all our pleasures depend; who soothes us in the fretfulness of disease, and cheers us in the gloom of a prison; to whom when we die, even our remains are sacred, who follows them with tears to the grave, and preserves our image in his heart. A friend our calamities may grieve, and our wants may impoverish, but neglect only can offend, and unkindness alienate. Is it not therefore astonishing, that a friend should ever be alienated or offended? and can there be a stronger instance of the folly and caprice of mankind, than their withholding from those upon whom their happiness is

confessed to depend, that civility which they lavish upon others, without hope of any higher reward than a trivial and momentary gratification of their vanity, by an echo of their compliments and a return of their obedience?

Of this caprice there are none who have more cause to complain than myself. That I am a person of some importance has never yet been disputed: I am allowed to have great power to please and to instruct; I always contribute to the felicity of those by whom I am well treated; and I must confess, that I am never abused without leaving marks of my resentment behind me.

I am generally regarded as a friend; and there are few who could think of parting with me for the last time, without the utmost regret, solicitude, and reluctance. I know, wherever I come, that I have been the object of desire and hope; and that the pleasure which I am expected to diffuse, has, like all others, been enjoyed by anticipation. By the young and gay, those who are entering the world either as a scene of business or pleasure, I am frequently desired with such impatience, that although every moment brings on wrinkles and decrepitude with irresistible rapidity, that they will be willing that the time of my absence should be annihilated, and the approach of wrinkles and decrepitude rendered yet more precipitate. There cannot surely be stronger evidence than this of my influence upon their happiness, or of their affection for me: and yet the transport with which I am at first received quickly subsides; they appear to grow weary of my company, they would again shorten life to hasten the hour of my departure, and they reflect upon the length of my visit with regret.

To the aged I confess I am not able to procure equal advantages; and yet there are some of these who have been remarkable for their virtue, among whom I experience more constant reciprocations of friendship. I never heard that they expressed an impatient expectation of me when absent, nor do they receive me with rapture when I come; but while I stay they treat me with complacency and good-humour; and in proportion as their first address is less violent, the whole tenour of their conduct is more equal: they suffer me to leave them in an evening without importunity to prolong my visit, and think of my departure with indifference,

You will, perhaps, imagine, that I am distinguished by some strange singularity, of which the uncommon treatment that I receive is a consequence. As few can judge with impartiality of their own character, none are believed merely upon their own evidence who affirm it to be good: I will therefore describe to you the manner in which I am received by persons of very different stations, capacities, and employments. The facts shall be exhibited without false colouring; I will neither suppress, soften, nor exaggerate any circumstance, by which the natural and genuine state of these facts may be discovered, and I know that your sagacity will do me justice.

In summer I rise very early, and the first person that I see is a peasant at his work, who generally regards me with a smile, though he seldom participates of my bounty. His labour is scarce ever suspended while I am with him; yet he always talks of me with complacency, and never treats me with neglect or indecorum, except perhaps on a holiday, when he has been tipping; and this I can easily overlook, though he commonly receives a hint of his fault the next morning, that he may be the more upon his guard for the future.

But though in the country I have reason to be best satisfied with the behaviour of those whom I first see, yet in my early walks in town I am almost sure to be insulted. As soon as the wretch who has passed the night at a tavern, or a gaming-table, perceives me at a distance, he begins to mutter curses against me, though he knows they will be fulfilled upon himself, and is impatient till he can bar his door, and hide himself in bed.

I have one sister, and though her complexion is very dark, yet she is not without her charms: she is, I confess, said to look best by candle-light, in her jewels, and at a publick place, where the splendor of her dress, and the multiplicity of other objects, prevent too minute an examination of her person. Some good judges have fancied, though perhaps a little whimsically, that there is something inexpressibly pleasing in her by moon-light, a kind of placid ease, a gentle languor, which softens her features, and gives new grace to her manner: they say too, that she is best disposed to be agreeable in a walk, under the chequered shade of a grove, along the green banks of a river, or upon the sandy beach by the sea.

My sister's principles in many particulars differ from mine; but there has been always such a harmony between us, that she seldom smiles upon those who have suffered me to pass with a contemptuous negligence; much less does she use her influence, which is very great, to procure any advantage for those who drive me from their presence with outrage and abuse; and yet none are more assiduous in their addresses, nor intrude longer upon her privacy, than those who are most implacably my enemies.

She is generally better received by the poor than the rich; and indeed she seldom visits the indigent and the wretched, without bringing something for their relief; yet those who are most solicitous to engage her in parties of pleasure, and are seen longest in her company, are always suspected of some evil design.

You will, perhaps, think there is something enigmatical in all this; and lest you should not yet be able to discover my true character sufficiently to engage you in my interest, I will give you a short history of the incidents that have happened to me during the last eight hours.

It is now four o'clock in the afternoon; about seven I rose; soon after, as I was walking by the dial in Covent Garden, I was perceived by a man well dressed, who appeared to have been sleeping under one of the sheds, and whom a watchman had just told that I was approaching. After attempting to swear several oaths, and staggering a few paces, he scowled at me under his hat, and insulted me indirectly, by telling the watchman, as well as he could, that he had sat in company with my sister till he became too drunk to find his way home, which nevertheless he had attempted; and that he hated me as he hated the devil: he then desired that a coach or a chair might be immediately called to carry him from my presence.

About nine I visited a young lady who could not see me, because she was but just returned from a rout. I went next to a student in the Temple, who received me with great joy; but told me, that he was going to dine with a gentleman, whose daughter he had long courted, and who at length, by the interposition of friends, had

been persuaded to consent to the match, though several others had offered a larger settlement. From this interview I had no desire to detain him; and about twelve I found a young prodigal, to whom I had afforded many opportunities of felicity, which he neglected to improve; and whom I had scarce ever left without having convinced him, that he was wasting life in the search of pleasures which he could never find. He looked upon me with a countenance full of suspicion, dread and perplexity, and seemed to wish that I had delayed my visit, or been excluded by his servant; imagining, as I have since heard, that a bailiff was behind me. After dinner, I again met my friend the student; but he who had so lately received me with extasy, now leered at me with a sullen discontent, and if it had been in his power would have destroyed me, for no other reason than because the old gentleman whom he visited had changed his mind.

You may, perhaps, be told, that I am myself inconstant and rapacious, that I am never the same person eight and forty hours together, and that no man knows whether at my next visit I shall bring him good or evil: but identity of person might with equal truth be denied of the Adventurer, and of every other being upon earth; for all animal bodies are in a state of perpetual decay and renovation: so ridiculous a slander does not indeed deserve a serious reply; and I believe you are now ready to answer every other cavil of my enemies, by convincing the world that it is their own fault if I do not always leave them wiser and better than I find them; and whoever has through life continued to become gradually wiser and better, has obtained a source of divine felicity, a well of living water, which, like the widow's oil, shall increase as it is poured out, and which, though it was supplied by time, eternity shall not exhaust.

I hope, Sir, your paper will be a means of procuring me better treatment; and that you will yourself be solicitous to secure the friendship of,

Your humble servant,

TO-DAY.

No. XII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1752.

*Magnum Pauperies opprobrium jubet**Quidvis aut facere aut pati.*

HOR.

*He whom the dread of want ensnares,**With baseness acts, with meanness bears.*

## TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

OF all the expedients that have been found out to alleviate the miseries of life, none is left to despair but complaint: and though complaint, without hope of relief, may be thought rather to encrease than mitigate anguish, as it recollects every circumstance of distress, and imbitters the memory of past sufferings by the anticipation of future; yet, like weeping, it is an indulgence of that which it is pain to suppress, and soothes with the hope of pity the wretch who despairs of comfort. Of this number is he who now addresses you: yet the solace of complaint and the hope of pity, are not the only motives that have induced me to communicate the series of events, by which I have been led on in an insensible deviation from felicity, and at last plunged in irremediable calamity: I wish that others may escape perdition; and am, therefore, solicitous to warn them of the path that leads to the precipice from which I have fallen.

I am the only child of a wealthy farmer, who, as he was himself illiterate, was the more zealous to make his son a scholar; imagining that there was in the knowledge of Greek and Latin some secret charm of perpetual influence, which as I passed through life would smooth the way before me, establish the happiness of success, and supply new resources to disappointment. But not being able to deny himself the pleasure he found in having me about him, instead of sending me out to a boarding-school, he offered the curate of the parish ten pounds a year and his board to become my tutor.

This gentleman, who was in years, and had lately buried his wife, accepted the employment, but refused the salary: the work of education, he said, would agreeably fill his intervals of leisure, and happily coincide with the duties of his function; but he observed that his curacy, which was thirty pounds a year, and had long

subsisted him when he had a family, would make him wealthy now he was a single man; and therefore he insisted to pay for his board: to this my father, with whatever reluctance, was obliged to consent. At the age of six years, I began to read my Accidence under my preceptor; and at the age of fifteen had gone through the Latin and Greek Classics. But the languages were not all that I learned of this gentleman; besides other science of less importance, he taught me the theory of Christianity by his precepts, and the practice by his example.

As his temper was calm and steady, the influence which he acquired over me was unlimited: he was never capriciously severe; so that I regarded his displeasure not as an effect of his infirmity, but of my own fault; he discovered so much affection in the pleasure with which he commended, and in the tender concern with which he reproved me, that I loved him as a father; and his devotion, though rational and manly, was yet so habitual and fervent, that I revered him as a saint. I found even my passions controuled by an awe which his presence impressed; and by a constant attention to his doctrine and his life, I acquired such a sense of my connection with the invisible world, and such a conviction of the consciousness of DEITY to all my thoughts, that every inordinate wish was secretly suppressed, and my conduct regulated by the most scrupulous circumspection.

My father thought he had now taken sufficient care of my education, and therefore began to expect that I should assist in overlooking his servants, and managing his farm, in which he intended I should succeed him: but my preceptor, whose principal view was not my temporal advantage, told him that, as a farmer, great part of my learning would be totally useless; and that the only way to make me serviceable to mankind, in proportion to the knowledge I had acquired, would be to send me to



the university, that at a proper time I might take orders. But my father, besides that he was unwilling to part with me, had probably many reasons against my entering the world in a cassock: such, however, was the deference which he paid to my tutor, that he had almost implicitly submitted to his determination, when a relation of my mother's, who was an attorney of great practice in the Temple, came to spend part of the long vacation at our house, in consequence of invitations which had been often repeated during an absence of many years.

My father thought that an opportunity of consulting how to dispose of me, with a man so well acquainted with life, was not to be lost; and perhaps he secretly hoped that my preceptor would give up his opinion as indefensible, if a person of the lawyer's experience should declare against it. My cousin was accordingly made umpire in the debate; and after he had heard the arguments on both sides, he declared against my becoming a farmer: he said, it would be an act of injustice to bury my parts and learning in the obscurity of rural life; because, if produced to the world, they would probably be rewarded with wealth and distinction. My preceptor imagined the question was now finally determined in his favour; and being obliged to visit one of his parishioners that was sick, he gave me a look of congratulation as he went out, and I perceived his cheek glow with a flush of triumph, and his eye sparkle with tears of delight.

But he had no sooner left the room, than my cousin gave the conversation another turn: he told my father, that though he had opposed his making me a farmer, he was not an advocate for my becoming a parson; for that to make a young fellow a parson, without being able to procure him a living, was to make him a beggar. He then made some witty reflections on the old gentleman who was just gone out; nobody, he said, could question his having been put to a bad trade, who considered his circumstances now he had followed it forty years. And after some other sprightly sallies, which, though they made my father laugh, made me tremble; he clapped him upon the shoulder—

‘If you have a mind your boy should make a figure in life, old gentleman,’ says he, ‘put him clerk to me; my Lord Chancellor King

‘was no better than the son of a country shop-

keeper; and my master gave a person of much greater eminence many a half crown when he was an attorney's clerk in the next chambers to mine. What say you? shall I take him up with me or not?’ My father, who had listened to this proposal with great eagerness, as soon as my cousin had done speaking, cried—‘A match!’ and immediately gave him his hand, in token of his consent. Thus the bargain was struck, and my fate determined before my tutor came back.

It was in vain that he afterwards objected to the character of my new master, and expressed the most dreadful apprehensions at my becoming an attorney's clerk, and entering into the society of wretches who had been represented to him, and perhaps not unjustly, as the most profligate upon earth: they do not, indeed, become worse than others, merely as clerks; but as young persons, who with more money to spend in the gratification of appetite, are sooner than others abandoned to their own conduct; for though they are taken from under the protection of a parent, yet being scarce considered as in a state of servitude, they are not sufficiently restrained by the authority of a master.

My father had conceived of my cousin as the best-natured man in the world; and probably was intoxicated with the romantick hope of living to see me upon the bench at Westminster Hall, or of meeting me on the circuit lolling in my own coach, and attended by a crowd of the inferior instruments of justice. He was not therefore to be moved either by expostulation or entreaty; and I set out with my cousin on horseback to meet the stage at a town within a few miles, after having taken leave of my father with a tenderness that melted us both; and received from the hoary saint his last instructions and benediction, and at length the parting embrace, which was given with the silent ardor of unutterable wishes, and repeated with tears that could no longer be suppressed or concealed.

When we were seated in the coach, my cousin began to make himself merry with the regret and discontent that he perceived in my countenance, at leaving a cowhouse, a hogstye, and two old grey-pates, who were contending whether I should be buried in a farm or a college. I, who had never heard either my father or my tutor treated with irreverence, could not conceal my displeasure and resentment; but

he still continued to rally my country simplicity with many allusions which I did not then understand, but which greatly delighted the rest of the company. The fourth day brought us to our journey's end, and my master, as soon as we reached his chambers, shook me by the hand, and bid me welcome to the Temple.

He had been some years a widower, and his only child, a daughter, being still at a boarding-school, his family consisted only of a man and maid-servant and myself; for though he had two hired clerks, yet they lodged and boarded themselves. The horrid lewdness and profaneness of these fellows terrified and disgusted me; nor could I believe that my master's property and interest could be safely entrusted with men, who in every respect appeared to be so destitute of virtue and religion: I, therefore, thought it my duty to apprise him of his danger; and accordingly one day when we were at dinner, I communicated my suspicion, and the reason upon which it was founded. The formal solemnity with which I introduced this conversation, and the air of importance which I gave to my discovery, threw him into a violent fit of laughter, which struck me dumb with confusion and astonishment. As soon as he re-

covered himself, he told me, that though his clerks might use some expressions that I had not been accustomed to hear, yet he believed them to be very honest; and that he placed more confidence in them, than he would in a formal prig, of whom he knew nothing but that he went every morning and evening to prayers, and said grace before and after meat; that as to swearing, they meant no harm; and as he did not doubt but that every young fellow liked a girl, it was better they should joke about it than be hypocritical and sly: not that he would be thought to suspect my integrity, or to blame me for practices, which he knew to be merely effects of the bigotry and superstition in which I had been educated, and not the disguises of cunning or the subtleties of guilt.

I was greatly mortified at my cousin's behaviour on this occasion, and wondered from what cause it could proceed, and why he should so lightly pass over those vices in others, from which he abstained himself; for I had never heard him swear; and as his expressions were not obscene, I imagined his conversation was chaste; in which, however, my ignorance deceived me, and it was not long before I had reason to change my opinion of his character.

### No. XIII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1752.

—*Sic omnia fatis*

*In pejus ruere, ac retro sublapsa referri:*

*Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum*

*Remigiis subigit: si brachia forte remisit,*

*Atque illum in præceps prono rapit ævus anni.*

VIRG.

*Thus all below, whether by nature's curse,*

*Or fate's decree, degenerate still to worse.*

*So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,*

*And, slow advancing struggle with the stream:*

*But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,*

*Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.*

DRYDEN.

THERE came one morning to enquire for him at his chambers, a lady who had something in her manner which caught my attention and excited my curiosity: her cloaths were fine, but the manner in which they were put on was rather flaunting than elegant; her address was not easy nor polite, but seemed to

be a strange mixture of affected state and licentious familiarity; she looked in the glass while she was speaking to me, and without any confusion adjusted her tucker. She seemed rather pleased than disconcerted at being regarded with earnestness; and being told that my cousin was abroad, she asked some trifling ques-

tions, and then making a slight curtsy, took up the side of her hoop with a jerk that discovered at least half her leg, and hurried down stairs.

I could not help enquiring of the clerks if they knew this lady; and was greatly confounded when they told me with an air of secrecy, that she was my cousin's mistress, whom he had kept almost two years in lodgings near Covent Garden. At first I suspected this information; but it was soon confirmed by so many circumstances, that I could no longer doubt of its truth.

As my principles were yet untainted, and the influence of my education was still strong, I regarded my cousin's sentiments as impious and detestable; and his example rather struck me with horror, than seduced me to imitation. I flattered myself with hopes of effecting his reformation, and took every opportunity to hint the wickedness of allowed incontinence; for which I was always rallied when he was disposed to be merry, and answered with the contemptuous sneer of self-sufficiency when he was sullen.

Near four years of my clerkship were now expired, and I had never yet entered the lists as a disputant with my cousin: for though I conceived myself to be much his superior in moral and theological learning, and though he often admitted me to familiar conversation, yet I still regarded the subordination of a servant to a master, as one of the duties of my station, and preserved it with such exactness, that I never exceeded a question or a hint when we were alone, and was always silent when he had company, though I frequently heard such positions advanced, as made me wonder that no tremendous token of Divine displeasure immediately followed: but coming one night from the tavern, warm with wine, and, as I imagined, flushed with polemic success, he insisted upon my taking one glass with him before he went to bed; and almost as soon as we were seated, he gave me a formal challenge, by denying all **DIVINE REVELATION**, and defying me to prove it.

I now considered every distinction as thrown down, and stood forth as the champion of religion, with that elation of mind which the hero always feels at the approach of danger. I thought myself secure of victory; and rejoicing that he had compelled me to do what I had often

wished he would permit, I obliged him to declare that he would dispute upon equal terms, and we began the debate. But it was not long before I was astonished to find myself confounded by a man, whom I saw half drunk, and whose learning and abilities I despised when he was sober; for as I had but very lately discovered, that any of the principles of religion, from the immortality of the soul to the deepest mystery, had been so much as questioned, all his objections were new. I was assaulted where I had made no preparation for defence; and having not been so much accustomed to disputation, as to consider that, in the present weakness of human intellects, it is much easier to object than answer, and that in every disquisition difficulties are found which cannot be resolved, I was overborne by the sudden onset, and in the tumult of my search for answers to his cavils, forgot to press the positive arguments on which religion is established: he took advantage of my confusion, proclaimed his own triumph, and because I was depressed, treated me as vanquished.

As the event which had thus mortified my pride was perpetually revolved in my mind, the same mistake still continued: I enquired for solutions instead of proofs, and found myself more and more entangled in the snares of sophistry. In some other conversations which my cousin was now eager to begin, new difficulties were started, the labyrinth of doubt grew more intricate, and as the question was of infinite moment, my mind was brought into the most distressful anxiety. I ruminated incessantly on the subject of our debate, sometimes chiding myself for my doubts, and sometime applauding the courage and freedom of my enquiry.

While my mind was in this state, I heard by accident that there was a club at an ale-house in the neighbourhood, where such subjects were freely debated, to which every body was admitted without scruple or formality: to this club in an evil hour I resolved to go, that I might learn how knotty points were to be discussed, and truth distinguished from error.

Accordingly on the next club night I mingled with the multitude that was assembled in this school of folly and infidelity. I was at first disgusted at the gross ignorance of some, and shocked at the horrid blasphemy of others; but

curiosity prevailed, and my sensibility by degrees wore off. I found that almost every speaker had a different opinion, which some of them supported by arguments, that to me, who was utterly unacquainted with disputation, appeared to hold opposite probabilities in exact equipoise; so that, instead of being confirmed in any principle, I was divested of all; the perplexity of my mind was increased, and I contracted such a habit of questioning whatever offered itself to my imagination, that I almost doubted my own existence.

In proportion as I was less assured in my principles, I was less circumspect in my conduct: but such was still the force of education, that any gross violence offered to that which I had held sacred, and every act which I had been used to regard as incurring the forfeiture of the Divine Favour, stung me with remorse. I was indeed still restrained from flagitious immorality, by the power of habit: but this power grew weaker and weaker, and the natural propensity to ill gradually took place; as the motion that is communicated to a ball which is struck up into the air, becomes every moment less and less, till at length it recoils by its own weight.

Fear and hope, the great springs of human action, had now lost their principal objects, as I doubted whether the enjoyment of the present moment was not all that I could secure; my power to resist temptation diminished with my dependence upon the GRACE OF GOD and regard to the sanction of his law; and I was first seduced by a prostitute, in my declamation on the BEAUTY of virtue, and the strength of the MORAL SENSE.

I began now to give myself up entirely to sensuality, and the gratification of appetite terminated my prospects of felicity: that peace of mind, which is the sunshine of the soul, was exchanged for the gloom of doubt, and the storm of passion; and my confidence in GOD and hope of everlasting joy, for sudden terrors and vain wishes, the longings of satiety, and the anguish of disappointment.

I was indeed impatient under this fluctuation of opinion, and therefore I applied to a gentleman who was a principal speaker at the club, and deemed a profound philosopher, to assist the labours of my own mind in the inves-

tigation of truth, and relieve me from distraction by removing my doubts: but this gentleman, instead of administering relief, lamented the prejudice of education, which he said hindered me from yielding without reserve to the force of truth, and might perhaps always keep my mind anxious, though my judgment should be convinced. But as the most effectual remedy for this deplorable evil, he recommended to me the works of Chubb, Morgan, and many others, which I procured, and read with great eagerness; and though I was not at last a sound deist, yet I perceived with some pleasure that my stock of polemic knowledge was greatly increased; so that, instead of being an auditor, I commenced a speaker at the club: and though to stand up and babble to a crowd in an alehouse, till silence is commanded by a stroke of a hammer, is as low an ambition as can taint the human mind, yet I was much elevated by my new distinction, and pleased with the deference that was paid to my judgment. I sometimes, indeed, reflected, that I was propagating opinions by which I had myself become vicious and wretched; but it immediately occurred, that though my conduct was changed, it could not be proved that my virtue was less; because many things, which I avoided as vicious upon my old principles, were innocent upon my new. I therefore went on in my career, and was perpetually racking my invention for new topics and illustration; and among other expedients, as well to advance my reputation, as to quiet my conscience, and deliver me from the torment of remorse, I thought of the following.

Having learned that all error is innocent, because it is involuntary, I concluded that nothing more was necessary to quiet the mind than to prove that all vice was error: I therefore formed the following argument. 'No man becomes vicious, but from a belief that vice will confer happiness: he may, indeed, have been told the contrary; but implicit faith is not required of reasonable beings: therefore, as every man ought to seek happiness, every man may lawfully make the experiment; if he is disappointed, it is plain that he did not intend that which has happened: so that every vice is an error; and therefore no vice will be punished.'

I communicated this ingenious contrivance to my friend the philosopher, who, instead of detecting the difference between ignorance and perverseness, or stating the limitations within which we are bound to seek our own happiness, applauded the acuteness of my penetration, and the force of my reasoning. I was impatient to display so novel and important a discovery to the club, and the attention that it drew upon me gratified my ambition to the utmost of my expectation. I had indeed some opponents; but they were so little skilled in argumentation, and so ignorant of the subject, that it only rendered my conquest more signal and important; for the chairman summed up the arguments on both sides, with so exact and scrupulous an impartiality, that as I appeared not to have been confuted, those who could not discover the weakness of my antagonists, thought that to confute me was impossible; my sophistry was taken for demonstration, and the number of proselytes was incredible. The assembly consisted chiefly of clerks and apprentices, young persons who had received a religious though not a liberal education; for those who were totally ignorant, or wholly abandoned, troubled not themselves with such disputations as were carried on at our club: and these unhappy boys, the impetuosity of whose passions was restrained chiefly by fear, as virtue had not yet become a habit, were glad to have the shackles struck off which they were told priest-craft had put on.

But however I might satisfy others, I was not yet satisfied myself; my torment returned, and new opiates became necessary: they were not indeed easily to be found; but such was my good fortune, that an illiterate me-

chanic afforded me a most seasonable relief, by 'discussing the important question, and demonstrating that the soul was not nor could be immortal.' I was, indeed, disposed to believe without the severest scrutiny, what I now began secretly to wish; for such was the state of my mind, that I was willing to give up the hope of everlasting happiness, to be delivered from the dread of perpetual misery; and as I thought of dying as a remote event, the apprehension of losing my existence with my life, did not much interrupt the pleasures of the bagnio and the tavern.

They were, however, interrupted by another cause; for I contracted a distemper, which alarmed and terrified me, in proportion as its progress was swift, and its consequences were dreadful. In this distress I applied to a young surgeon, who was a speaker at the club, and gained a genteel subsistence by keeping it in repair: he treated my complaint as a trifle; and to prevent any serious reflections in this interval of pain and solicitude, he rallied the deplorable length of my countenance, and exhorted me to behave like a man.

My pride, rather than my fear, made me very solicitous to conceal this disorder from my cousin; but he soon discovered it rather with pleasure than anger, as it completed his triumph, and afforded him a new subject of raillery and merriment. By the spiritual and corporeal assistance of my surgeon, I was at length restored to my health, with the same dissolute morals, and a resolution to pursue my pleasures with more caution: instead, therefore, of hiring a prostitute, I now endeavoured to seduce the virgin, and corrupt the wife.

## No. XIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1752.

*Admonet, et magna testatur voce per umbras:  
Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.*

VIRG.

*Ev'n yet his voice from hell's dread shades we hear—  
'Beware, learn justice, and the gods revere.'*

**I**N these attempts my new principles afforded me great assistance: for I found that those whom I could convert, I could easily debauch; and that to convert many, nothing more was

necessary than to advance my principles, and alledge something in defence of them, by which I appeared to be convinced myself; for not being able to dispute, they thought that the argu-

ment which had convinced me, would, if they could understand it, convince them: so that, by yielding an implicit assent, they at once paid a compliment to their own judgments, and smoothed the way to the indulgence of appetite.

While I was thus gratifying every inordinate desire, and passing from one degree of guilt to another, my cousin determined to take his daughter, who was now in her nineteenth year, from school; and as he intended to make her mistress of his family, he quitted his chambers, and took a house.

This young lady I had frequently seen, and always admired; she was therefore no sooner come home, than I endeavoured to recommend myself by a thousand assiduities, and rejoiced in the many opportunities that were afforded me to entertain her alone; and perceived that she was not displeased with my company, nor insensible to my complaisance.

My cousin, though he had seen the effects of his documents of infidelity in the corruption of my morals, yet could not forbear to sneer at religion in the presence of his daughter; a practice in which I now always concurred, as it facilitated the execution of a design that I had formed of rendering her subservient to my pleasures. I might indeed have married her, and perhaps my cousin secretly intended that I should; but I knew women too well to think that marriage would confine my wishes to a single object; and I was utterly averse to a state, in which the pleasure of variety must be sacrificed to domestic quiet, or domestic quiet to the pleasure of variety; for I neither imagined that I could long indulge myself in an unlawful familiarity with many women, before it would by some accident be discovered to my wife; nor that she would be so very courteous or philosophical, as to suffer this indulgence without expostulation and clamour: and besides, I had no liking to a brood of children, whose wants would soon become importunate, and whose claim to my industry and frugality would be universally acknowledged; though the offspring of a mistress might be abandoned to beggary, without breach of the law, or offence to society.

The young lady, on the contrary, as she perceived that my addresses exceeded common civilities, did not question but that my view was to obtain her for a wife; and I could discern that she often expected such a declaration,

and seemed disappointed that I had not yet proposed an application to her father: but imagining, I suppose, that these circumstances were only delayed till the fittest opportunity, she did not scruple to admit all the freedoms that were consistent with modesty; and I drew every day nearer to the accomplishment of my design, by insensible approaches, without alarming her fear, or confirming her hopes.

I knew that only two things were necessary; her passions were to be enflamed, and the motives from which they were to be suppressed, removed. I was therefore perpetually insinuating, that nothing which was natural could be ill; I complained of the impositions and restraints of priest-craft and superstition; and, as if these hints were casual and accidental, I would immediately afterwards sing a tender song, repeat some seducing verses, or read a novel.

But henceforward, let never insulted beauty admit a second time into her presence the wretch who has once attempted to ridicule religion, and substitute other aids to human frailty, for that 'love of GOD which is better than life,' and that fear 'which is the beginning of wisdom:' for whoever makes such an attempt, intends to betray; the contrary conduct being without question the interest of every one whose intentions are good, because even those who prophane deny religion to be of divine origin, do yet acknowledge that it is a political institution well calculated to strengthen the band of society, and to keep out the ravager by entrenching innocence and arming virtue. To oppose these corrupters by argument rather than contempt, is to parly with a murderer, who may be excluded by shutting a door.

My cousin's daughter used frequently to dispute with me, and these disputes always favoured the execution of my project: though, lest I should alarm her too much, I often affected to appear half in jest; and when I ventured to take any liberty by which the bounds of modesty were somewhat invaded, I suddenly desisted with an air of easy negligence; and as the attempt was not pursued, and nothing farther seemed to be intended than was done, it was regarded but as waggery, and punished only with a slap or a frown. Thus she became familiar with infidelity and indecency by degrees.

I once subtly engaged her in a debate, whether the gratification of natural appetites was in itself innocent; and whether, if so, the want of external ceremony could in any case render it criminal. I insisted that virtue and vice were not influenced by external ceremonies, nor founded upon human laws, which were arbitrary, temporary, and local: and that as a young lady's shutting herself up in a nunnery was still evil, though enjoined by such laws; so the transmitting her beauty to posterity was still good, though under certain circumstances it had by such laws been forbidden. This she affected utterly to deny, and I proposed that the question should be referred to her papa, without informing him of our debate, and that it should be determined by his opinion; a proposal to which she readily agreed. I immediately adverted to other subjects, as if I had no interest in the issue of our debate; but I could perceive that it sunk deep into her mind, and that she continued more thoughtful than usual.

I did not however fail to introduce a suitable topic of discourse the next time my cousin was present, and having stated the question in general terms, he gave it in my favour, without suspecting that he was judge in his own cause; and the next time I was alone with his daughter, without mentioning his decision, I renewed my familiarity, I found her resistance less resolute, pursued my advantage, and completed her ruin.

Within a few months she perceived that she was with child; a circumstance that she communicated to me with expressions of the most piercing distress: but instead of consenting to marry her, to which she had often urged me with all the little arts of persuasion that she could practise, I made light of the affair, chid her for being so much alarmed at so trivial an accident, and proposed a medicine which I told her would effectually prevent the discovery of our intercourse, by destroying the effect of it before it could appear. At this proposition she fainted, and when she recovered opposed it with terror and regret, with tears, trembling, and entreaty; but I continued inflexible, and at length either removed or over-ruled her scruples, by the same arguments that had first seduced her to guilt.

The long vacation was now commenced,

and my clerkship was just expired: I therefore proposed to my cousin that we should all make a visit to my father, hoping that the fatigue of the journey would favour my purpose, by increasing the effect of the medicine, and accounting for an indisposition which it might be supposed to cause.

The plan being thus concerted, and my cousin's concurrence being obtained, it was immediately put in execution. I applied to my old friend the club surgeon, to whom I made no secret, of such affairs, and he immediately furnished me with medicaments, which he assured me would answer my purpose; but either by a mistake in the preparation, or in the quantity, they produced a disorder, which, soon after the dear injured unhappy girl arrived at her journey's end, terminated in her death.

My confusion and remorse at this event are not to be expressed, but confusion and remorse were suddenly turned into astonishment and terror; for she was scarce dead before I was taken into custody; upon suspicion of murder. Her father had deposed, that just before she died, she desired to speak to him in private; and that then, taking his hand, and entreating his forgiveness, she told him that she was with child by me, and that I had poisoned her, under pretence of preserving her reputation.

Whether she made this declaration, or only confessed the truth, and her father to revenge the injury had forged the rest, cannot now be known; but the coroner having been summoned, and the body viewed, and found to have been pregnant, with many marks of a violent and uncommon disorder, a verdict of wilful murder was brought in against me, and I was committed to the county gaol.

As the judges were then upon the circuit, I was within less than a fortnight convicted and condemned by the zeal of the jury, whose passions had been so greatly inflamed by the enormity of the crime with which I had been charged, that they were rather willing that I should suffer being innocent, than that I should escape being guilty; but it appearing to the judge in the course of the trial that murder was not intended, he relieved me before he left the town.

I might now have redeemed the time, and, awakened to a sense of my folly and my guilt, might have made some reparation to mankind

for the injury which I had done to society; and endeavoured to kindle some spark of hope in my own breast, by repentance and devotion; but alas! in the first transports of my mind, upon so sudden and unexpected a calamity, the fear of death yielded to the fear of infamy, and I swallowed poison: the excess of my desperation hindered its immediate effect; for, as I took too much, great part of it was thrown up, and only such a quantity remained behind, as was sufficient to ensure my destruction, and yet leave me time to contemplate the horrors of the gulph into which I am sinking.

In this deplorable situation I have been visited by the surgeon who was the immediate instrument of my misfortune, and the philosopher who directed my studies; but these are friends who only rouse me to keener sensibility, and inflict upon me more exquisite torment. They reproach me with folly, and upbraid me with cowardice; they tell me too, that the fear of death has made me regret the errors of su-

perstition; but what would I now give for those erroneous hopes, and that credulous simplicity, which, though I have been taught to despise them, would sustain me in the tremendous hour that approaches, and avert from my last agony the horrors of despair!

I have indeed a visitor of another kind, the good old man who first taught me to frame a prayer, and first animated me with the hope of Heaven; but he can only lament with me that this hope will not return, and that I can pray with confidence no more: he cannot by a sudden miracle re-establish the principles which I have subverted. My mind is all doubt, and terror, and confusion; I know nothing but that I have rendered ineffectual the clemency of my JUDGE, that the approach of death is swift and inevitable, and that either the shades of everlasting night, or the gleams of unquenchable fire, are at hand. My soul in vain shrinks backward; I grow giddy with the thought: the next moment is distraction! Farewell.

OPSINOUS.

No. XV. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1752.

*Inventum medicina meum est*——

OVID.

*Medicine is mine.*

DRYDEN.

AS no man more abhors the maxim, which affirms the lawfulness of doing evil to produce good, than myself, I shall spare no falsehood, because it has been rendered subservient to political purposes, nor concur in the deception of mankind, though for the service of the state.

When the public liberty has been thought in so much danger, as to make it necessary to expose life in its defence, we have been told that life is the inferior blessing; that death is more eligible than slavery; and that to hold the contrary opinion, is not only absurd but infamous.

This, however, whether it is the rant of enthusiasm or the insinuation of cunning, contradicts the voice of reason and the general consent of mankind. The far greater part of the human species are confessed to live in a state of slavish subjection; and there is scarce any part of the globe where that which an Englishman calls liberty is to be found: and yet it does not appear, that there is any place in

which the attachment to life is dissolved, or that despotism and tyranny ever provoked suicide to depopulate their dominions. It may be said, that wretches who have never been free, suffer patiently because they are strangers to enjoyment; but it must be remembered, that our heroes of liberty, whether Bucks or Bloods, or of whatever other domination, when by some creditor of slavish principles they have been locked up in a prison, never yet petitioned to be hanged.

But though to every individual life is of greater value than liberty, yet health and ease are of greater value than life: though jollity may sometimes be found in the cell of a prisoner, it never enters the chambers of the sick; over pain and sickness, the sweetness of music, the sprightliness of humour, and the delicacies of luxury, have no power. Without health life is misery; and death, as it removes positive evil, is at least a negative good. Among the many advantages, therefore, which are confessed to be peculiar to



Great Britain, the highest surely is the number of medicines that are dispensed in this metropolis; medicines which infallibly remove every disease by which the value of life is annihilated, and death rendered a blessing.

It has been observed by naturalists, that every climate produces plants peculiarly adapted to remove its peculiar diseases; and by moralists, that good and evil are universally distributed with an equal hand. My subject affords a remarkable instance of the truth of these observations: for without this extraordinary interposition of medical power, we should not only be the most loathsome, debilitated, and diseased of all mortals; but our country would soon become desolate, or what is yet worse, a province to France.

Of this no doubt will remain, if it be considered, that the medicines, from which we are told almost every noble family in the kingdom has received benefit, are such as INVIGORATE, CLEANSE, and BEAUTIFY; for if our nobility are impotent, loathsome, and hideous, in what condition are those who are exposed to the vicissitudes of wet and dry, and cold and heat, which in this climate are sudden and frequent? In what condition are those who sweat at the furnace, or delve in the mine, who draw in pestilential fumes at every breath, and admit an enemy to life at every pore? If a being whose perspicacity could discover effects yet slumbering in their causes, would perceive the future peers of this realm corked close in a vial, or rolled up in a pill; or if, while yet more distant, they would appear rising in the vapour of an alembic, or agitated in the vortex of a mortar; from whence must we expect those who should hereafter supply the fleet, the manufactory, or the field?

But the good that would flow in a thousand streams to the community from these fountains of health, and vigour, and beauty, is in some degree intercepted by the envy or folly of persons who have at a great expence crowded the city with buildings called hospitals; in which those who have been long taught to mangle the dead, practise the same horrid arts upon the living; and where a cancer or a gangrene produce the amputation of a limb, though a cure for the cancer might have been purchased in Fleet Street for a shilling, and a powder that instantly stops the progress of a gangrene, upon

Tower Hill for sixpence. In hospitals diseases are not cured, but rendered incurable: and though of this the public has been often advertised by Mr. Robert Ratsey, who gives advice to the poor in Billiter Lane; yet hospitals are still filled, and new donations are made. Mr. Ratsey has indeed himself contributed to this evil; for he promises to cure even those who have been thus rendered incurable: a resource, therefore, is still left, and the vulgar will be encouraged to throw themselves into an hospital, in compliance with their prejudices, by reflecting that, after all, they can make the experiment which ought to have been their first choice.

I would not be thought to dictate to the legislature; but I think that all persons, especially this gentleman, should be prohibited from curing these incurable patients by act of parliament: though I hope that he will, after this notice, restrain the first ardour of his benevolence, by reflecting that a conduct which may be mercy to one, will be cruelty to many; and that in his future advertisements this dangerous promise will not be repeated.

This island has been long famous for diseases which are not known in any other part of the world; and my predecessor, the SPECTATOR, has taken notice of a person, who in his time, among other strange maladies, undertook to cure 'long sea-voyages and campaigns.' If I cannot acquaint my readers with any new disease that is equally astonishing, I can record a method of cure, which, though it was not successful, yet deserves to be remembered for farther experiments.

The minister, the overseer, and the churchwarden of a parish in Kent, after setting forth the misery of a young man who was afflicted with a rupture, proceed to address the public in the following terms:

'His friends applied to several gentlemen  
'for a cure, but all proved ineffectual, and  
'wore a truss, till we sent him to Mr.  
'Woodward at the King's Arms, near Half-  
'moon street, Piccadilly.'

It appears, therefore, that several gentlemen, in the zeal of their compassion, not only applied for advice, but actually wore a truss for this unfortunate youth; who would, notwithstanding

ing, still have continued to languish in great misery, if they had not at last sent him to Mr. Woodward.

After this instance of generous compassion and true publick spirit, it will be just to remark the conduct of persons who have filled a much more elevated station, who have been appointed guardians of the people, and whose obligation to promote their happiness was therefore more complicated and extensive.

I am told that formerly a patent could not be obtained for dispensing these infallible remedies at a less expence than sixty pounds; and yet that, without a patent, counterfeits are imposed upon the public, by which diseases are rendered more malignant, and death precipitated. I am, however, very unwilling to believe, that the legislature ever refused to permit others to snatch sickness and decrepitude from the grave, without receiving so exorbitant a consideration.

At present a patent may be obtained for a much more reasonable sum; and it is not worth while to enquire, whether this tax upon health was ever exorbitant, as it is now too light to be felt: but our enemies, if they cannot intercept the licence to do good, still labour to render it ineffectual.

They insinuate, that though a patent is known to give sanction to the medicine, and to be regarded by the vulgar as a certificate of its virtue; yet that, for the customary fee, a patent may be obtained to dispense poison: for if the nostrum itself is a secret, its qualities cannot be otherwise known than by its effects; and concerning its effects no enquiry is made.

Thus it appears that the Jesuits, who formerly did so much mischief, are still busy in this

kingdom: for who else could propagate so invidious a reproach for so destructive a purpose?

But the web of subtilty is sometimes so extremely attenuated, that it is broken by its own weight; and if these implacable enemies of our church and state had attempted less, they would have effected more: for who can believe, that those names, which should always be read with a sense of duty and obligation, were ever prostituted in public advertisement, for a paltry sum, to the purposes of wretches who defraud the poor of their money, and the sick of their life, by dispensing as remedies, drugs that are either ineffectual or pernicious, and precluding till it is too late, more effectual assistance? To believe this, would be as ridiculous as to doubt, whether an attempt was made to cure Mr. Woodward's patient, by applying trusses to the abdomen of his friends, after it has been so often and so publicly asserted in an advertisement, signed by persons of unquestionable veracity; persons who were probably among the number of those by whom trusses were worn, and might first think of applying to Mr. Woodward, upon perceiving that a remedy which was so troublesome to them produced no apparent effect upon the patient. For my own part, I never hear the cavils of sophistry with patience; but when they are used to bring calumny upon my country, my indignation knows no bounds. Let us unite against the arts as well as the power of our enemies, and continue to improve all the advantages of our constitution and our climate; and we cannot fail to secure health, vigour, and longevity, from which the wreath of glory and the treasures of opulence derive all their value.

## No. XVI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1752..

*Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.*

VIRG.

*More lovely virtue, in a lovely form.*

I HAVE observed in a former paper, that the relation of events is a species of writing which affords more general entertainment than any other: and to afford entertainment appears to have been often the principal if not

the only design of those by whom events have been related.

It must, indeed, be confessed, that when truths are to be recorded, little is left to the choice of the writer; a few pages of the book

of Nature or Providence are before him; and if he transcribes with fidelity, he is not to be blamed, if in this fragment good and evil do not appear to be always distributed as reward and punishment.

But it is justly expected of the writer of fiction, who has unbounded liberty to select, to vary and to complicate, that he should principally consider the moral tendency of his work, and that when he relates events he should teach virtue.

The relation of events becomes a moral lecture, when vicious actions produce misery, and vicious characters incur contempt; when the combat of Virtue is rewarded with honour, and her sufferings terminate in felicity: but though this method of instruction has been often recommended, yet I think some of its peculiar advantages have been still overlooked, and for that reason not always secured.

Facts are easily comprehended by every understanding: and their dependence and influence upon each other are discovered by those who would soon be bewildered in a series of logical deductions; they fix that volatility which would break away from ratiocination: and the precept becomes more forcible and striking as it is connected with example. Precept gains only the cold approbation of reason, and compels an assent which judgment frequently yields with reluctance, even when delay is impossible; but by example the passions are roused; we approve, we emulate, and we honour or love; we detest, we despise, or we condemn, as fit objects are successively held up to the mind: the affections are, as it were, drawn out into the field; they learn their exercise in a mock fight, and are trained for the service of virtue.

Facts, as they are most perfectly and easily comprehended, and as they are impressed upon the mind by the passions, are tenaciously remembered, though the terms in which they are delivered are presently forgotten; and for this reason the instruction that results from facts, is more easily propagated. Many can repeat a story, who would not have understood a declamation; and though the expression will be varied as often as it is told, yet the moral which it was intended to teach will remain the same.

But these advantages have not been always secured by those who have professed 'to make

'a story the vehicle of instruction,' and 'to surprize levity into knowledge by a shew of entertainment; for instead of including instruction in the events themselves, they have made use of events only to introduce declamation and argument. If the events excite curiosity, all the fine reflections which are said to be interspersed, are passed over; if the events do not excite curiosity, the whole is rejected together, not only with disgust and disappointment, but indignation, as having allured by a false promise, and engaged in a vain pursuit. These pieces, if they are read as a task by those for whose instruction they are intended, can produce none of the effects for which they were written; because the instruction will not be necessarily remembered with the facts; and because the story is so far from recommending the moral, that the moral is detested as interrupting the story. Nor are those who voluntarily read for instruction, less disappointed than those who only seek entertainment; for he that is eager in the pursuit of knowledge, is disgusted when he is stopped by the intervention of a trivial incident or a forced compliment, when a new personage is introduced, or a lover takes occasion to admire the sagacity of a mistress.

But many writers who have avoided this error, and interwoven precept with event, though they intended a moral lecture, have yet defeated their own purpose, by taking from virtue every accidental excellency, and decorating vice with the spoils.

I can think of nothing that could be alledged in defence of this perverse distribution of graces and defects, but a design to shew that virtue alone is sufficient to confer honour upon the lowest character, and that without it nothing can preserve the highest from contempt; and that those excellencies which we can acquire by our own efforts, are of more moment than those which are the gift of nature: but in this design, no writer, of whatever abilities, can succeed.

It has been often remarked, though not without wonder, that almost every man is more jealous of his natural than moral qualities; andresents with more bitterness a satire upon his abilities than his practice. The fact is unquestionably true; and perhaps it will no longer appear strange, if it be considered, that natural defects are of necessity,

and moral of choice: the imputation of folly, if it is true, must be suffered without hope, but that of immorality may at any time be obviated by removing the cause.

But whatever be the reason, it appears by the common consent of mankind, that the want of virtue does not incur equal contempt with the want of parts; and that many vices are thought to be rather honourable than infamous, merely because they imply some natural excellence, some superiority which cannot be acquired by those who want it, but to which those who have it believe they can add all that others possess, whenever they shall think fit to make the attempt.

Florio, after having learned the Latin and Greek languages at Westminster, and spent three years at the university, made the tour of Europe, and at his return obtained a place at court. Florio's imagination is sprightly, and his judgment strong: he is well acquainted with every branch of polite literature, and travel has polished the sound scholar into the fine gentleman: his person is graceful, and his manner polite; he is remarkable for the elegance of his dress; and he is thought to dance a minuet, and understand the small sword, better than any other man in the kingdom. Among the ladies Florio has made many conquests; and has challenged and killed in a duel an officer, who upbraided him with the breach of a promise of marriage, confirmed by an oath, to a young beauty whom he kept in great splendour as a mistress: his conversation is admired by all who can relish sterling wit and true humour; every private company brightens when he enters, and every public assembly becomes more splendid by his presence. Florio is also liberal to profusion; and is not, therefore, inquisitive about the merit of those upon whom he lavishes his bounty.

Benevolus has also had a liberal education; he learned the languages at Merchant Taylors, and went from thence to the university, where his application was greater than Florio's, but the knowledge that he acquired was less; as his apprehension is slow, and his industry indefatigable, he remembers more than he understands; he has no taste either for poetry or music; mirth never smiled at a fall of his imagination, nor did doubt ever appeal to

his judgment. His person though it is not deformed, is inelegant; his dress is not slovenly, but awkwardly neat; and his manner is rather formal than rude; he is the jest of an assembly, and the aversion of ladies; but he is remarkable for the most uniform virtue and unaffected piety: he is a faithful friend, and a kind master; and so compassionate, that he will not suffer even the snails that eat his fruit to be destroyed; he lays out annually near half his income in gratuities, not to support the idle, but to encourage the industrious; yet there is rather the appearance of parsimony than profusion in his temper; and he is so timorous, that he will turn pale at the report of a musket.

Which of these two characters wouldst thou chuse for thy own? Whom dost thou most honour, and to whom hast thou paid the tribute of involuntary praise? Thy heart has already answered with spontaneous fidelity in favour of Florio. Florio thou hast not considered as a scoundrel, who by perjury and murder has deserved the pillory and the gibbet; as a wretch who has stooped to the lowest fraud for the vilest purpose; who is continually ensnaring the innocent and the weak; who conceals the ruin that he brings by a lye, and the lye by an oath; and who having once already justified a sworn falsehood at the expence of life, is ready again to lye and to kill, with the same aggravation and in the same cause.

Neither didst thou view Benevolus, as having merited the divine eulogium bestowed upon him, 'who was faithful over a few things;' as employing life in the diffusion of happiness, with the joy of angels, and in imitation of GOD.

Surely, if it is true, that—

Vice to be hated needs but to be seen,

POPE.

she should not be hidden with the ornaments, and disguised in the apparel, which in the general estimation belong to virtue. On the contrary, it should be the principal labour of moral writers, especially of those who would instruct by fiction, the power of which is not less to do evil than good, to remove the bias which inclines the mind rather to

prefer natural than moral endowments; and to represent vice with such circumstances of contempt and infamy, that the ideas may constantly recur together. And it should be always remembered, that the fear of immediate contempt is frequently stronger than any other motive: how many have, even in their own opinion, incurred the guilt of blasphemy, rather than the sneer of an infidel, or the ridicule of

a club? and how many have rushed, not only to the brink of the grave but of hell, to avoid the scorn, with which the foolish and the profligate regard those who have refused a challenge?

Let it, therefore, be the united efforts of genius and learning, to deter from guilt by the dread of shame: and let the time past suffice to have saved from contempt, those vices which contempt only can suppress.

## No. XVII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1753.

———*Scopulis surdior Icari*

*Voces audit*———

HOR.

*He hears no more*

*Than rocks, when winds and waters roar.*

CREECH.

PERHAPS few undertakings require attention to a greater variety of circumstances, or include more complicated labour, than that of a writer who addresses the publick in a periodical paper, and invites persons of every station, capacity, disposition, and employment, to spend, in reading his lucubrations, some of those golden moments which they set apart from toil and solicitude.

He who writes to assist the student, of whatever class, has a much easier task, and greater probability of success; for the attention of industry is surely more easily fixed than that of idleness: and he who teaches any science or art, by which wealth or honour may be acquired, is more likely to be heard, than he who only solicits a change of amusement, and proposes an experiment which cannot be made without danger of disappointment.

The author who hopes to please the publick, or, to use a more fashionable phrase, the town, without gratifying its vices, should not only be able to exhibit familiar objects in a new light, to display truths that are generally known, and break up new veins, in the mines of literature; he must have skill to select such objects as the town is willing to regard, such truth as excite its curiosity, and such knowledge as it is solicitous to acquire.

But the speculative and recluse are apt to forget that the business and the entertainment of

others are not the same with their own: and are often surprized and disappointed to perceive, that what they communicate with eagerness and expectation of applause, is heard with too much indifference to be understood, and wears those whom it was expected to delight and instruct.

Mr. George Friendly, while he was a student at Oxford, became possessed of a large estate by the death of his elder brother: instead, therefore, of going up to London for preferment, he retired to the family-seat in the country; and as he had acquired the habit of study and a strong relish for literature, he continued to live nearly in the same manner as at college; he kept little company, and had no pleasure in the sports of the field, and being disappointed in his first addresses, would never marry.

His sister, the wife of a gentleman who farmed his own estate, had one son whose name was John. Mr. Friendly directed that John should be put to a reputable school in the country, and promised to take care of his fortune. When the lad was about nineteen, his uncle declared his intention to send him to the university; but first desired to see him, that he might know what proficiency he had made in the languages. John, therefore, set out on a visit to his uncle, and was received with great affection: he was found to have acquired a reasonable knowledge

of Latin and Greek; and Mr. Friendly formed a very favourable opinion of his abilities, and determined to reward his diligence, and encourage him to perseverance.

One evening, therefore, he took him up into his study, and after directing him to sit down—'Cousin John,' said he, 'I have some sentiments to communicate to you, with which I know you will be pleased; for truth, like virtue, is never perceived but with delight.' John, whose heart did not give a full assent to the truth of this proposition, found himself in circumstances which, by the mere force of habit, caused him to draw in a long breath through his nose, and at the same with a grin of exquisite sensibility to scratch his head. 'But my observations, cousin,' said his uncle, 'have a necessary connection with a purpose that I have formed, and with which you shall also be acquainted. Draw your chair a little nearer. The passions, cousin John, as they are naturally productive of all pleasure, should by reasonable beings be also rendered subservient to a higher purpose. The love of variety which is found in every breast, as it produces much pleasure, may also produce knowledge. One of the principal advantages that are derived from wealth, is a power to gratify and improve this passion. The rich are not confined by labour to a particular spot, where the same ideas perpetually recur; they can fill the mind, either by travel or by study, with innumerable images, of which others have no conception. But it must be considered, that the pleasure of travelling does not arise from the sight of a dirty town, or from lodging at an inn; nor from any hedge or cottage that is passed on the roads; nor from the confused objects that are half discovered in the distant prospect; nor from the series of well-built houses in a city, or the busy multitudes that swarm in the streets; but from the rapid succession of these objects to each other, and the number of ideas that are thrown in upon the mind.' Mr. Friendly, here paused for John's reply; and John suddenly recollecting himself said—'Very true.'—'But how,' said Mr. Friendly, 'can this love of variety be directed to the acquisition of knowledge?' Here John wriggled in his seat, and again scratched his head: he was indeed something embarrassed by the question;

but the old gentleman quickly put him out of his pain by answering it himself. 'Why, by a judicious choice of the variety that is to produce our entertainment. If the various doublings of a hare only, or the changes of game at whist, have afforded the variety of the day; whatever has been the pleasure, improvement has been wanting. But if the different customs, the policy, the trade of nations, the variety of soils, the manner of culture, the disposition of individuals, or the rise or fall of a state, have been impressed upon the mind; besides the pleasure of the review, a power of creating new images is acquired. Fancy can combine the ideas which memory has treasured; and when they have been reviewed and regulated by judgment, some scheme will result, by which commerce may be extended, agriculture improved, immorality restrained, and the prosperity of the state secured. Of this, cousin John, you was not wholly ignorant before.' John acquiesced with a bow; for though he had been a little bewildered, yet he understood by the tone of voice with which his uncle concluded the last sentence, that such acquiescence was expected. 'Upon this occasion,' continued Mr. Friendly, 'I must remark, though it is something foreign to my purpose, that variety has by some philosophers been considered as affording not only the pleasure and improvement, but even the measure of life: for of time in the abstract we have no idea, and can conceive it only by the succession of ideas to each other; thus, if we sleep without dreams, the moment in which we awake, appears immediately to succeed that in which we began to slumber.'

A thicker gloom now fell upon John, and his countenance lengthened in proportion to his uncle's lecture, the end of which he perceived was now become more remote; for these remarks, with respect to John, were not impressed with the signature of truth, nor did they reflect any idea of his own; they were not—

Something whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,

That gives us back the image of our mind.

POPE'S ESSAY ON CRIT.

With respect to John, therefore, they had no

characteristic of wit; and if they contained knowledge, it was knowledge which John had no wish to acquire: the old gentleman, however, proceeded thus with great deliberation:

‘But though curiosity should be principally directed to useful purposes, yet it should not always be repressed or diverted, when the use is not immediate or apparent: for he who first perceived the magnetic attraction, and applied it to various experiments, probably intended nothing more than amusement; and when the polarity of the needle was discovered, it was not in the pursuit of any project to facilitate navigation. I am, therefore, now about to gratify your curiosity, cousin, with a view of London, and all the variety that it contains.’ Here John’s countenance brightened, he roused himself on his seat, and looked eager with attention.

‘As you have,’ continued his uncle, ‘applied with great diligence to your grammar learning, I doubt not but you have also read many of our best English authors, especially our immortal Shakespeare; and I am willing that, before you enter upon a course of academic study, you should see the theatre.’ John was going to express his joy, when his uncle increased it, by putting into his hand a bank-note of fifty pounds. ‘This,’ said he, ‘under the direction of a gentleman, to whom I shall recommend you, will furnish you with proper apparel, bear your expences for a couple of months, and gratify you with all the entertainments of the town.’

John could now bear some part in the conversation: he was much obliged to his uncle, and hoped to live to make him amends; ‘For,’ says he, ‘one of our ushers, who was just returned from London before I left school, has made me long to see it: he says there is a man there who dances upon a wire no bigger than a pack-thread; and that there is a collection of all the strange creatures in the world.’

John, who had uttered this with a broad grin, and expressed his delight from head to foot, was somewhat disconcerted when his uncle told him coolly, that though he would not have him leave London without seeing every thing in it that might justly raise curiosity; yet

he hoped his notice was not principally attracted by objects which could convey no instruction, inspire no noble sentiment, nor move one tender passion. ‘I mentioned,’ says he, ‘Shakespeare, that mighty genius, whose sentiments can never be exhausted, and in whom new beauties are discovered at every view. That you may derive yet greater delight and advantage from the representation of his pieces, I will read you some historical and critical notes that I have been making during twenty years, after having read the first edition of his works and every commentator that has either illustrated or obscured his meaning.’ The old gentleman then taking out and wiping his spectacles, opened his bureau and produced the manuscripts. ‘I am now,’ said he, ‘about to confer a favour upon you, which I do not yet intend for any other; for as I shall continually enlarge this work, it will not be printed till I am dead.’ He then began to read, and John sat very silent, regaling himself with the anticipation of his own finery, the dexterity of the wire-dancer, and the variety of the savages that he was to visit in London. The old gentleman, who imagined that he was held motionless with attention, wonder, and delight proceeded long in his lecture without once adverting to John for his explicit eulogium: but at the end of a favourite passage, which closed with a distich of his own poetry, he ventured to steal his eyes from the paper, and glancing them upon John, perceived that he was fast asleep with his mouth open, and the bank note in his hand.

Friendly, after having gazed upon him a few moments with the utmost astonishment and indignation, snatched away the note: and having roused him with a denunciation of resentment that touched those passions which Shakespeare could not touch, he thrust him out of the room and shut the door upon him: he then locked up his manuscript; and after having walked many times backward and forward with great haste, he looked at his watch, and perceived it to be near one in the morning, retired to bed with as little propensity to sleep as he had now left to his nephew.

No. XVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1753.

*Duplex libelli dos est; quod risum movet,  
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet.* PHÆDRUS.

*A twofold gift in this my volume lies;  
It makes you merry, and it makes you wise.*

**A**MONG the fictions which have been intended for moral purposes, I think those which are distinguished by the name of FABLES deserve a particular consideration.

A story or a tale, in which many different characters are conducted through a great variety of events may include such a number and diversity of precepts, as, taken together, form almost a compleat rule of life: as these events mutually depend upon each other, they will be retained in a series; and, therefore, the remembrance of one precept will almost necessarily produce the remembrance of another, and the whole moral, as it is called, however complicated, will be recollected without labour, and without confusion.

In this particular, therefore, the story seems to have the advantage of the fable, which is confined to some single incident: for though a number of distinct fables may include all the topics of moral instruction, caution, and advice, which are contained in a story, yet each must be remembered by a distinct effort of the mind; and they will not recur in a series, because they have no connection with each other.

The memory of them may, however, be more frequently revived by those incidents in life to which they correspond; and they will, therefore, more readily present themselves, when the lessons which they teach should be practised.

Many, perhaps the greater number of those fables which have been transmitted to us as some of the most valuable remains of the simplicity and wisdom of antiquity, were spoken upon a particular occasion; and then the occasion itself was an index to the intent of the speaker, and fixed the moral of the fable: so when the Samians were about to put to death a man who had abused a public trust, and plundered the commonwealth, the counsel of Æsop could not be overlooked or mistaken, when he told them, that 'A Fox would not suffer a swarm of  
' Flies, which had almost satiated themselves by

' sucking his blood, to be driven away; because  
' a new swarm might then come and their hunger  
' drain him of all the blood that remained.'

Those which are intended for general use, and to general use it is perhaps easy to accommodate the rest, are of two kinds: one is addressed to the understanding, and the other to the passions.

Of the preceptive kind, is that of the OLD MAN, who, to teach his sons the advantages of unanimity, first directed them to break a number of rods that were bound up together; and when they found it impossible, bade them divide the bundle, and break the rods separately, which they easily effected. In this fable no passion is excited; the address is to the understanding, and the understanding is immediately convinced.

That of the OLD HOUND belongs to the other class. When the toothless veteran had seized the stag, and was not able to hold him, he deprecates the resentment of his master, who had raised his arm for the blow, by crying out — 'Ah! do not punish the impotence of age! Strike me not, because my will to please thee has survived my power! If thou art not offended with what I am, remember what I have been, and forgive me;' Pity is here forcibly excited; and injurious resentment may be repressed, when an instance not equally strong recalls this to the mind.

Fables of the preceptive kind should always include the precept in the event, and the event should be related with such circumstances as render the precept sufficiently evident. As the incident should be simple, the inference should be in the highest degree natural and obvious.

Those that produce their effect upon the passions, should excite them strongly, and always connect them with their proper objects.

I do not remember to have seen any collection, in which these rules have been sufficiently observed; in far the greater number



number there is a deficiency of circumstance, though there is a redundancy of language; there is, therefore, something to be added, and something to be taken away. Besides that, the peculiar advantages of this method of instruction are given up, by referring the precept to a long discourse, of which the fable is no more than the text, and with which it has so little connection, that the incident may be perfectly remembered, and the laboured inference totally forgotten. A boy, who is but six years old, will remember a fable after having once heard it, and relate it in words of his own; but it would be the toil of a day to get the terms in which he heard it by heart; and, indeed, he who attempts to supply any deficiency in a fable, by tacking a dissertation to the end of it, appears to me to act just as wisely, as if, instead of clothing a man whom he found naked, he should place a load upon his shoulders.

When the moral effect of fable had been thus brought to depend, not upon things, but upon words, the arrangement of these words into verse was thought to be a happy expedient to assist the memory; for in verse words must be remembered in a regular series, or the measure and cadence will not be preserved: the measure and cadence, therefore, discover any confusion or defect, not to the understanding, but to the ear; and shew how the confusion may be regulated, and the defect supplied. The addition of rhyme was another advantage of the same kind; and this advantage was greater, as the rhyme was more frequently repeated. But if the fable is perfect in its kind, this expedient is unnecessary; and much less labour is required to include an evident precept in an incident, than to measure the syllables in which it is related, and place two words of a similar sound at the end of every couplet. Besides, in all verse, however familiar and easy, the words are necessarily thrown out of the order in which they are commonly used; and, therefore, though they will be more easily recollected, the sense which they contain will not be equally perspicuous.

I would not, however, be thought to deny, that verse is at least an ornament to this species of writing; nor to extend my censure to those short stories, which, though they are called fables, are written upon a more exten-

sive plan, and are intended for more improved understandings.

But as fables have been told by some in verse, that they might be more easily remembered; they have been related by others in a barbarous jargon of hackneyed phrases, that they might be more easily understood.

It has been observed of children, that they are longer before they can pronounce perfect sounds, because perfect sounds are not pronounced to them; and that they repeat the gibberish of the nurse, because nothing better has been proposed to them for imitation: and how should the school-boy write English in grammatical purity, when all that he reads, except foreign language and a literal translation, is written with all the licence of extempore expression; without propriety of idiom or regularity of combination, and abounds with absurdities that haste only can excuse in a speaker?

The fables of *Æsop*, for so they are all called, are often first exhibited to youth, as examples of the manner in which their native language is written; they should, therefore, be pure in the highest degree, though not pompous: and it is surely an affront to understanding to suppose, that any language would become more intelligible by being rendered less perfect.

But the fables that are addressed to the passions, besides the imperfections which they share in common with those that are addressed to the understanding, have others peculiar to themselves; sometimes the passion is not moved with sufficient force, and sometimes it is not connected with a fit object.

When the Fox decoys the poor Goat into a well, in order to leap out from his horns, and leaves him to perish with a witty remark, that 'if his wisdom had been proportioned to his beard, he would not have been so easily over-reached,' the goat is not so much the object of pity as contempt; but of contempt, guileless simplicity, caught in the snares of cunning, cannot surely be deemed a proper object. In the fox there appears a superiority which not only preserves him from scorn, but even from indignation: and indeed the general character of Reynard is by no means fit for imitation; though he is frequently the hero of the fable, and his conduct affords the precept for which it was written.

But though I have made a general division of fable into two kinds, there is yet a third, which, as it is addressed both to the understanding and the passions, is consequently more forcible and perfect.

Of this number is that of the Sick Kite, who requested of his mother to petition the gods for his recovery, but was answered!—  
 ‘Alas! to which of the gods can I sacrifice?  
 ‘for which of their altars hast thou not robbed?’ The precept that is here inculcated is early piety, and the passion that is excited is terror; the object of which is the despair of him who perceives himself to be dying, and has reason to fear that his very prayer is an abomination.

There are others, which, though they are addressed to the understanding, do yet excite a passion which condemns the precept.

When the melodious complaint of the Nightingale had directed a hungry Hawk to the thorn on which she sung, and he had seized her with his talons, she appealed from his hunger to his mercy: ‘I am,’ said she, ‘little else than voice; and if you devour me, there will be no proportion between my loss and your gain; your hunger will be rather irritated than appeased by so small a morsel, but all my powers of enjoyment will cease for ever: attack, therefore, some larger bird.’ Here the Hawk interrupted her; he was not disposed, he said, to controvert what she had advanced; but he was too wise to suffer himself to be persuaded by any argument, to quit a certain for a contingent good.

Who that reads this fable does not pity the Nightingale, and in his heart condemn the Hawk, whose cruel prudence affords the lesson?

Instruction, in the strong language of Eastern metaphors, is called, ‘a light to our paths.’ The fables of pagan mythologists may, therefore, be considered as a cluster of stars of the first magnitude, which, though they shine with a distinct influence, may be taken as one constellation: but, like stars, they only break the obscurity of night; they

do not diffuse round us the splendors of day; it is by the Sun of Righteousness alone that we discover completely our duty and our interest, and behold that pattern of Divine Perfection which the Christian aspires to imitate, by ‘forgiving injuries, and returning good for evil.’

By many of the fables which are still retained in our collections, revenge is encouraged as a principle, and inculcated as a practice. ‘The Hare triumphs in the destruction of the Sparrow who had insulted him; and the Thun-ny, in his last agonies, rejoices at the death of the Dolphin, whose pursuit had driven him upon a rock.’ These, if they will not admit of another turn, should without question be omitted; for the mischievous effect of the fable will be remembered as an example that justifies the violence of sudden resentment, and cannot be prevented by a laboured comment, which is never read but as a task, and therefore immediately forgotten.

I think many others may be greatly improved; the practice of virtue may be urged from higher motives, the sentiments may be elevated, and the precepts in general rendered more striking and comprehensive.

I shall conclude this paper with the fable of the Dog and Shadow; which, as it is commonly told, censures no quality but greediness, and only illustrates the trite proverb—‘All covet, all lose.’

‘A dog, who was crossing a rivulet with a piece of flesh in his mouth, perceived his shadow in the water, which he mistook for another dog with another piece of flesh. To this he knew he had no right; and yet he could not forbear catching at it: but instead of getting a new prize, he dropped that which he possessed into the water. He saw the smooth surface break into many waves, and the dog whom he had attempted to injure disappear: he perceived at once his loss, his folly, and his fault; and in the anguish of regret cried out—“How righteous and how wise are the gods, since what ever seduces to evil, though but a shadow, becomes the instrument of punishment!”’

No. XIX. TUESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1753.

*Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

HOR.

*The monstrous tale, incredulous I hate.*

THE repeated encomiums on the performances of the Animal Comedians, exhibited at Mrs. Midnight's Oratory, induced me the other evening to be present at her entertainment. I was astonished at the sagacity of the monkies; and was no less amazed at the activity of the other quadrupeds—I should have rather said, from a view of their extraordinary elevations, bipeds.

It is a peculiar happiness to me as an Adventurer, that I fall forth in an age which emulates those heroick times of old, when nothing was pleasing but what was unnatural. Thousands have gaped at a wire-dancer daring to do what no one else would attempt; and thousands still gape at greater extravagancies in pantomime entertainments. Every street teems with incredibilities; and if the great mob have their little theatre in the Hay-market, the small vulgar can boast their cheaper diversions in two enormous bears, that jauntily trip it to the light tune of a Caledonian jig.

The amazing docility of these heavy animals made me at first imagine, that they had been placed under the tuition of certain artists, who by their advertisements profess to instruct 'Grown Gentlemen in the modern way of footing;' but I have been since informed, that the method of teaching them this modern way of footing was, by placing red-hot iron plates alternately under each hind leg, and in quicker or slower succession as the variations of the tune required.

That the intellectual faculties of brutes may be exerted beyond the narrow limits which we have hitherto proudly assigned to their capacities, I saw a sufficient proof in Mrs. Midnight's dogs and monkies. Man differs less from beasts in general, than these seem to approach to man in rationality. But while I applaud their exalted genius, I am in pain for the rest of their kindred, both of the Canine and Cercopithecian species. The price of monkies has been considerably raised since the appearance of Signior Ballard's 'Cavaliers: and I hear,

that this inimitable preceptor gives lectures to the monkies of persons of quality at their own houses. Lady Bridget has destroyed three sets of china in teaching her Pug to hand about the cups, and sip tea with the air of Beau Blossom; and Miss Fanny has been labouring incessantly to qualify her dear pretty creature to make one at the brag-table.

But as these animals are of foreign extraction, I must confess my concern is yet greater for my fellow natives. English liberty should be universal as the sun; and I am jealous even for the prerogative of our dogs. Lady Bright's lap-dog, that used to repose on downy cushions, or the softer bosom of its mistress, is now worried every hour with begging on its diminutive hind-legs, and endeavouring to leap over fan-sticks: Captain Storm's little greyhound is made to ape fierce fellows of the cockade in a red coat and a sword; while Mrs. Fanciful's Chloe is swathed up in a long sack, and sinking beneath the weight of an enormous hoop. Every boarding-house romp and wanton school-boy is employed in perverting the end of the canine creation; and I wish the prevalence of Mrs. Midnight's example may not extend so far, that hounds shall be no longer broke to the field-service, but instructed only to climb up ladders, and troul wheelbarrows.

After what has been said, I shall make no apology for printing the following letter as it was elegantly done in English at Stockholm, and transmitted to me by the publisher of the *Svede-landte Magazine*, an ingenious gentleman, who has done me the honour of inserting several of my lucubrations in his most comprehensive monthly undertaking.

TO MR. —, THE GRAND ADVENTURER,  
IN BRITAIN.

MOST LEARNED SIR,

MY worthy good friend Isaac Gilderstein, book-merchant, having engaged to further this to your excellency, I most humbly re-

quest that you would make known to your polite, &c. &c. &c. nation, that I intend shortly to come over and entertain you in a new and most inimitable manner.

Seeing that the Chien Savant, and other most amazing learned animals, have met with so gracious a reception in your grand city, I propose to exhibit unto your good-nation a concert of vocal and instrumental music, to be performed by animals ONLY; and afterwards to entertain you with several grand feats of activity; as also with the balance and the dance.

My performers of instrumental music, great Sir, will consist of a select number of Italian Cats, for the violin, violincello, and bass-viol; a German ass for the kettle-drum; and a complete set of Spanish hogs of different age and tone of voice for the organ concertos.

But my vast labour was to procure harmonious voices, and to confine them to proper time and measure. I have taught some of your English mastiffs to bark in bass, and some Guinea-pigs to squeak in treble: my cats also join in the vocal parts. I contrived divers means of deaths for swans; but though the ancients are so full of praises on their expiring melody, I could not get a single note from them, better than the squall of a goose. However, I shall have a most charming grand chorus of Frogs from the Fens of Holland: the words, profound Sir, you too well know, Aristophanes has furnished to my hand in Greek—*Βρεκεκεκε κε κε κε κε*—which a Leyden professor translated for me, Brekekekex koax koax. Besides these, I shall present you with a duett in recitative, between a Parrot and a Magpye.

My entertainments of dancing, and the like, will consist of a company of Norway-

Rats, who are to move in a coranto, while my Cats fiddle to them. A Fox will dance a minuet with a Goose; and a Greyhound the rigadon with a Hare. I have trained up an Elephant who will perform several tricks in what you call the sleight of hand; he will tumble with a castle on his back, and shew several balances upon the slack-rope with his trunk. Many other surprizing feats will my animals perform, too tedious to mention in this address; and, therefore, great Adventurer, I shall trouble your tired patience with the mentioning of one only. I have instructed the tamest of my Cats to open her jaws at the word of command, into which I put a bit of toasted cheese, and the least of my Mice jumps in and nibbles the bait; at that instant my Cat closes her mouth upon him, after which, to the great astonishment of all beholders, my Cat opens her jaws again, and the mouse leaps out alive upon the stage; and then they both present the good company with a jig.

As I am determined my whole theatre shall consist of only Animal performers, I must acquaint you likewise, that I am teaching two Squirrels to sweep the stage with their tails: and, if it be allowed me to call in assistance from fishes, I shall not despair of being able, though it will require much time and practice, to make a Lobster snuff the candles with his claw.

Other particulars, most worthy Sir, I shall beg leave to defer, till I have the extreme honour of kissing your hands in England; and am, most revered and respectable patron, with the profoundest humiliation, your devoted slave and servant,

GUSTAVUS GOOTENRUYSCHE.

A

No. XX. SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1753.

—*Quid violentius aure tyranni.*

*Rough truth soon irritates a tyrant's ear.*

JUV.

**B**Y which of the Indian sages of antiquity the following story was written, or whether the people of the East have any remote tradition upon which it was founded, is not known: but

it was probably related in the first person, to give it an air of greater dignity, and render its influence more powerful: nor would it, perhaps, appear altogether incredible, to people among whom the

Metempsychosis is an article of faith, and the visible agency of Superior Beings admitted without scruple.

‘ Amurath, Sultan of the East, the judge of nations, the disciple of adversity, records the wonders of his life : let those who presumptuously question the ways of Providence, blush in silence and be wise ; let the proud be humble and obtain honour ; and let the sensual reform and be happy.

‘ The angel of death closed the eyes of the Sultan Abradin my father, and his empire descended to me in the eighteenth year of my age. At first my mind was awed to humility, and softened with grief ; I was insensible to the splendor of dominion, I heard the addresses of flattery with disgust, and received the homage of dependent greatness with indifference. I had always regarded my father not only with love but reverence ; and I was now perpetually recollecting instances of his tenderness, and reviewing the solemn scene, in which he recommended me to heaven in imperfect language, and grasped my hand in the agonies of death.

‘ One evening after having concealed myself all day in his chamber, I visited his grave : I prostrated myself on his tomb ; sorrow overflowed my eyes, and devotion kindled in my bosom. I felt myself suddenly smitten on the shoulder as with a rod ; and looking up, I perceived a man whose eyes were piercing as light, and his beard whiter than snow. “ I am,” said he, “ the Genius Syndarac, the friend of thy father Abradin, who was the fear of his enemies, and the desire of his people ; whose smile diffused gladness like the lustre of the morning, and whose frown was dreadful as the gathering of a tempest ; resign thyself to my influence, and thou shalt be like him.” I bowed myself to the earth in token of gratitude and obedience, and he put a ring on the middle finger of my left hand, in which I perceived a ruby of a deep colour and uncommon brightness. “ This ring,” said he, “ shall mark out to thee the boundaries of good and evil ; that, without weighing remote consequences, thou mayest know the nature and tendency of every action. Be attentive, therefore, to the silent admonition ; and when the circle of gold

“ shall by a sudden contraction press thy finger, and the ruby shall grow pale, desist immediately from what thou shalt be doing, and mark down that action in thy memory as a transgression of the rule of right : keep my gift as a pledge of happiness and honour, and take it not off for a moment.” I received the ring with a sense of obligation which I strove to express, and an astonishment that compelled me to be silent. The Genius perceived my confusion ; and, turning from me with a smile of complacency, immediately disappeared.

‘ During the first moon I was so cautious and circumspect, that the pleasure of reflecting that my ring had not once indicated a fault, was lessened by a doubt of its virtue. I applied myself to publick business ; my melancholy decreased as my mind was diverted to other objects ; and left the youth of my court should think that recreation was too long suspended, I appointed to hunt the lion. But though I went out to the sport rather to gratify others than myself, yet my usual ardour returned in the field ; I grew warm in the pursuit, I continued the chase, which was unsuccessful, too long, and returned fatigued and disappointed.

‘ As I entered the seraglio, I was met by a little dog that had been my father’s, who expressed his joy at my return by jumping round me, and endeavouring to reach my hand : but as I was not disposed to receive his caresses, I struck him in the fretfulness of my displeasure so severe a blow with my foot, that it left him scarce power to crawl away and hide himself under a sofa in a corner of the apartment. At this moment I felt the ring press my finger, and looking upon the ruby, I perceived the glow of its colour abated.

‘ I was at first struck with surprize and regret ; but surprize and regret quickly gave way to disdain. “ Shall not the Sultan Amurath,” said I, “ to whom a thousand kings pay tribute, and in whose hand is the life of nations, shall not Amurath strike a dog that offends him, without being reproached for having transgressed the rule of right ?” My ring again pressed my finger, and the ruby became more pale ; immediately the palace

shook with a burst of thunder, and the Genius Syndarac again stood before me.

"Amurath," said he, "thou hast offended against thy brother of the dust; a being who, like thee, has received from the ALMIGHTY a capacity of pleasure and pain; pleasure which caprice is not allowed to suspend, and pain which justice only has a right to inflict. If thou art justified by power, in afflicting inferior beings, I should be justified in afflicting thee: but my power yet spares thee, because it is directed by the laws of sovereign goodness, and because thou mayest yet be reclaimed by admonition. But yield not to the impulse of quick resentment, nor indulge in cruelty the forwardness of disgust, lest by the laws of goodness I be compelled to afflict thee; for he that scorns reproof, must be reformed by punishment, or lost for ever."

At the presence of Syndarac I was troubled, and his words covered me with confusion: I fell prostrate at his feet, and heard him pronounce with a milder accent—"Expect not henceforth that I should answer the demands of arrogance, or gratify the security of speculation: confide in my friendship, and trust implicitly to thy ring."

As the chace had produced so much infelicity, I did not repeat it; but invited my nobles to a banquet, and entertained them with dancing and music. I had given leave that all ceremony should be suspended, and that the company should treat me not as a sovereign but an equal, because the conversation would otherwise be encumbered or restrained; and I encouraged others to pleasantry, by indulging the luxury of my own imagination. But though I affected to throw off the trappings of royalty, I had not sufficient magnanimity to despise them. I enjoyed the voluntary deference which was paid me, and was secretly offended at Alibeg my vicer, who endeavoured to prevail upon the assembly to enjoy the liberty that had been given them, and was himself an example of the conduct that he recommended. I singled out as the subject of my raillery, the man who alone deserved my approbation: he believed my condemnation to be sincere, and imagined that he was securing my honour by that behaviour

which had incurred my displeasure; he was, therefore, grieved and confounded to perceive that I laboured to render him ridiculous and contemptible: I enjoyed his pain, and was elated at my success; but my attention was suddenly called to my ring, and I perceived the ruby change colour. I desisted for a moment: but some of my courtiers having discovered and seconded my intention, I felt my vanity and my resentment gratified; I endeavoured to wash away the remembrance of my ring with wine; my satire became more bitter, and Alibeg discovered yet greater distress. My ring again reproached me; but I still persevered: the vicer was at length roused to his defence; probably he had discovered and despised my weakness; his replies were so poignant, that I became outrageous, and descended from raillery to invective. At length, disguising the anguish of his mind with a smile—"Amurath," said he, "if the sultan should know that, after having invited your friends to festivity and merriment, you had assumed his authority, and insulted those who were not aware that you disdained to be treated with the familiarity of friendship, you would certainly fall under his displeasure." The severity of this sarcasm, which was extorted by long provocation from a man warmed with wine, stung me with intolerable rage: I started up; and, spurning him from the table, was about to draw my poniard; when my attention was again called to my ring, and I perceived with some degree of regret, that the ruby had faded almost to a white.

But instead of resolving to be more watchful against whatever might bring me under this silent reproof, I comforted myself that the Genius would no more alarm me with his presence. The irregularities of my conduct increased almost imperceptibly, and the intimations of my ring became proportionably more frequent though less forcible, till at last they were so familiar, that I scarce remarked when they were given and when they were suspended.

It was soon discovered that I was pleased with servility; servility, therefore, was practised, and I rewarded it sometimes with a place. Thus the government of my king-

doms was left to petty tyrants, who oppressed the people to enrich themselves. In the mean time I filled my seraglio with women, among whom I abandoned myself to sensuality, without enjoying the pure delight of that love which arises from esteem. But I had not yet stained my hands with blood, nor dared to ridicule the laws which I neglected to fulfil.

My resentment against Alibeg, however unjust, was inflexible, and terminated in the most perfect hatred: I degraded him from his office; but I still kept him at court, that I might embitter his life by perpetual indignities, and practise against him new schemes of malevolence.

Selima, the daughter of this prince, had been intended by my father for my wife; and the marriage had been delayed only by his death: but the pleasure and dignity that Alibeg would derive from this alliance, had now changed my purpose. Yet such was the beauty of Selima, that I gazed with desire; and such was her wit, that I listened with delight. I therefore resolved, that I would if possible seduce her to voluntary prostitution; and that when her beauty should yield to the charm of variety, I would dismiss her with marks of disgrace. But in this attempt I could not succeed; my solicitations were rejected, sometimes with tears, and sometimes with reproach. I became every day more wretched, by seeking to bring calamity upon others; I considered my disappointment as

the triumph of a slave, whom I wished but did not dare to destroy; and I regarded his daughter as the instrument of my dishonour. Thus the tenderness, which before had often shaken my purpose, was weakened; my desire of beauty became as selfish and as sordid an appetite as my desire of food: and as I had no hope of obtaining the complete gratification of my lust, and my revenge, I determined to enjoy Selima by force, as the only expedient to alleviate my torment.

She resided by my command in an apartment of the seraglio, and I entered her chamber at midnight by a private door of which I had a key; but with inexpressible vexation I found it empty. To be thus disappointed in my last attempt, at the very moment in which I thought I had insured success, distracted me with rage; and instead of returning to my chamber, and concealing my design, I called for her women. They ran in pale and trembling: I demanded the lady; they gazed at me astonished and terrified; and then looking upon each other, stood silent. I repeated my demand with fury and execration, and to enforce it called aloud for the ministers of death: they then fell prostrate at my feet, and declared with one voice that they knew not where she was; that they had left her, when they were dismissed for the night, sitting on a sofa pensive and alone; and that no person had since to their knowledge passed in or out of the apartment.

## NO. XXI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1753.

*Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma;  
At sperate deos memores sancti atque nefandi.*

VIRG.

*Of mortal justice if thou scorn the rod—  
Relieve and tremble, thou art judg'd of God,*

IN this account, however incredible, they persisted without variation; and having filled the palace with alarm and confusion, I was obliged to retire without gaining any intelligence by what means I had been baffled, or on whom to turn my resentment. I reviewed the transactions of the night

with anguish and regret, and bewildered myself among the innumerable possibilities that might have produced my disappointment. I remembered that the windows of Selima's apartment were open, and I imagined that she might that way have escaped into the gardens of the seraglio. But why

“ should the escape who had never been confined? If she had designed to depart, she might have departed by day. Had she an assignation? and did she intend to return, without being known to have been absent? This supposition increased my torment; because, if it was true, Selima had granted to my slave, that which she had refused to me. But as all these conjectures were uncertain, I determined to make her absence a pretence to destroy her father.

“ In the morning I gave orders that he should be seized, and brought before me; but while I was yet speaking, he entered, and prostrating himself, thus anticipated my accusation: “ May the Sultan Amurath in whose wrath the angel of death goes forth, rejoice for ever in the smile of Heaven! Let the wretched Alibeg perish; but let my lord remember Selima with mercy: let him dismiss the slave in whom he ceases to delight.” I heard no more, but cried out—“ Darest thou to mock me with a request, to dismiss the daughter whom thou hast stolen! thou whose life, that has been so often forfeited, I have yet spared! Restore her within one hour, or affronted mercy shall give thee up.”—— “ O!” said he, “ let not the mighty sovereign of the East sport with the misery of the weak: if thou hast doomed us to death, let us die together.”

“ Though I was now convinced that Alibeg believed I had confined Selima, and decreed her death, yet I resolved to persist in requiring her at his hands; and therefore dismissed him with a repetition of my command, to produce her within an hour upon pain of death.

“ My ring, which, during this series of events, had given perpetual intimations of guilt, which were always disregarded, now pressed my finger so forcibly, that it gave me great pain, and compelled my notice. I immediately retired, and gave way to the discontent that swelled my bosom. “ How wretched a slave is Amurath to an invisible tyrant! a being, whose malevolence or envy has restrained me in the exercise of my authority as a prince, and whose cunning has contrived perpetually to insult me by intimating that every action of my

“ life is a crime! How long shall I groan under this intolerable oppression! This accursed ring is the badge and the instrument of my subjection and dishonour: he who gave it is now, perhaps, in some more remote region of the air; perhaps, he rolls some planet in its orbit, agitates the southern ocean with a tempest, or shakes some distant region with an earthquake. But, wherever he is, he has surely a more important employ than to watch my conduct. Perhaps he has contrived his talisman, only to restrain me from the enjoyment of some good, which he wishes to withhold. I feel that my desires are controuled; and to gratify these desires is to be happy.” As I pronounced these words I drew off the ring, and threw it to the ground with disdain and indignation: immediately the air grew dark; a cloud burst in thunder over my head, and the eye of Syndarac was upon me. I stood before him motionless and silent; horror thrilled in my veins and my hair stood upright. I had neither power to deprecate his anger, nor to confess my faults. In his countenance there was a calm severity; and I heard him pronounce these words—“ Thou hast now, as far as it is in thy own power, thrown off humanity and degraded thy being: thy form, therefore, shall no longer conceal thy nature, nor thy example render thy vices contagious.” He then touched me with his rod; and while the sound of his voice yet vibrated in my ears, I found myself in the midst of a desert, not in the form of man but of a monster, with the fore-parts of my body like a wolf, and the hinder parts like a goat. I was still conscious to every event of my life, and my intellectual powers were continued, though my passions were irritated to frenzy. I now rolled in the sand in an agony not to be described; and now hastily traversed the desert, impelled only by the vain desire of flying from myself. I now bellowed with rage, and now howled in despair; this moment I breathed execration against the Genius, and the next reproached myself for having forfeited his friendship.

“ By this violent agitation of mind and body, the powers of both were soon exhausted: I crawled into a den which I per-



ceived near me, and immediately sunk down in a state of insensibility. I slept; but sleep, instead of prolonging, put an end to this interval of quiet. The Genius still terrified me with his presence; I heard his sentence repeated, and felt again all the horrors of my transformation. When I awaked, I was not refreshed: calamity, though it is compelled to admit slumber, can yet exclude rest. But I was now roused by hunger; for hunger, like sleep, is irresistible.

I went out in search of prey; and if I felt any alleviation of misery, beside the hope of satisfying my appetite, it was in the thought of tearing to pieces whatever I should meet, and inflicting some part of the evil which I endured; for though I regretted my punishment, I did not repent of my crimes: and as I imagined Syndarac would neither mitigate nor encrease my sufferings, I was not restrained, either by hope or fear, from indulging my disposition to cruelty and revenge. But while I was thus meditating the destruction of others, I trembled lest by some stronger savage I should be destroyed myself.

In the midst of this variety of torment, I heard the cry of dogs, the trampling of horses, and the shouts of hunters; and such is the love of life, however wretched, that my heart sunk within me at the sound. To hide myself was impossible, and I was too enfeebled either to fly or resist. I stood still till they came up. At first they gazed at me with wonder, and doubted whether they should advance: but at length a slave threw a net over me, and I was dragged to the city.

I now entered the metropolis of my empire, amidst the noise and tumult of a rabble, who the day before would have hid themselves at my presence. I heard the sound of music at a distance: the heralds approached, and Alibeg was proclaimed in my stead. I was now deserted by the multitude, whose curiosity was diverted by the pomp of the procession: and was conducted to the place where other savages are kept, which custom has considered as part of the regalia.

My keeper was a black slave whom I did not remember ever to have seen, and in whom it would indeed have been a fatal pre-

sumption to have stood before me. After he had given me food, and the vigour of nature was restored, he discovered in me such tokens of ferocity, that he suffered me to fast many hours before I was again fed. I was so enraged at this delay, that, forgetting my dependence, I roared horribly when he again approached me: so that he found it necessary to add blows to hunger, that he might gain such an ascendancy over me, as was suitable to his office. By this slave, therefore, I was alternately beaten and famished, till the fierceness of my disposition being suppressed by fear and languor, a milder temper insensibly stole upon me; and a demeanour that was begun by constraint was continued by habit.

I was now treated with less severity, and strove to express something like gratitude, that might encourage my keeper to yet greater kindness. His vanity was flattered by my submission; and, to shew as well his courage as the success of his discipline, he ventured sometimes to caress me in the presence of those whose curiosity brought them to see me. A kind of friendship imperceptibly grew between us, and I felt some degree of the affection that I had feigned. It happened that a tyger, which had been lately taken, broke one day into my den, while my keeper was giving me my provision; and leaping upon him would instantly have torn him to pieces, if I had not seized the savage by the throat, and dragged him to the ground: the slave presently dispatched him with his dagger, and turned about to caress his deliverer; but, starting suddenly backward, he stood motionless with astonishment, perceiving that I was no longer a monster but a dog.

I was myself conscious of the change which had again passed upon me: and, leaping out of my den, escaped from my confinement. This transformation I considered as a reward of my fidelity, and was perhaps never more happy than in the first moment of my escape; for I reflected that, as a dog, my liberty was not only restored, but insured; I was no longer suspected of qualities which rendered me unfit for society; I had some faint resemblance of human virtue, which is not found in other animals, and therefore

‘ hoped to be more generally careſſed. But it was  
 ‘ not long before this joy ſubſided in the re-  
 ‘ membrance of that dignity from which I had  
 ‘ fallen, and from which I was ſtill at an im-  
 ‘ meaſurable diſtance. Yet I lifted up my  
 ‘ heart in gratitude to the Power who had once  
 ‘ more brought me within the circle of nature.  
 ‘ As a brute, I was more thankful for a miti-  
 ‘ gation of puniſhment, than as a king I had  
 ‘ been for offers of the higheſt happineſs and  
 ‘ honour. And who, that is not taught af-  
 ‘ fliction, can juſtly eſtimate the bounties of  
 ‘ Heaven ?

‘ As ſoon as the firſt tumult of my mind  
 ‘ was paſt, I felt an irreſiſtible inclination once  
 ‘ more to viſit the apartments of my ſeraglio.  
 ‘ I placed myſelf behind an emir whom I  
 ‘ knew to have been the friend of Alibeg, and  
 ‘ was permitted to follow him into the pre-  
 ‘ ſence. The perſons and the place, the re-  
 ‘ troſpection of my life which, they produced,  
 ‘ and the compariſon of what I was with what I  
 ‘ had been, almoſt overwhelmed me. I went  
 ‘ unobſerved into the garden, and lay down  
 ‘ under the ſhade of an almond-tree, that I  
 ‘ might indulge thoſe reflections, which  
 ‘ though they oppreſſed me with melancholy,  
 ‘ I did not wiſh to loſe.

‘ I had not been long in this place, before  
 ‘ a little dog, which I knew to be the ſame that  
 ‘ I ſpurned from me when he careſſed me at  
 ‘ my return from hunting, came and fawned  
 ‘ at my feet. My heart now ſmote me, and I  
 ‘ ſaid to myſelf—“ Doſt thou know me under  
 ‘ this diſguiſe ? Is thy fidelity to thy lord  
 ‘ unſhaken ? Cut off as I am from the converſe  
 ‘ of mankind, haſt thou preferred for me an  
 ‘ affection, which I once ſo lightly eſteemed,  
 ‘ and requited with evil ? This forgetfulneſs

‘ of injury, and this ſteady friendſhip, are  
 ‘ they leſs than human, or are they more ?”  
 ‘ I was not prevented by theſe reflections from  
 ‘ returning the careſſes that I received ; and  
 ‘ Alibeg, who had juſt then entered the gar-  
 ‘ den, took notice of me, and ordered that I  
 ‘ ſhould not be turned out.

‘ In the ſeraglio I ſoon learned, that a body,  
 ‘ which was thought to be mine, was found  
 ‘ dead in the chamber ; and that Alibeg had  
 ‘ been choſen to ſucceed me by the unanimous  
 ‘ voice of the people : but I gained no intelli-  
 ‘ gence of Selima, whoſe apartment I found  
 ‘ in the poſſeſſion of another, and for whom I  
 ‘ had ſearched every place in the palace in-  
 ‘ vain. I became reſtleſs ; every place was  
 ‘ irkſome : a deſire to wander prevailed ; and  
 ‘ one evening I went out of the garden gate,  
 ‘ and travelling till midnight, I lay down at  
 ‘ the foot of a ſycamore-tree, and ſlept.

‘ In the morning I beheld with ſurprize, a  
 ‘ wall of marble that ſeemed to reach up to  
 ‘ Heaven, and gates that were ſculptured with  
 ‘ every emblem of delight. Over the gate was  
 ‘ inſcribed in letters of gold—“ Within this  
 ‘ wall liberty is unbounded, and felicity com-  
 ‘ plete : Nature is not oppreſſed by the tyran-  
 ‘ ny of religion, nor is pleaſure awed by the  
 ‘ frown of virtue. The gate is obedient to thy  
 ‘ wiſh, whoſeever thou art ; enter therefore,  
 ‘ and be happy.”

‘ When I read this inſcription, my boſom  
 ‘ throbbled with tumultuous expectation : but  
 ‘ my deſire to enter was reſſeſſed by the re-  
 ‘ flection, that I had loſt the form, in which  
 ‘ alone I could gratify the appetites of a man.  
 ‘ Deſire and curioſity were notwithstanding  
 ‘ predominant : the door immediately opened  
 ‘ inward, I entered, and it cloſed after me.

No. XXII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1752.

*Rurfus et in veterem ſato revoluta figuram.* VIRG.

*His native form at length by fate reſtor'd.*

‘ BUT my ears were now ſtunned with the  
 ‘ diſſonance of riot, and my eye ſicken-  
 ‘ ed at the contortions of miſery : diſeaſe was  
 ‘ viſible in every countenance, however other-  
 ‘ wiſe impreſſed with the character of rage,  
 ‘ of drunkenneſs, or of luſt. Rape and mur-

‘ der, revelling and ſtrife, filled every ſtreet  
 ‘ and every dwelling.

‘ As my retreat was cut off, I went forward  
 ‘ with timidity and circumſpection ; for I ima-  
 ‘ gined, that I could no otherwiſe eſcape in-  
 ‘ jury, than by eluding the notice of wretches,

\* whose propensity to ill was restrained by no  
\* law; and I perceived too late, that to punish  
\* vice is to promote happiness.

\* It was now evening; and that I might  
\* pass the night in greater security, I quitted  
\* the public way, and perceiving a house that  
\* was incircled by a moat, I swam over to it,  
\* and chose an obscure corner of the area for  
\* my asylum. I heard, from within the sound of  
\* dancing and music: but after a short inter-  
\* val, was alarmed with the menaces of rage,  
\* the shrieks of terror, and the wailings  
\* of distress. The window of the banqueting  
\* room flew open, and some venison was thrown  
\* out, which fell just at my feet. As I had  
\* eaten nothing since my departure from the  
\* seraglio, I regarded this as a fortunate acci-  
\* dent; and after the pleasure of an unex-  
\* pected repast, I again lay down in expecta-  
\* tion of the morning, with hope and fear;  
\* but in a short time, many persons rushed from  
\* the house with lights, and seemed solicitous  
\* to gather up the venison which had been  
\* thrown out; but not being able to find it,  
\* I was immediately seized and led into the  
\* house; but as I could not discover that I was  
\* the object either of malignity or kindness, I  
\* was in doubt what would be the issue of the  
\* event. It was not long before this doubt was  
\* resolved; for I soon learned from the dis-  
\* course of those about me, that I was suspect-  
\* ed to have eaten poison, which had been in-  
\* tended for another, and was secured, that the  
\* effect might either remove or confirm the sus-  
\* picion. As it was not expected that the poi-  
\* son would immediately operate, I was locked  
\* up in a room by myself, where I reflected  
\* upon the cause and event of my confinement,  
\* with inexpressible anguish, anxiety and ter-  
\* ror.

\* In this gloomy interval, a sudden light  
\* shone round me, and I found myself once  
\* more in the presence of the Genius. I  
\* crawled towards him trembling, and con-  
\* founded, but not utterly without hope.  
\* "Yet a few moments," said he, "and the  
\* angel of Death shall teach thee, that the  
\* wants of nature cannot be supplied with  
\* safety, where the inordinate appetites of  
\* vice are not restrained. Thy hunger re-  
\* quired food; but the lust and revenge of  
\* others have given thee poison." My blood

\* grew chill as he spake; I discovered and ab-  
\* horred my folly: but while I wished to ex-  
\* press contrition, I fell down in an agony;  
\* my eyes failed me, I shivered, was convuls-  
\* ed, and expired.

\* That spark of immaterial fire which no  
\* violence can quench, rose up from the dust  
\* which had been thus restored to the earth,  
\* and now animated the form of a Dove. On  
\* this new state of existence I entered with in-  
\* expressible delight; I imagined that my  
\* wings were not only a pledge of safety, but  
\* of the favour of Syndarac, whom I was now  
\* more than ever solicitous to please. I flew  
\* immediately from the window; and turning  
\* towards the wall through which I had enter-  
\* ed, I endeavoured to rise above it, that I  
\* might quit for ever a place in which guilt  
\* and wretchedness were complicated in every  
\* object, and which I now detested as much as  
\* before I had desired. But over this region a  
\* sulphureous vapour hovered like a thick cloud,  
\* which I had no sooner entered than I fell  
\* down panting for breath, and had scarce  
\* strength to keep my wings sufficiently extend-  
\* ed to break my fall. It was now midnight,  
\* and I alighted near the mouth of a cave, in  
\* which I thought there appeared some faint  
\* glimmerings of light. Into this place I en-  
\* tered without much apprehension; as it seem-  
\* ed rather to be the retreat of penitence, than  
\* the recess of luxury; but lest the noise of  
\* my wings should discover me to any hateful  
\* or mischievous inhabitant of this gloomy so-  
\* litude, I entered in silence and upon my  
\* feet. As I went forward the cave grew  
\* wider; and by the light of a lamp which  
\* was suspended from the roof, I discovered a her-  
\* mit listening to a young lady, who seemed to  
\* be greatly affected with the events which she  
\* was relating. Of the hermit I had no know-  
\* ledge; but the lady I discerned to be Selima.  
\* I was struck with amazement at this disco-  
\* very; I remembered with the deepest contri-  
\* tion my attempts upon her virtue, and I  
\* now secretly rejoiced that she had rendered  
\* them ineffectual. I watched her lips with  
\* the utmost impatience of curiosity, and she  
\* continued her narrative.

"I was sitting on a sofa one evening after  
\* I had been caressed by Amurath, and my  
\* imagination kindled as I mused. "Why,"

said I aloud, "should I give up the delights of love with the splendor of royalty? Since the presumption of my father has prevented my marriage, why should I not accept the blessings that are still offered? Why is desire restrained by the dread of shame? and why is the pride of virtue offended by the softness of nature?" Immediately a thick cloud surrounded me; I felt myself lifted up and conveyed through the air with incredible rapidity. I descended, the cloud dissipated, and I found myself sitting in an alcove, by the side of a canal that encircled a stately edifice and a spacious garden. I saw many persons pass along; but discovered in all something either dissolute or wretched, something that alarmed my fears, or excited my pity. I suddenly perceived many men with their swords drawn, con- tending for a woman, who was forced along irresistibly by the crowd; which moved directly towards the place in which I was sitting. I was terrified, and looked round me with eagerness, to see where I could retreat for safety. A person richly dressed perceived my distress, and invited me into the house which the canal surrounded. Of this invitation I hastily accepted with gratitude and joy; but I soon remarked several incidents, which filled me with new perplexity and apprehension. I was welcomed to a place, in which infamy and honour were equally unknown; where every wish was indulged without the violation of any law, and where the will was therefore determined only by appetite. I was presently surrounded by women, whose behaviour covered me with blushes: and though I rejected the caresses of the person into whose power I was delivered, yet they became jealous of the distinction with which he treated me: my expostulations were not heard, and my tears were treated with merriment. Preparations were made for revelling and jollity; I was invited to join the dance, and upon my refusal was entertained with music. In this dreadful situation, I sighed thus to myself: How severe is that justice, which transports those who form licentious wishes, to a society in which they are indulged without restraint! Who shall deliver me from the effects of my

own folly? Who shall defend me against the vices of others? At this moment I was thus encouraged by the voice of some invisible being: "The friends of Virtue are mighty; reject not their protection, and thou art safe." As I renounced the presumptuous wish which had once polluted my mind, I exulted in this intimation with an assurance of relief; and when supper was set before me, I suffered the principal lady to serve me with some venison; but the friendly voice having warned me that it was poisoned, I fell back in my seat and turned pale. The lady enquired earnestly what had disordered me; but instead of making a reply, I threw the venison from the window, and declared that she intended my death. The master of the table, who perceived the lady to whom I spoke change countenance, was at once convinced, that she had indeed attempted to poison me, to preserve that interest which as a rival she feared I should subvert. He rose up in a rage, and commanded the venison to be produced; a dog that was supposed to have eaten it was brought in: but before the event could be known, the tumult was become general; and my rival, after having suddenly stabbed her patron, plunged the same poniard in her own bosom.

"In the midst of this confusion I found means to escape, and wandered through the city in search of some obscure recess, where, if I received not the assistance which I hoped, death at least might secure my person from violation, and close my eyes on those scenes, which, wherever I turned, filled me not only with disgust but with horror. By that Benevolent Power, who, as a preservative from misery, has placed in us a secret and irresistible disapprobation of vice, my feet have been directed to thee, whose virtue has participated in my distress, and whose wisdom may effect my deliverance."

"I gazed upon Selima, while I thus learned the ardour of that affection which I had abused, with sentiments that can never be conceived but when they are felt. I was touched with the most bitter remorse, for having produced one with that could stain so amiable a mind; and abhorred myself for having used the power which I derived

from her tenderness, to effect her destruction. My fondness was not less ardent, but it was more chaste and tender; desire was not extinguished, but it was almost absorbed in esteem. I felt a passion, to which, till now, I had been a stranger: and the moment Love was kindled in my breast, I resumed the form proper to the nature in which alone it can subsist, and Selima beheld Amurath at her feet. At my sudden and unexpected appearance, the colour faded from her cheeks, the powers of life were suspended, and she sunk into my arms. I clasped her to my breast, and, looking towards the hermit for his assistance, I beheld in his stead the friendly Genius, who had taught me happiness by affliction. At the same instant Selima recovered. "Arise," said Syndarac, "and look round." We looked round; the darkness was suddenly dissipated, and we perceived ourselves in the road to Golconda, and the spires of the city sparkled before us. "Go," said he, "Amurath, henceforth the husband of Selima, and the father of thy people! I have revealed thy story to Alibeg in a vision; he expects thy return, and the

chariots are come out to meet thee. Go, and I will proclaim before thee, Amurath the Sultan of the East, the judge of nations, the taught of Heaven; Amurath, whose ring is equal to the ring of Solomon, return to reign with wisdom, and diffuse felicity." I now lifted up my eyes, and beheld the chariots coming forward. We were received by Alibeg with sentiments which could not be uttered, and by the people with the loudest acclamations: Syndarac proclaimed our return, in thunder that was heard through all the nations of my empire; and has prolonged my reign in prosperity and peace.

For the world I have written, and by the world let what I write be remembered: for to none who hear of the ring of Amurath, shall its influence be wanting. Of this, is not thy heart a witness, thou whose eye drinks instruction from my pen? Hast thou not a Monitor who reproaches thee in secret, when thy foot deviates from the paths of virtue? Neglect not the first whispers of this friend to thy soul; it is the voice of a greater than Syndarac, to resist whose influence is to invite destruction.

No. XXIII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1753.

Quo fit, ut omnis  
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella  
Vita

HOR.

In books the various scenes of life he drew.  
As votive tablets give the wreck to view.

AMONG the many Pocket-Companions, New Memorandum Books, Gentleman and Tradesman's Daily Assistants, and other productions of the like nature, calculated for those who mix in the bustle of the world, I cannot but applaud those polite and elegant inventions, The Ladies Memorandum-Books, as these seem chiefly adapted to the more important businesses of pleasure and amusement. I shall not take upon me to determine which is the most preferable: each of them being, if you believe the several asseverations of their proprietors, the best and most complete of its kind that has hitherto been published.

The utility of these little books, with respect to the fair-sex, is on the first view appa-

rent; as they are divided for each day of the week into distinct columns, allotted to the several branches of Engagements, Expences, and Occasional Memorandums. These, indeed, comprehend every thing that can either attract their regard, or take up their time: I shall therefore point out some particular advantages that will arise from a right use and regulation of them.

With regard to Engagements, it is very well known, what embarrassments, jealousies, and quarrels, have arisen from the erroneous management in that most essential part of female transactions, the paying and receiving of visits. It has hitherto been usual to trust entirely in this point to the care of an illiterate

footman or heedless porter, who is to take account of all the raps at the door, and to enter the names of the several visitants in a regular journal. Hence it frequently happens, that the bond of amity is dissolved, and perpetual variance created between families, by the mistake or forgetfulness of a servant. Lady Formal and Mrs. Prim were once the most intimate females living: they curtsied to one another regularly at church and the play-house, talked together wherever they met, and left their names once a month alternately at each other's house for several years; till it happened that Lady Formal's Swiss forgot to set down Mrs. Prim's last visit to her ladyship; which occasions them now to stare at one another like perfect strangers, while each considers the other as guilty of that most atrocious crime the owing of a visit. A card was sent two months beforehand to invite Mrs. Gadabout to a rout; but by the negligence of the maid it unfortunately miscarried, before the date of it was posted in the day-book, and consequently she was prevented from going. The affront was unpardonable; her absence rendered one whist-table useless; the neglect was told every where; and the innocent Mrs. Gadabout wonders at the reason why she is so seldom invited as a party in card-assemblies. These lamentable mistakes are, therefore, effectually guarded against by the use of the Memorandum-book, which puts it in every lady's power to keep a more exact register of all her Engagements, and to state the balance of visits fairly between debtor and creditor.

And as there is certainly no virtue more amiable, or of greater emolument, than female economy, to which nothing contributes more than a just knowledge of expences, the Memorandum-Book has also wisely provided for this; in which, under the article of Expences, the lady may set down the particular sums laid out in masquerade tickets, subscription concerts, wax-lights for routs, drums or hurricanes, birth-day suits, chair hire, and the like: she may also know the true balance between her winnings and losings, and make a due registry of her debts of honour. For want of this method

many widows of distinction have imperceptibly run out the whole income of their jointures in a few months, and been forced to retire the rest of the year into country lodgings; and many married ladies have been constrained to petition the brutes their husbands for the advance of a quarter's pin-money to satisfy the importunate dunnings of a needy honourable gamester.

The blank allotted for Occasional Memorandums may be filled up from time to time with the lye of the day, topics of scandal, names and abodes of milliners, descriptions of new fashions, and a hundred other circumstances of equal importance. This will greatly relieve the memory, and furnish an inexhaustible store of matter for polite conversation.

There is another very pleasing advantage arising from the use of these books, as we are informed by one of the compilers, who acquaints us, that 'if preserved, they will enable any lady to tell what business she has transacted, and what company [she has] been in, every day, during any period of her life.' How enchanting, how rapturous, must such a review prove to those who make a figure in the polite world! to live over their days again! to recall the transporting idea of masquerades, plays, concerts, cards, and dress! to revive lost enjoyments, and in imagination to tread over again the delightful round of past pleasures!

I was led to the consideration of this subject by a visit I the other day made a polite lady, whom I found earnestly employed in writing. I would have withdrawn immediately; but she told me she was only entering some particulars in her memorandum-book, which would soon be finished, and desired me to take a chair. I expressed some curiosity to know her method; upon which she very frankly put the book into my hand, bidding me peruse it; 'For,' says she, 'I do nothing that I need be ashamed of. As she was soon after called out of the room, I took the opportunity of transcribing her first week's account, which I shall faithfully present to my fair readers, as a farther illustration of the use of these books, and, if they please, as a pattern for their practice.'

## ENGAGEMENTS.

OCCASIONAL MEMO-  
RANDUMS.

January.

1. MONDAY. To call City politeness intolerable. Crammed with mince-pies; and fatigued with compliments of the season! Play at Pope Joan for pence; O the creatures!

2. TUESDAY. In the A beautiful new French morning with the Miss brocade at Silver-Flareits, to drive to tongue's on Ludgate-hill. Mem. To tease my husband to buy me a suit of it. Engaged the stage box for Woodward's night.

3. WEDNESDAY. Ex- Mademoiselle the mil-pest Mademoiselle la liner tells me Lady Z's Toure to try on my in the straw, and Cap-French head. In the tain X is supposed to evening to pay forty-three visits. To be the cause of it.—Told it as a great secret at Lady's F's, the Countess of L's, Mrs. R's, &c. &c. &c.

4. THURSDAY. My Miss Sharp is a greater own day at home. To cheat than her mamma. have a drum major and Company went before seventeen card-tables. five. Stupid creature Mrs. Downright! never to have read Hoyle!

5. FRIDAY. To go Lady Nicknack finely to the auction with taken in. The whole Lady Nicknack. To day a blank. Head-dine at home with a ach. Could not dress. parcel of my husband's Went to bed horrid city relations. soon — before one. Husband drunk. Lay alone, my maid sat by me.

6. SATURDAY. Mon- My left temple singed fleur Le Frise all the with the curling-iron.

## ENGAGEMENTS.

OCCASIONAL MEMO-  
RANDUMS.

January.

morning to dress my Several fine French head. At night (be- dresses at court; but ing Twelfth-night) at Lady Homebred's pal-court. To dance if I try English! Sir John can, with the handsome Dapperwit whispered Bob Brilliant.

me, that Miss Bloom was almost as charming as myself. She must paint I am certain.

7. SUNDAY. If I rise Not up till two. Fisoone enough, St. James's nished my letter at six, Church. In the after- and sent John express noon to write a defence with it. Bad luck at of Hoyle to Miss Pe- night. Never could tulant at Bath, who win on Sundays. Miss has controverted some Serious, who hates of his principles. Lady cards, says it is a Brag's in the evening. judgment.

Among the articles under EXPENCES I found the following.

January.	£.	s.	d.
1. Bought at Deard's a bauble for a new year's gift to my little godchild. - - - - -	5	5	0
3. To Mrs. La Toure, in part of her bill - - - - -	31	10	6
To ditto for extraordinary trouble	3	12	0
5. Bought at the auction, a china lap-dog - - - - -	4	9	0
6. Monsieur le Frise, for dressing my head, &c. - - - - -	0	10	6
7. Lost at cards, at Lady Brag's	47	5	0

I intend in a future paper to take notice of some other advantages to be drawn from such a use of these Memorandum-Books, as above stated; and shall at present conclude with desiring my female readers to supply themselves immediately, and to send me an account of the use they make of them.

A

No. XXIV. SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1753.

*Longa mora est, quantum noxæ sit ubique repertum,  
Enumerare.*

OVID.

*The various ills ordain'd to man by fate,  
Where'er he turns, 'tis tedious to relate.*

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOU have lately remarked, that the sedentary and recluse, those who have not acquired an extensive and experimental knowledge of mankind, are frequently warmed with conceptions, which, when communicated, are received with the most frigid indifference. As I have no pretensions to this knowledge, it is probable, that the subject of my letter, though it pleased me in the fervour of my imagination: may yet appear to others trite and unimportant, to your judgment, therefore, I appeal, as the substitute of the public, and leave you to determine both for them and for me.

I have a small estate in a remote and sequestered part of the kingdom, upon which I have constantly resided. As in this place I was not seduced to entertainments that endangered either my virtue or my fortune, I indulged my inclination to books; and by reading I could always prevent solitude from becoming irksome. My library consisted chiefly of books of entertainment, but they were the best of their kind; and, therefore, though I was most delighted with dramatic-writers, I had no plays but Shakespeare's. Shakespeare was, indeed, my favourite author; and after my fancy had been busied in attempting to realize the scenes that he drew, I sometimes regretted the labour, and sometimes repined that it was ineffectual. I longed to see them represented on a theatre; and had formed romantic ideas of the force they would derive from proper action, habits and machinery.

The death of a wealthy relation of my wife's, who has made my little boy his heir, called me this winter to London. I set out alone: and as I had been used to that reciprocation of affection and duty, which constitutes the happiness of a family; as we all met together in the evening, after having been separated by the different employments of the day, with smiles

of complacency and good-humour, and mutually rejoiced in the satisfaction which each derived from the presence of the other; I found myself, after my first day's journey, in a very forlorn and comfortless situation at an inn. My evening was passed among people with whom I had no tender connexion; and when I went to bed, I reflected, that there was not within many miles a single person who cared whether I should be found living or dead in the morning.

The melancholy which this situation, and these reflections, however whimsical, brought upon me, increased as my home became more distant. But the moment I entered London, speculation was at an end; the innumerable objects which rushed upon my senses left me power only to hear and see.

When I turned into the inn-yard, the first thing that caught my attention was a large sheet of paper, printed in characters that differed not only in size but colour, some being red and others black. By the perusal of this pompous page, I learned that a comedy and a pantomime were to be performed at the theatre in the evening. It was now two o'clock; and I resolved to atone for the want of enjoyments which I had left behind me, by securing what I had been used to think the highest intellectual entertainment which art could furnish: the play was not indeed a tragedy, nor Shakespeare's; but if it was not excellent, it was new to me, and therefore equally excited my curiosity. As soon as I had taken possession of a room, and safely deposited my portmanteau, I communicated my purpose to my host, who told me I could not have a better opportunity; for that both the play and entertainment were thought by the best judges to be very fine, and the principal parts were to be performed by the most celebrated actors of the age. My imagination was fired with this account; and being told that the house would be so soon full, that to



secure a good place I must be there by four o'clock, I hastily swallowed my dinner, and getting into a hackney-coach, was driven to the theatre, and by the coachman conducted to the door that leads to the pit.

At this door I waited near half an hour with the utmost impatience; and the moment it was opened rushed in, driven forward by the crowd that had gathered round me. Following the example of others, I paid my three shillings, and entering the pit among the first that gained admittance, seated myself as near as I could to the center. After having gazed once or twice round me with wonder and curiosity, my mind was wholly taken up in the anticipation of my entertainment, which did not, however, much alleviate the torments of delay. At length the stage was illuminated, the last music was played, and I beheld the curtain rise with an emotion which, perhaps, was little inferior to that of a lover, when he is first admitted to the presence of his mistress.

But just at this moment a very tall man, by the contrivance of two ladies, who had kept a seat for him by spreading their hoops, placed himself so exactly before me, that his head intercepted great part of the stage, and I could now see the actors no lower than the knee. This incident, after all my care and solicitude to secure an advantageous situation, was extremely vexatious; my attention to the play was for some time suspended, and I suffered much more than I enjoyed: but it was not long before the scenery and the dialogue wholly possessed my mind; I accommodated myself the best I could to the inconvenience of my seat, and thought of it no more. The first act, as it was little more than a prelude to the action, pleased me rather by what it promised, than by what it gave: I expected the sequel with yet more ardour, and suffered the interval with all the fretfulness of suspended curiosity. The second act gratified my imagination with a greater variety of incidents, but they were such as had a direct tendency to render appetite too strong for the curb of reason: I this moment rioted in the luxurious banquet, that was by a kind of enchantment placed before me; and the next reflected with regret and indignation upon those arts, under the influence of which I perceived my virtue to be enervated, and that I became contemptible even to myself. But this struggle

did not last long: these images which could not be seen without danger, were still multiplying before me; my resistance grew proportionably more languid; and at length I indulged every sensation, without enquiring whether I was animated to the imitation of virtue, or seduced by the blandishments of vice.

In the third act I was become acquainted with the characters which the author intended to exhibit; and discerned that, though some of them were sustained with great judgment and address, yet others were mistaken: I had still some person before me, whose manner was that of a player, and who, when I had been introduced into scenes of real life by the skill of another, immediately brought me back to a crowd and a theatre. I found that, upon the whole, I was not so constantly present to the events of the drama, as if I had read them silently in my study, though some circumstances might be more forcibly represented: but these critical remarks as they lessened my pleasure, I resolved to remit. In the fourth act, therefore, I endeavoured to supply every defect of the performer by the force of my own fancy, and in some degree I succeeded: but my pleasure was now interrupted by another cause; for though my entertainment had not been equal to my expectation, yet I now began to regret that it was almost at an end, and earnestly wished that it was again to begin. In the fifth act, curiosity was no longer excited; I had discovered in what events the action would terminate, and what was to be the fate of the persons: nothing remained but the forms necessary to the conclusion of the play; the marriage of lovers, the reconciliation with offended parents, and the sudden reformation of a rake, who had, through the whole representation, been employed to produce incidents which might render his vices contagious, and to display qualities that might save them from contempt. But though the last act was thus rendered insipid, yet I was sorry when it was over: I reflected with a sigh, that the time was at hand, in which I must return to the comfortless solitude of my inn.

But this thought, however mortifying, was transient: I pleased myself with the expectation of the pantomime, an entertainment of which I had no conception, and of which I had heard the highest encomium from those about me: I

therefore once more sat down upon the rising of the curtain, with an attention to the stage which nothing could divert. I gazed at the prodigies which were every moment produced before me with astonishment; I was bewildered in the intricacies of enchantment; I saw woods, rivers, and mountains, alternately appear and vanish; but I knew not in what cause, or to what end. The entertainment was not adapted to my understanding, but to my senses; and my senses were indeed captivated with every object of delight; in particular, the dress of the women discovered beauties which I could not behold without confusion; the wanton caresses which they received and returned, the desire that languished in their eyes, the kisses snatched with eagerness, and the embrace prolonged with reciprocal delight, which, though I feared to gratify, I did not wish to suppress. Besides all these incentives to dissolute pleasure, there was the dance, which indulged the spectators with a view of almost every charm that apparel was intended to conceal; but of the pleasure of this indulgence I was deprived by the head of the tall man who sat before me, and I suffered again all the vexation which had interrupted my attention to the first act of the play. But before the last scene, my mind had been so violently agitated, and the inconveniences of so long a confinement in a multitude were become so sensible, I was so much oppressed with heat, and offended with the smell of the candles that were either burning in the sockets or expiring in smoke, that I grew weary of my situation; my faculties were suspended as in a dream, and I continued to sit motionless, with my eyes fixed upon the curtain, some moments after it fell. When I was roused from my reverie, I found myself almost alone; my attachment to the place was dissolved, the company that had surrounded me were gone out, and, without reflecting whither I was to go, I wished to follow them.

When I was returned to the inn, and had locked myself into my room, I endeavoured to recover that pleasing tranquillity in which I had been used to resign myself to sleep, and which I now regretted to have once changed for tumult and dissipation: of my theatrical adventure I remembered no incident with pleasure, but that which when it happened I re-

garded as a misfortune, the stature of the person who sat before me, which intercepted the more gross indecencies, and defended me from their influence. This reflection immediately opened a new vein of thought; I considered the evening which I had just spent as an epitome of life, and the stage as an emblem of the world.

The youth is all ardour and expectation; he looks around with wonder and curiosity, and he is impatient for the time in which the world is to be thrown open before him. This time arrives; but he finds some unexpected obstacle to enjoyment, and in the first act of life he discovers, that his hopes are rather transferred to more distant objects, than fulfilled by those which are present. As he proceeds, the scene grows more busy, and his attachments to life increase in number and in strength: he is now seduced by temptation; and the moment its influence is suspended, and the pleasure which it promised is at an end, he abhors it as debasing his nature, disappointing his highest hopes, and betraying him to remorse and regret.

This is the crisis of life, the period upon which immortality depends. Some continue the contest, and become more than conquerors: they reflect, with gratitude to Providence, upon circumstances which intercepted temptations by adversity, and perceive that they owe their safety to incidents which they laboured to prevent. Others abandon themselves to sensuality; and, affecting to believe all things uncertain, eagerly catch at whatever is offered by the present moment, as the whole of their portion: but at length novelty, that mighty charm, that beauty of perpetual influence, novelty is no more! every object that gave delight is become familiar; and is therefore beheld, not with desire, but with disgust.

Thus life at length almost ceases to be a positive good; and men would scarce desire to live, but that they fear to die. Yet the same enjoyments which are despised, are also regretted; in time they are remembered without the circumstances that diminished their value; and the wretch who has survived them, wishes that they would return. Life, from this period, is more wearisome in proportion as it is prolonged; nothing is expected with ardour, because age has been too often cheated to trust to

the promises of time, and because to-day has anticipated the enjoyment of to-morrow. The play is now over, the powers of the mind are exhausted, and intellectual pleasure and pain are almost at an end. The last stage, the stage of dotage remains, and this is the pantomime of life; the images are new only in proportion as they are extravagant, and please only because the imagination is distempered or infirm. But the sensibility of corporal misery remains; infirmities multiply; the hours of pain and imbecillity pass in anguish which none can alleviate, and in fretfulness which none regard: the palsied dotard looks round with impotent solicitude; he perceives himself to be alone, he has survived his friends, and he wishes to follow them; his wish is fulfilled, he drops torpid and insensible into that gulph which is deeper than the grave, and it closes over him for ever. From this dreadful picture I started

with terror and amazement: it vanished; and I was immediately relieved by reflecting that life and the joys of life were still before me; that I should soon return to my paternal inheritance; that my evenings would no more be passed in tumult, and end in satiety; but that they would close upon scenes of domestick felicity, felicity which is pure and rational, and which is still heightened by the hope that it will be repeated to-morrow. And is not the human mind a Stranger and a Sojourner upon earth? Has it not an inheritance in a Better Country that is incorruptible and undefiled; an inheritance to which all may return, who are not so foolish as, after perpetual disappointment in the search of pleasure which they never found, still to continue the pursuit till every hope is precluded, and life terminates either in the stupor of insensibility, or the agonies of despair?

## No. XXV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1753.

*Sic visum Veneri, cui placet impares.  
Formas atque animos sub juga ahenea.  
Sævo mittere cum joco.*

HOR.

*In brazen yokes thus Venus binds  
Ill-coupled forms and jarring minds;  
And, gaily cruel, joys to see  
The restless lovers disagree.*

LOGIE.

### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THERE are some subjects upon which a man is better qualified to write, by having lived in the world than in a study; and many of these are of the highest importance. Of the infelicities of matrimony I have been often a spectator; and of some of them I think I have discovered the cause, though I have never entered into a philosophical enquiry concerning the nature of the passions, or the power of reason. The facts from which I have derived my knowledge, I shall state with as much perspicuity as I can, and leave others to make what inferences they please.

Flippanta, a young coquet, whose love of the fashionable follies was perpetually disappointed by the severe authority of a father, threw herself into the arms of a lover of sixty-four; be-

lieving that she could with ease impose upon the fondness of dotage, that youth and beauty would render her power absolute and unlimited, and that she would therefore be no longer the slave of formality and caprice. Flippanta was, however, disappointed; and in a very few weeks discovered that the oeconomy of a father was now complicated with the jealousy of a husband; that he was fretful, selfish and diseased, and expected less from her as a wife, than a nurse. Infirmities which she had never felt, she knew not how to pity: he exerted his authority, in proportion as he discovered her want of tenderness: and their misery is alleviated only by the hope of surviving each other; in which, it must be confessed, the lady has greatly the advantage.

Sophron, by his insinuating eloquence, prevailed on the mother of Modesta, to devote her

as a sacrifice to learned importance. Love is beneath the dignity of grey-headed wisdom; they have therefore separate beds; while the unhappy victim repines in public, under the pomp of ornaments with which she is decorated, to flatter the pride and proclaim the triumph of her lord and master.

Senilis, to keep up the family name, married a young girl of a ruddy complexion, and a cheerful temper. He is fond of her to distraction; but at the same time so intolerably jealous, that he questions whether the boy, who has fulfilled the hope with which he married, is his own.

Urbana was contracted to Rusticus by the contrivance of their parents, that their family interests, together with their estates, might be united. She had all the passions of a thoroughbred town lady; he the indifference of a down-right country squire; they therefore never met without mutual upbraidings, in which she was accused of extravagance, and he of brutality. At length they agreed in this one point, a separate maintenance.

Pervicax and Tetrica have during twenty years been continually thwarting each other. As the husband is hasty, positive, and overbearing; the wife is whimsical, vain, and peevish. They can never agree whether the mutton be boiled or roasted; and the words ninny-hammer, noodle, and numscull, are frequently bandied to and fro betwixt them. Their very servants are encouraged in impertinence, and their children protected in disobedience; because, as one chides, the other is sure always to excuse or defend.

Mercator was desirous of ennobling the blood of his posterity, and therefore married a fine lady from the court end of the town. He had been brought up in the arts of amassing money, she in contriving new methods to squander it; he had been accustomed to a settled uniform practice of business, she to an irregular restless course of pleasure. It was impossible to reconcile their different habits of life; they therefore judged it best for their mutual quiet, that each should pursue their favourite schemes without molestation. Consequently, while the good man is intent upon bargains at Change, she is slumbering in bed; when the family are at dinner, she is drinking her chocolate; and while he is adjusting his accompt-books, she is discharg-

ing her visiting debts. He is often reeling home from the club, when his wife is set down to a whist-table, or dressing for the ridotto; and just as the clerks are entering upon business in the compting-house, she is perhaps retiring to rest. Thus do they live as far asunder as persons in the different antipodes; while my lady is the astonishment of the grave aldermen at their city balls; and Mercator is allowed to be a quiet, inoffensive, good-natured kind of beast, among Madam's acquaintance.

Urania married a man who was deemed a wit and a scholar, because, as she valued herself upon these qualities, she was not willing they should be overlooked. Between Urania and her husband, there was a perpetual contest for superiority; they regarded each other with all the malignity of rivals; every conversation terminated in a debate, and every debate in contemptuous insult, sullenness, or rage. But if she had married a person whose chief ambition was not literary excellence, he might have admired her qualities, and she might have approved of his; there would have been a mutual deference paid to each other, and their life would not only have been peaceful but happy.

Theophila, who, for the practice of that virtue which is sublimed by religion, had been called the devotee, obviated the scruple which her own mind suggested against marrying a free-thinker for whom she could not suppress her inclination, by flattering herself that she should be able to convert him. Accordingly, she at first expostulated, then reasoned, and at length upbraided; but without producing any other effects than altercations, coldness, and aversion. As his home became irksome, and he had no steady principles of virtue, he took to drinking; and now, while he is cursing the hypocrisy of prudes over his bottle, she is weeping in her closet, regretting the folly of her presumption, and dreading the brutality of drunkenness.

The blind wonder-working boy, who reconciles contradictions, and even breaks down the mounds of party, brought a couple of fond creatures secretly together, at a time when their parents were irreconcilably divided about the names Whig and Tory. The mist of love, which before blinded their understandings, has been long dissipated; and they are perpetually ripping up the dissensions of their grandfathers, and discus-

sing the propriety of the word Abdication. The wife looks upon her husband as a mean-spirited time-server; and he often rails at her, for teaching her children to list treason, and bringing them up with a bias to popery and arbitrary power.

Deborah was advanced from the kitchen to the parlour, by the unrestrained passion of her inconsiderate master: but she was only exalted to a more splendid servitude, and condemned to drudge all her life in the double capacity of wife and maid.

Lascivia, to secure herself a pretence for indulging a scandalous licentiousness, ran away with her father's footman. She had been forced, at the expence of a considerable annuity, and the reversion of her estate after death, to lay him under articles never to come near her while she is living.

Parcus, a city Plumb, from a principle of frugality, took unto himself a plain neighbour's daughter without a penny; as he thought it would be cheaper than to espouse a fine courtly lady, though with a mint of money. It is true she costs him but a trifle in cloaths; she

has no taste for nicknacks, and kickshaws, and whimwhams; she hates company, and never touches a card; but then she is always sending hot plates of meat to one neighbour who is sick; bottles of wine to another who lies in; and gives away every week such a load of broken victuals, bread, butter, cheese, coals, candles, and small beer, that the expences of house-keeping would almost ruin a lord mayor. She is, besides, eternally teasing him to bind an uncle's son prentice, to set up a fifth cousin, to fit out an old acquaintance's child to sea, or to buy cloaths for another; and Parcus complains, that he is eat out of house and home, by the daily visits of his wife's poor relations.

Pray, Mr. Adventurer, do not these infelicities arise principally from an injudicious choice, rather than from the vices and follies of the parties? Will you, who are a philosopher, give us a proper lecture upon these facts, or demonstrate, *a priori*, how misery may be avoided in that state, which is generally agreed to be capable of more happiness than any other? I am, Sir, your humble servant,

A

JOHN TOWNLEY.

## No. XXVI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1752.

*Est ardellum quædam Romæ natio,  
Gratis anhelaus——*

PHÆDRUS.

*Through all the town the busy trifiers swarm,  
Fix'd without proof, and without int'rest warm.*

### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THE character which you have assumed, encourages me to hope that you will not be deterred, either by toil or danger, from entering the lists as the champion of distressed beauty. That the sufferers may possibly be unknown, and the scene of action is remote, are circumstances of no moment; for neither seas nor deserts are insuperable to perseverance and valour; and the hero's country is circumscribed only by the limits of the world. Nothing more, therefore, is necessary, than to acquaint you with the wrong which you are to redress, and the offender whom you are to punish.

Two virgin Princesses, the daughters of a mighty monarch, who in the pompous language of the East is stiled Lord of the Whole Earth, discovered, while they were yet very young, something singular in their natural temper and disposition. One of them was remarkable for cheerfulness, which was not, however, so much excited by external objects, as by scenes of pleasantry with which she was continually entertained by the strength of her own imagination: her countenance was dimpled with perpetual smiles; and her eyes yet more expressive, seemed to sparkle with laughter. The deportment of the other was solemn, and her walk majestick: her eyes looked equally piercing, but less active; they appeared not often to

change, but long to contemplate their object: she delighted equally in the pleasures of imagination, but they were of a different kind; her fancy did not form objects of ridicule, but of pity; and she would imagine herself leaning her whole weight on a shrub that projected from the brow of a precipice, till it gave way, and she startled with horror at the danger, merely that she might suddenly reflect upon her safety, and enjoy the pleasure of awaking from a terrifying dream.

As these were enjoyments that promiscuous company rather interrupted than improved, both these ladies, however different in other respects, agreed in the love of solitude; and having obtained the consent of their father, they retired to a rural situation, which was healthful, pleasant, and romantick. It was the summit of a high hill, which was watered by a fine spring: from hence they had an unbounded prospect; and the air on this spot is said to have a peculiar quality, that excites pleasing dreams, impresses new ideas upon the mind, and illuminates with intuitive knowledge. The ladies were here visited by their Sisters, and a young Prince of extraordinary beauty, who was celebrated for his skill in all science, but chiefly in music and poetry. The enjoyment of wit, literature, and harmony, excluded from this select society every desire that contaminates the mind by idleness, and degrades reason by brutal sensuality: the Prince was received by the royal virgins, not as a lover but a friend; and he visited them, not as beauties but as wits.

The place of their retreat was soon known, and their presence rendered it illustrious. Here they received the cheerful homage of voluntary subjection; and from hence they diffused an influence, which not only polished but ennobled mankind. Such would long have been their felicity and glory; but the grim tyrant of a northern climate, a region of cold and darkness, at the head of a numerous band of desperate savages, suddenly invaded the country. No force was found sufficient to oppose those who had been driven forward by famine; the fury of hunger and rapine was irresistible; the Princesses fled with the utmost precipitation, and the barbarians, who regarded every thing with malignity by which they were excelled, razed the palace so completely, that scarce a

vestige appeared, and obliterated all traces of the royal influence wherever they were discovered.

The Princesses directed their course westward: and after having long wandered from place to place, and passed through great varieties of fortune, they at last took refuge in a small island, which was governed by a prince whose consort was their half sister, being the daughter of their father, though by another wife. The prince received them with peculiar marks of distinction, and appointed a great officer, one of the principal lords of his court, to superintend the measures that were immediately taken for their accommodation. Two sumptuous palaces were soon prepared for their residence, their household were immediately settled; they were frequently visited by the king; the queen declared that she considered them as being more particularly under her patronage; they quickly became extremely popular, and were scarce less happy there than upon their favourite hill. As they greatly excelled in all the arts of conversation, as their eloquence could always command the passions, and their knowledge improve the understanding, every one was solicitous to be admitted to their presence; that they might gratify a people, among whom they had received so many favours, they resolved to have a certain number of publick days, on which every one should be admitted without scruple.

But that all their conveniencies and splendor might be procured, though at a great expence, yet without imposing a tax or burdening the publick, it was contrived that the servants of the Princesses should be paid by their vails; and, that the reward of their labour might not depend wholly upon caprice, it was ordered, that those who attended the Princesses only on publick days, and did not pretend to have a right to visit by their intimacy or station, should receive a ticket, for which they should pay a certain fee to the porter.

There is in this island a certain person, said to be descended from a race of giants that were its original inhabitants, who has such power and influence, though he has often been suspected to be mad, that the king himself treats him with great deference. In the height of his phrenzy he has boasted, that his voice is the voice of GOD, and that all the sovereigns

princes in the world are his vicegerents. Of this person every one stands in awe; the queen is his principal favourite; and for her sake he is well affected to the king, whom he has often defended, when every other power would have been ineffectual. He has a natural son who possesses all his ill qualities, but of his virtues is wholly destitute; he assumes the name, the deportment, and the stile of his father, whose fondness has encouraged him to commit many enormities, from which he would have been otherwise deterred.

This person, of whom every body is afraid, not only because his own power is very great, but because to repress his insolence might give offence to his father, comes frequently to the palaces of the Princesses, and makes no scruple to purchase a ticket with the customary fee: but he is subject to fits of sudden and outrageous pizenry; in which he pretends, that the servants of the Princesses become his own, by receiving his fee for admittance to their presence; and he treats them with the cruel insolence of a capricious tyrant, and introduces the wildest tumult and confusion. The rest of the company are terrified and disappointed; he perceives it, and compels them to depart: nay, he has sometimes offered violence to the ladies themselves; he has, either by menaces or by bribery, gained some of their servants over to his own interest; and, to gratify an unaccountable humour, he has prevailed upon them to admit a kind of Necromancer, with whose feats he is greatly delighted, into the publick room, where innumerable effects of his art are exhibited: and it is said, that by the same influence, one of the palaces has been made a receptacle for wild beasts; and that all the gambols of folly have been played in a place that was intended for the asylum of beauty and wit, and for the school not only of wisdom but virtue.

With the author of this confusion the Adventurer is requested to engage; and if his zeal and his abilities are equal to his boast, he is expected immediately to declare himself the champion of the Princesses, by publishing his defiance to the following effect:

‘ That the Princesses alone have a right to the palaces, which have been allotted to them  
‘ by the munificence of the sovereign of the  
‘ island; that their servants are accountable  
‘ only to them, to the sovereign, or to the lord

‘ whom he has appointed to superintend the  
‘ household; that every man is at liberty to be  
‘ absent, who thinks the entertainment not  
‘ worthy of his attendance, or the fee for his  
‘ admittance too exorbitant; but that no man  
‘ has a right to disturb, to terrify, or to dis-  
‘ appoint an assembly, which is supposed to be  
‘ in the immediate presence of the sovereign,  
‘ to whom they owe allegiance: and I challenge  
‘ to single combat whoever shall affirm the con-  
‘ trary.

I am, Sir, Your’s, &c.

Flavilla, a lady who sometimes honours me with a visit, was present when I received this letter. Flavilla, though she has all the sprightliness of a coquet, has been a greater reader, and is not behind those who discovered a political satire under the Rape of a Lock, in resolving a riddle or penetrating an allegory. I put the letter into her hand, and threw myself back in my easy-chair with an air of importance: ‘ There,’ says I, read that; and see what rank I hold in the estimation even of those  
‘ by whom my province is mistaken.’

I fixed my eyes upon her, and waited with impatience till she had read it. But how was I disappointed to hear her cry out—‘ Good Sir,  
‘ your province and your importance are mis-  
‘ taken by none but yourself. Could not your  
‘ sagacity discover this letter to be an alle-  
‘ gory?’—‘ Pray, madam,’ said I, ‘ will you  
‘ be pleased to communicate to me, what you  
‘ imagine to be the hidden meaning which  
‘ that allegory envelopes?’—‘ La,’ says she,  
‘ you are so dull to-day! Why, are not the  
‘ Comic and the Tragic Muse the daughters of  
‘ Jupiter; and did they not, with the rest of the  
‘ Muses, their sisters, reside on Parnassus, a  
‘ lofty hill that was watered by the Castalian  
‘ spring? Were they not there visited by  
‘ Apollo, the patron of all science, and in par-  
‘ ticular of poetry and music? Did they not fly  
‘ westward at the approach of barbarians, who,  
‘ though they left behind the glooms of the in-  
‘ hospitable north, yet brought with them the  
‘ Cimmerian darkness of ignorance,” and  
‘ scarce left any traces of science in the coun-  
‘ tries through which they passed? Did not the  
‘ lovely fugitives find refuge in Britain?’—  
‘ But pray, Madam,’ said I, shaking my right-  
‘ foot which hung over my left-knee, ‘ will you

‘ condescend to tell me, who is the consort of the king who afforded them protection? My letter says, she was half-sister to the ladies whom you suppose to be two of the Muses.’ — ‘ Who,’ replied Flavilla pertly, ‘ but Liberty: is not Liberty the perpetual consort of the Kings of Britain? and will any dispute, that Liberty is derived from Jove, the Parent of Good?’ — ‘ Go on, Madam,’ said I. ‘ The great officer,’ said she, ‘ is the Lord Chamberlain; the palaces are the Theatres, which by royal authority are appropriated to the use of Tragedy and Comedy; their attendants the Players are, indeed, the servants of the King, and are paid by the stated fees for admittance into the house. The Publick is the most potent and venerable body upon earth; and the Town, its illegitimate offspring, is insolent, capricious, and cruel: the Town is perpetually insulting the Players, as its servants: though as servants to the Town, the law considers them as enemies to society; and it is as servants to the King only, that they are permitted to exhibit publick entertainments. It is to humour the Town that the Necromancer Harlequin has associated with tumblers and savages, to prophane the place, which, under proper regulation, would indeed be the school of wisdom and virtue. Every one present at a theatrical performance is supposed to be in the Royal Presence; or at least the

Players are under his more immediate protection: as every man has a right in common with others to the dramatic entertainment of the evening, when he has purchased an admittance to the house, it follows that no man has a right to monopolize or to destroy it. An empty house is by the Players deemed the most dreadful sign of popular disapprobation; and when the publick are displeased with the entertainment that is offered them, to neglect it will be the most effectual means to procure a better: and as a full, or a thin house, will indubitably express the sentiments of a majority, the complaints of a faction should be wholly disregarded.’

Flavilla, as she concluded this speech, in which she began to grow very warm, cast her eyes upon me, and expected my reply. But as I continued to gaze with great gravity at the fire, and remained silent, she gave me a smart stroke with her fan, accompanied with interrogation—‘ You sullen monster, why don’t you speak? Do you hear me? Publish the letter, with my exposition, in your next paper, or——’ ‘ Madam,’ says I, bowing, ‘ it shall be done.’ In obedience, therefore, to her command and in justice to myself, I lay the state of our controversy before the publick, and doubt not but that we shall be both satisfied with their determination.

## NO. XXVII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1753.

ΝΥΧΤΟΣ—Αἰθήρη καὶ Ἡμέρα ἔξελυσσεντο.

HESIOD.

*From night arose the sun-shine and the day.*

THE following letter was the first voluntary contribution I received; and if it had been longer, it would have been sooner communicated to my readers. It is written in the name of a lady to whom I am indeed under many obligations, to whom I owe great part of the knowledge which I have acquired, and under whose influence many of these lucubrations were written: her character is assumed by my correspondent with great art; but I discovered it was not real, by the conclusion of the letter, in which I am invited to an intimacy that I have long enjoyed.

TO THE ADVENTURER,

SIR,

DEC. 15, 1752.

WITHOUT detracting from the merits of your correspondent of Tuesday last\*, whose pretensions to publick regard are undoubtedly well founded, I beg leave to make your paper my channel to fame; and am persuaded the judicious reader will admit my claim, when he is acquainted with my history; and notwithstanding my sister has artfully enough insinuated her superiority, and indeed hinted reflections capable of wounding the most innocent character, as the first



story is generally well told, I shall appeal to the impartial examiner; and expect my share of honour from his decision.

I shall begin then with informing you, that I am the elder, a circumstance my sister's pride made her suppress, and in the opinion of the best judges the handsomer; this her own vanity will hardly deny, nor does she attempt to shine but in my absence. She is indeed fairer; but dark beauties are not only more agreeable, but more durable: and as she has little to recommend her but her face, the indifference and neglect she complains of is the less to be wondered at. Besides, the glare she affects in publick, the fickleness of her behaviour, the pleasure she takes in discovering the secrets entrusted to her; and, above all, the fraud she practises by continual promises of being always the same, are sufficient reasons, why half who know her pay her so little regard.

For my own part, ostentation is my aversion: and my pride, which makes me fond of admiration, prevents my using a mean commendation to procure it. Though I dress well, I am never gaudy, and when I appear in my blue robe with gold spangles, and a crescent on my forehead, I have the satisfaction of seeing myself ogled even by philosophers. Some of my sex may think this a triumph of small importance, and prefer the unmeaning applauses of a coxcomb to the approbation of a man of understanding; but experience, the mother of true wisdom, has long since convinced me, that real beauty is best discerned by real judges, and the addresses of a sensible lover imply the best compliment to the understanding of his mistresses.

The affability of my temper, indeed, exposes me to the visits of all parties; and my easiness of access too frequently engages me in the disagreeable company of fools and sharpers: nay more, sometimes I am the unwilling spectator of riot and intemperance; but when this happens I generally throw in some reproof, and make the libertine, though he curses me, repent his excess: nor is it the least of my praise, that my approach strikes terror to the soul of the villain.

I might rise in the reputation I so justly demand, by recounting the many important services I have done mankind: I have conducted

armies in safety, inspired politicians, rescued the distressed, and blessed the brightest eyes in Britain; I have industriously concealed the scandal my sister has propagated; and received, with a condescension scarce found in a rival, the wretch whom her follies had made weary of her service.

By this time you may be desirous of my name, and, I think it no vanity to add, ambitious of my acquaintance. I formerly was a friend to the Rambler, nor will the Adventurer's intimacy with me lessen me in the opinion of his readers. For a proof of this, a great genius of the present age courted my assistance; and in gratitude for the favours he received from me, placed my name in the title page of the best book in the language. After this explanation, it is almost unnecessary to subscribe myself, at your service,

S

NIGHT.

## TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT has been long my opinion, that a man's general reputation rather sinks than rises, upon his being first distinguished by a public encomium; for one voice that echoes the praise, there are a hundred, which, to indulge the spleen that it excites, are employed in detraction. But of this perverseness and malignity I have never remarked a stronger instance, than in the effects of your recommendation of Mr. Ratsey and Mr. Woodward; two gentlemen, who almost every day, at a considerable expence, generously repeat their offers to save the poor from the miseries of an hospital, by curing them gratis, with much more ease, expedition and safety.

Some persons, rather than admit the uncommon merit of these gentlemen, have invidiously represented your encomium as an irony; and others have even ventured to deny the facts upon which it is founded. But though every paragraph which was intended to reward ingenuity, is thus opposed or perverted; yet that, in which you have inadvertently disgraced it, is, from the same motives, received in its genuine sense, and readily admitted to be true. It is denied, that Mr. Ratsey ever removed an incurable disease, and that Mr. Woodward is more successful in the cure of ruptures than the

hospital surgeons; but it is universally believed, that the youth whom you mention received no benefit from the trusses that were worn by his friends; this, however, is a fact in which you are yourself egregiously mistaken, and which you have greatly misrepresented: You tell us, indeed, that this method deserves to be remembered for farther experiments; but you insinuate, that it was among those which had been practised without success, before the patient was put under Mr. Woodward's care: 'on the contrary, it was directed by that great artist himself; and is one of the most useful improvements that he has made in surgery, though it is not to be depended upon alone. As an incontestible proof of your mistake, and of the mischief which it has produced, I shall recite another address to the public in the behalf of Mr. Woodward, by which it appears, that he now wears trusses for his patients himself. It is entitled, 'The humble thanks of Elizabeth \* Tipping, for her cure in a rupture, gratis.'

'A gentleman,' says Mrs. Tipping, recommended me to Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, and in *their*\* goodness gave me a truss to wear; and in wearing it, to my grief, I found more pain than ever I felt before; and I must have laboured under this great misfortune all the days of my life, had not Mr. Woodward, through charity, took me under his care: by his tender compassion towards me, in giving me his powders with drops, and wearing his new-invented bandages, my pains left me.'

It appears, therefore, that Mr. Woodward, instead of giving Mrs. Tipping a truss to wear, as the gentleman or the hospital had done, gave her only his powders with drops, and wore the truss himself. As the facts, however strange, will be attested at Mr. Ruffel's toy-shop in the Haymarket, and Mrs. Sotro's, the corner of Spring-Gardens, it must follow as an inevitable consequence, that when, by the old erroneous custom of applying trusses or bandages to the patient, the malady is increased; it may be wholly removed by medicaments, properly administered to them, and a truss judiciously applied to another. In Mrs. Tipping's case, indeed, there appears to have been something critical,

because Mr. Woodward would trust none but himself with the management of the bandage, by which he intended to effect her cure; though the truss for his Kentish patient was worn by the minister and church wardens of the parish. There is, however, another reason for this conduct, which I am unwilling to suggest: your paper may have discouraged others from concurring in this method of cure, by insinuating that it was troublesome, and had been practised without success. If this should be true, how have you increased the labour of this beneficent Surgeon, and at the same time circumscribed his power of doing good! It is scarce possible that he should be able, by any contrivance, to wear more than ten of his bandages at one time; and how small a number is ten, compared to the multitude that apply for his assistance?

Upon the whole, whatever was your intention, I am afraid your paper has produced but one good effect. As modesty is always the concomitant of merit, Mr. Ratsey no longer offers health to those who have suffered others to render their diseases incurable: but leaves them to perish, for the preservation of those that survive. I am, Sir, your humble servant,  
T. FRIENDLY.

As it is the opinion of Mr. Friendly, that I have conferred no honour by my panegyric, I shall now attempt to effect my purpose by censure. As Physic is, perhaps, the most difficult of all the sciences, no man more honours those who excel in it than myself: if I cannot therefore, animate them in the race, I may at least clear the way about them, and afford merit a fairer chance, by lessening the number of competitors, who may obstruct others, though they cannot run themselves.

It is frequently admitted, among persons whose judgment is not otherwise contemptible, that a man without parts and without literature may practise physick with success; or, in other words, that an illiterate blockhead may be a good physician. But as this maxim appears to me to be little less formidable than a pestilence, I think I shall do considerable

\* It cannot certainly be known, whether by *their* is meant the gentleman or the hospital.

service to mankind if I can prevent it from spreading.

That the following argument may be more easily comprehended and remembered, I have laboured to contract it into a small compass, and to express my thoughts with the utmost plainness and periphrasis.

I. Medicines are not specific antidotes for certain diseases, which we hear distinguished by known and general names:—For,

II. Twenty persons may be ill of a fever; and this fever may be so much a different disease in each, that an application which would certainly cure one of them, would certainly kill another: so that the very efficacy of the medicine, if it is unskilfully administered, increases the danger.

III. The investigation of diseases; the discovery of their causes by their symptoms; and the adaption of the remedy, not to the disease only, with all its accidental complications, but to the habits, age, sex,

and constitution of the patient; require such skill as can result only from extensive knowledge, sound judgment, and critical enquiry.

IV. This skill cannot be exerted, if the patient is not seen.

V. Gross ignorance of the propriety of language, in a man who pretends to have studied physick, is an incontestible proof of insolence and stupidity.

VI. He, therefore, who does not see the absurdity of professing to cure incurable diseases, cannot possibly have acquired sufficient knowledge to cure any.

VII. To detect a man in deliberately writing and publishing gross nonsense, in an advertisement of his medical skill, written in his native language, is to arrest 'the foe of mankind in his walk,' and to intercept the 'arrow that flies in darkness.'

This task is at present left to the Adventurer; and this task he will continue to perform, till the legislature shall take it out of his hands;

## NO. XXVIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1753.

*Coelo supinas si tuleris manus  
Nascente luna, rustica Phidyle;  
Nec pestilentem sentient Africum  
Foecunda vitis—*

HOR.

*If rustic Phidyle her prayer renews,  
Her artless prayer, when sacred hours return,  
Her vines shall droop beneath no blighting dews,  
Nor southern storms her yellow harvest burn.*

THAT mankind have a natural propensity to ill, or that their minds are subject to the influence of any invisible and malevolent being, are notions that of late have been treated with the utmost contempt and disdain. And yet I have remarked, that men frequently neglect to practise those duties of religion, without which they believe the Divine favour cannot be secured, though by such neglect they do not obtain any immediate advantage.

The miserable wretches who swarm in the streets of this metropolis, covered with filth and rags, pining with cold and hunger, and rotting with diseases, will be found to have a general

belief, that by going to church men please God, and obtain the pardon of their sins; and yet those who expect to be relieved by the congregation will linger at the church door till the service is at an end. In this instance, surely, they become in their own opinion the servants of sin, for no other wages than death. To the rich, irreligion, as well as vice, sometimes offers immediate pleasure; and it is easy to conceive, why they should rather sink in a luxurious slumber on a bed of down, than kneel at the altar; but why does the beggar, in the severity of winter, shiver at the porch, when he might take shelter in the aisle? If he was as near to any other building which he

could as easily enter, he would not hesitate a moment; but rather than become a candidate for the blessing of God, he will forego the advantage of exciting the charity of the devout, by an appearance of devotion.

Of the duties and the privileges of religion, prayer is generally acknowledged to be the chief: and yet I am afraid, that there are few who will not be able to recollect some seasons, in which their unwillingness to pray has been more than in proportion to the labour and the time that it required; seasons in which they would have been less willing to repeat a prayer than any other composition; and rather than have spent five minutes in an address to God, would have devoted an equal space of time wholly to the convenience of another, without any enjoyment or advantage to themselves.

These facts, I believe, will scarce be controverted by any; and those who cannot shew that they have adequate natural causes, must allow that they have some other. It also must be acknowledged, that if men are tempted to neglect the worship of God by any spiritual enemy, to worship God is by such an enemy known to be their interest: but because I would not rest upon this argument in favour of religion, I shall only say, that it has more force than any that I have heard against it.

I believe, indeed, there are some who, with whatever reluctance, punctually conform to the rituals of religion, as an atonement for an allowed and perpetual neglect of virtue: who dream, that by going to church on Sunday, they balance the account of the week, and may again lye, defraud, swear, and be drunken with impunity. These wretches, although in spite of indignation they move my pity, I shall not here reprove, because their conduct does not only imply the grossest ignorance, but the most deplorable stupidity; and it is hopeless to write for those of whom it cannot be expected that they should read.

There are others who, believing that neither virtue nor religion alone is sufficient to secure immortality, neglect Religion as useless, because they cannot resolve to practise Virtue; so the purchase of a telescope would be a superfluous expence to a man that is blind, though all the advantages of sight cannot be obtained without it by those who can see.

Upon these slaves of sensuality, it is to be feared little effect can be produced, by an address either to their reason or their passions: for their reason is already convinced, and their passions alarmed; they live in a perpetual violation of the dictates of conscience; purposes of amendment are every moment formed and broken; they look backward with remorse, and forward with terror; and they accumulate guilt, even while they are anticipating judgment. Nor can I press them to put on an appearance of religion for mere temporary purposes; not only because it would be an aggravation of their wickedness, but because it would conceal their true character, and might therefore injure Society.

A man who apparently lives without religion, declares to the world, that he is without virtue, however he may otherwise conceal his vices: for when the obstacles to virtue are surmounted, the obstacles to religion are few. What should restrain him who has broken the bonds of appetite, from rising at the call of devotion? Will not he who has accomplished a work of difficulty, secure his reward at all events, when to secure it is easy? Will not he that has panted in the race stretch forth his hand to receive the prize?

It may, perhaps, be expected, that from this general censure I should except those who believe that all religion is the contrivance of tyranny and cunning; and that every human action which has Deity for its object, is enthusiastic and absurd. But of these there are few who do not give other evidence of their want of virtue than their neglect of religion; and even of this few it must be acknowledged, that they have not equal motives to virtue, and therefore to say that they have not equal virtue, is only to affirm that effects are proportionate to their causes; a proposition which, I am confident, no philosopher will deny.

By these motives, I do not mean merely the hope and fear of future reward and punishment; but such as arise from the exercise of religious duties, both in publick and private, and especially of prayer.

I know, that concerning the operation and effects of prayer, there has been much doubtful disputation, in which innumerable metaphysical subtilties have been introduced, and the under-

standing has been bewildered in sophistry, and affronted with jargon: those who have no other proofs of the fitness and advantage of prayer than are to be found among these speculations, are but little acquainted with the practice.

He who has acquired an experimental knowledge of this duty, knows that nothing so forcibly restrains from ill, as the remembrance of a recent address to Heaven for protection and assistance. After having petitioned for power to resist temptation, there is so great an incongruity in not continuing the struggle, that we blush at the thought, and persevere, lest we lose all reverence for ourselves. After fervently devoting our souls to God, we start with horror at immediate apostacy: every act of deliberate wickedness is then complicated with hypocrisy and ingratitude; it is a mockery of the FATHER OF MERCY; the forfeiture of that peace in which we closed our address, and a renunciation of the hope which it inspired.

For a proof of this, let every man ask himself, as in the presence of 'Him who searches the heart,' whether he has never been deterred from prayer, by his fondness for some criminal gratification, which he could not with sincerity profess to give up, and which he knew he could not afterwards repeat without greater compunction. If prayer and immorality appear to be thus incompatible, prayer should not surely be lightly rejected by those who contend that moral virtue is the summit of human perfection; nor should it be incumbered with such circumstances as must inevitably render it

less easy and less frequent: it should be considered as the wings of the soul, and should be always ready, when a sudden impulse prompts her, to spring up to God. We should not think it always necessary to be either in a church or in our closet, to express joy, love, desire, trust, reverence, or complacency, in the fervour of silent ejaculation. Adoration, hope, and even a petition, may be conceived in a moment; and the desire of the heart may ascend, without words, to 'Him by whom our thoughts are known afar off.' He who considers himself as perpetually in the presence of the Almighty, need not fear that gratitude or homage can ever be ill-timed, or that it is prophane thus to worship in any circumstances that are not criminal.

There is no preservative from vice, equal to this habitual and constant intercourse with God; neither does any thing equally alleviate distress, or heighten prosperity: in distress it sustains us with hope; and in prosperity, it adds to every other enjoyment the delight of gratitude.

Let those, therefore, who have rejected religion, as they have given up incontestible advantages, try whether they cannot yet be recovered; let them review the arguments by which their judgment has been determined, and see whether they compel the assent of reason; and let those who, upon this recollection, perceive, that, though they have professed infidelity, they do indeed believe and tremble, no longer sacrifice happiness to folly, but pursue that Wisdom 'whose ways are pleasantness and peace.'

## NO. XXIX. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1753.

*Damnosa senem juvat alea, ludit et heres.*

JUV.

*If gaming does an aged fire entice,  
Then my young master swiftly learns the vice,  
And shakes, in hanging sleeves, the little box and dice.*

DRYDEN.

### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT is a remark of some philosophers, that there is a malignity in human nature, which urges every man to depress him who is already sinking. The Gamester is a character at which the artillery of the legislature has been long levelled: the practice of his profession has been

rendered extremely difficult, and the instruments of it have been destroyed wherever they could be found; he has been persecuted by justices, constables, and watchmen; he has languished in Newgate, and toiled in Bridewell. Under this accumulated distress he is not the object of pity but contempt; every mouth is open against him; he is cursed by the mecha-

nic, and the trader, derided by wits, and hooted by the mob. In defence of this injured character, which I have long borne, and of which I am not yet ashamed, permit me to appear in your paper.

In the first place, Sir, the Gamester is a gentleman: and though he has been insulted by beggars and cits, the polite world is still in his interest; and he has still friends at Westminster, from the grey-headed general to the beardless senator. With the character of a gentleman, there is but one vice which is now believed to be wholly incompatible; and such is the malice of our enemies, that we have been degraded by the imputation of it, and our ruling passion is said to be Avarice.

But, can he be avaricious who trusts his whole property to chance? who immediately circulates what he wins, with a liberality that has been censured by others as profusion? Can avarice be his motive to play, who, with twenty thousand pounds in the funds, sits down with a man whose whole estate he knows to be in his pocket, and to amount to no more than ten pieces? As the love of money appears uncontestedly not to govern one of these persons, it cannot be proved to govern the other: the charge of avarice is, indeed, so ridiculous and absurd, that I am ashamed of an attempt to confute it.

This charge might with great justice be retorted upon trade, which, when put in competition with gaming, must appear to great disadvantage. Trade has besides introduced all the superfluities that have enervated and corrupted mankind: trade has even produced opposite evils; it has pampered luxury, and wearied labour; but gaming has done neither.

Trade, indeed, circulates property; but property might with greater advantage be circulated by gaming. If it be asked, how the persons employed in this delightful circulation of property are to be furnished with the necessities of life, when trade is at an end; I answer, that the necessities of life, in the estimation of virtue and the gamester, are few; a sheep-skin, a hovel and a dice-box, would furnish the gamester with sufficient apparel, shelter, and entertainment; and with these he would be as happy as he is now: for he has no power of acquiring happiness that is not exerted in play, and of other happiness he has indeed no conception.

If play was then universally pursued, as at once comprehending all business and all pleasure, one man might not only grow rich, and another poor, but the same person might alternately pass through all the vicissitudes of fortune, while he sat upon the ground in the sun, without toiling in the manufactory, or sweating at the forge, without the perplexity of accounts, or the perils of a voyage.

If it be again asked, when life is reduced to this state of primitive simplicity, what would be the advantage of wealth? I answer, the same as it is at present to those who possess more than they spend, a consciousness that they are wealthy; and those who are capable of more exalted felicity would enjoy, in the acquisition, the transport of winning, without considering money to have any power, quality or use, but as a stake.

These, indeed, are Utopian scenes; and I return, with a sigh, to vindicate my profession from other imputations, which are equally false and injurious.

It has been said, that we are strangers to reciprocal felicity; and that the happiness of one gamester is produced by the misery of another, the pain of him who loses being always proportioned to the pleasure of the winner. But this is only the cavil of popular prejudice: if I am happy, what is it to me who else is miserable? Every man, whatever he may pretend, is concerned only for himself; and might, consistent with right reason, cut any other man's throat if he could escape punishment, and secure to himself any advantage by the fact. If any of our readers have still scruples, and desire to see this doctrine farther illustrated, I refer them to the great Dr. Mandeville's Fable of the Bees.

Among other enemies, that have been encouraged to fall upon the Gamester in his distress, is Bigotry or Religion; for I consider both these terms as expressions of the same idea. Bigotry then accuses us with exercising our employment on a Sunday; but this accusation is the effect of such complicated folly, ignorance, and malice, that it could have had no other author. Not to insist that a gentleman is under no moral obligation to regard one day more than another, is he to be insulted for doing that which has a direct tendency to destroy

luxury root and branch, on a Sunday? Shall virtue, in this enlightened age, be given up to ceremony; and patriotism be stigmatized as impiety? I have, on every other article, been able to keep my temper; but I can never bear the cant of bigotry with patience.

There is, however, another charge, which I shall not obviate as an imputation of prophaneness, but of folly. It is said that we utter the most horrid oaths and imprecations; that we invoke beings whom we do not believe to exist, and denounce curses that can never be fulfilled. This has, indeed, been practised in our assemblies, but by those only who are novices in the profession: for among other advantages that arise from gaming, is such a silent acquiescence in the will of Fortune, as would do honour to a stoic: or, at least, a calm philosophical immutability of countenance, by which all that passes in the bosom is concealed.

This acquisition, it must be confessed, requires some parts and long practice; but there have been many illustrious examples of it among us. A gentleman, my particular friend, who had the honour to be many years an eminent gamester, being without money, committed a robbery upon the highway, to procure another

stake, that he might return to his profession: it happened unfortunately that he was taken; and though he had great interest with some persons that shall be nameless, yet he was convicted and hanged. This gentleman's ill-luck continued all the while he was in gaol; so that he was compelled to dispose of his body to the surgeons, and lost the money to a friend who visited him in the cells, the night before execution. He appeared, however, the next morning with great composure; no reflection on the past, no anticipation of the future, caused him once to change countenance during his passage to the gallows; and though he was about to receive death from a greasy scoundrel, whom he knew once to have been a butcher, yet he swore but two oaths in the cart; and was so indifferent as to what should afterwards befall him, that he bravely refused to say Amen to the prayers.

If by your communication of these hints, the clamours of slander shall be silenced, and the true character of a Gamester shall be more generally known—I have secrets which may be communicated *entre nous*—and the next dead set—you understand me—I am a man of honour, and you may command, Sir, your's, &c.

TIM COGDIE,

## No. XXX. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1753.

*Felices ter et amplius*

*Quos irrupta tenet copula: nec malis*

*Divulsus querimoniis*

*Suprema citius solvet amor die.*

HOR.

*Thrice happy they, in pure delights,*

*Whom love with mutual bonds unites;*

*Unbroken by complaints or strife,*

*And binding each to each for life.*

FRANCIS.

THOUGH I devote this lucubration to the Ladies, yet there are some parts of it which I hope will not be wholly useless to the Gentlemen: and, perhaps, both may expect to be addressed upon a subject which to both is of equal importance; especially after I have admitted the public recommendation of it by my correspondent Mr. Townly.

It has been universally allowed, and with great reason, that between persons who marry there should be some degree of equality, with respect to age and condition. Those who vio-

late a known truth, deserve the infelicity they incur: I shall, therefore, only labour to preserve innocence by detecting error.

With the ladies it is a kind of general maxim, that 'the best husband is a reformed Rake;' a maxim which they have probably derived from comedies and novels, in which such a husband is commonly the reward of female merit. But the belief of this maxim is an incontestible proof, that with the true character of a Rake the ladies are wholly unacquainted. They have, indeed, heard of a wild young gentleman, who

would rake about the town, and take up his lodging at a bagnio; who had told many a girl a pretty story, that was fool enough to believe him; and had a right to many a child that did not call him father: but that in some of these frolics he thought no harm, and for others he had sufficiently suffered. But let the Adventurer be believed, those are words of dreadful import, and should always be thus understood:

‘To rake about town and lodge at a bagnio, is to associate, with the vilest and most abandoned of human beings; it is to become familiar with blasphemy and lewdness, and frequently to sport with the most deplorable misery: to tell pretty stories to credulous girls, is to deceive the simplicity of innocence by cunning and falsehood. To be the father of a nameless progeny, is to desert those whose tears only can implore the protection to which of all others, they have the strongest and the tenderest claim; it is more than to be a man without affection, it is to be a brute without instinct. To think no harm in some of these frolics, is to have worn out all sensibility of the difference between right and wrong; and to have suffered for others, is to have a body contaminated with diseases, which in some degree are certainly transmitted to posterity.’

It is to be hoped, that the mere exhibition of this picture will be sufficient to deter the ladies from precluding happiness by marrying the original; and from discouraging virtue, by making vice necessary to the character which they prefer.

But they frequently act upon another principle, which, though not equally fatal and absurd, may yet produce great infelicity.

When the rake is excluded, it will be generally supposed, that superior intellectual abilities ought always to determine the choice. ‘A man of fine sense,’ is indeed a character of great dignity; and the ladies have always been advised to prefer this to every other, as it includes a capacity to bestow ‘that refined, exalted, and permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of a rational being.’ But I think it probable, that this advice, however specious, has been often given for no other reason, than because to give it flattered the vanity of the

writer, who fondly believed he was drawing his own character, and exciting the envy and admiration of his readers. This advice, however, the ladies universally affect to approve, and probably for a similar reason; since every one imagines, that to hold intellectual excellence in high estimation, is to demonstrate that she possesses it.

As he that would persuade, should be scrupulously careful not to offend, I will not insinuate that there are any ladies by whom the peculiar beauties of an exalted understanding cannot be discerned, and who have not, therefore, a capacity for half the pleasure which it can bestow. And yet, I think, there is another excellence which is much more essential to conjugal felicity, Good-Nature.

I know that Good-Nature has, like Socrates, been ridiculed in the habit of Folly; and that Folly has been dignified by the name of Good-nature. But by Good-Nature, I do not mean that flexible imbecillity of mind which complies with every request, and inclines a man at once to accompany an acquaintance to a brothel at the expence of his health, and to keep an equipage for a wife at the expence of his estate. Persons of this disposition have seldom more benevolence than fortitude, and frequently perpetrate deliberate cruelty.

In true Good-Nature, there is neither the acrimony of spleen, nor the fullness of malice; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither easy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge; it is a tender sensibility, a participation of the pains and pleasures of others; and is, therefore, a forcible and constant motive to communicate happiness, and alleviate misery.

As human nature is, from whatever cause, in a state of great imperfection, it is surely to be desired, that a person whom it is most our interest to please, should not see more of this imperfection, than we do ourselves.

I shall, perhaps, be told, that ‘a man of sense can never use a woman ill.’ The latter part of this proposition is a phrase of very extensive and various signification: whether a man of sense can ‘use a woman ill,’ I will not enquire: but I shall endeavour to shew, that he may make her extremely wretched.

Persons of keen penetration, and great delicacy of sentiment, as they must necessarily



be more frequently offended than others; so, as a punishment for the offence, they can inflict more exquisite pain, because they can wound with more poignant reproach: and by him whom Good Nature does not restrain from retaliating the pain that he feels, the offence, whether voluntary or not, will always be thus punished.

If this punishment is suffered with silence, confusion and tears, it is possible that the tyrant may relent; but this, like the remorse of a murderer, is too late; the dread of incurring the same anguish by a like fault, will substitute for the smile of cheerfulness, that sunshine of beauty, the glooms of doubt, solicitude, and anxiety. The offence will, notwithstanding, be again repeated; the punishment, the distress, and the remorse, will again return; because error is involuntary, and anger is not restrained. If the reproach is retorted, and whether it was deserved, becomes the subject of debate; the consequences are yet more dreadful: after a vain attempt to shew an incongruity, which can no more be perceived than sounds by the deaf, the husband will be insulted for causeless and capricious displeasure, and the wife for folly, perverseness, and obstinacy. In these circumstances, what will become of 'the refined, the exalted, and the permanent felicity which alone is worthy of reasonable beings, and which elevated genius only can bestow?'

That this conduct is, by a man of sense, known to be wrong, I am content to allow: but it must also be granted, that the discernment of wrong is not always a propensity to right; and that if pain was never inflicted, but when it was known to produce salutary effects, mankind would be much more happy than they are.

Good Nature, therefore, if intellectual excellence cannot atone for the want of it, must be admitted as the highest personal merit. If, without it, Wisdom is not kind; without it, Folly must be brutal. Let it, therefore, be once more repeated, 'The quality most essential to conjugal felicity is Good Nature.' And, surely, whatever accidental difference there may happen to be in the conceptions or judgment of a husband and wife, if neither can give pain or pleasure without feeling it them-

selves, it is easy to perceive which sensation they will concur to produce.

It may now be expected, that I should give some general rules, by which the ladies may discover the disposition of those by whom they are addressed: but it is extremely difficult to detect malevolence amidst the assiduities of courtship; and to distinguish the man under that almost inscrutable disguise, the lover. Good Nature, however, is not indicated by the fulsome fawning of a perpetual grin, the loud laughter which almost anticipates the jest, or the constant echo of every sentiment; neither is it safe to trust the appearance of profuse liberality, or busy officiousness. Let it rather be remarked, how the lover is affected by incidents, in which the lady is not concerned: what is his behaviour to his immediate dependents, and whether they approach him with slavish timidity, or with the cheerful reverence of voluntary servitude. Is he ever merry at the expence of another; or does he ever attempt thus to excite mirth in his mistress? Does he mention the absent with candour, and behave to those who are present with a manly complacency? By a diligent attendance to these circumstances, perhaps a probable judgment may be formed of his character.

To conclude with a general remark, Good Nature is not of less importance to ourselves than to others. The morose and petulant first feel the anguish that they give: reproach, revilings, and invective, are but the overflowings of their own infelicity, and are constantly again forced back upon their source. Sweetness of temper is not, indeed, an acquired, but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not, may be esteemed rather an insult than advice. But let that which in happier natures is instinct, in these be reason; let them pursue the same conduct, impelled by a nobler motive. As the sown's of the crab enhances the value of the graft, so that which on its parent plant is Good Nature, will, on a less kindly stock, be improved into Virtue. No action by which others receive pleasure or pain, is indifferent: the sacred rule—'Do that to others which ye would that others should do to you,' extends to every deed; and 'every word shall be brought into judgment.'

No. XXXI. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1753.

*Invidia sculi non invenere tyranni**Majus tormentum——*

HOR.

*Nor could Sicilia's tyrants ever find**A greater torment than an envious mind,*

FRANCIS.

SOON after the expiration of that golden age, in which perpetual and spontaneous plenty precluded all temptation to violence and fraud, Apollo, the god of wisdom, of eloquence, and music, became enamoured of one of the nymphs who graced the train of Diana. The nymph, whose name time has not preserved with her story, was at first inflexible; but the suit which her chastity refused, her vanity still continued to permit: and thus though wisdom, eloquence, and music, were ineffectual, yet perseverance prevailed. The pride of virtue was imperceptibly softened; and the sense of guilt had been so often lost in the anticipation of delight, that it did not always return: to this delight there remained no obstacle but the fear of shame; and the fear of shame, as desire perpetually increased, was at last surmounted.

Apollo perceived and pursued his advantage; and the nymph silently consented to an assignation; the place was a grotto far sequestered from the path of the traveller, and the time was midnight.

When nature no longer lavished her bounty upon idleness, and the fruits of the earth were bestowed only upon labour: when the harvest and the vintage ceased to be common, and the bounds of property were set up; many vices under human forms became inhabitants of the earth, and associated with mankind. Of some the external appearance was pleasing, and their qualities were not immediately discovered. Among these vices was Envy: Envy, indeed, was never lovely; but she was then young, nor was the malignity of her mind yet expressed in her person.

As Apollo was enamoured of the nymph, Envy was enamoured of Apollo: she watched his descent, therefore with all the impatience of desire; and though she knew her own passion to be hopeless, yet the discovery of his addresses to

another distracted her with jealousy: she was always busied to procure intelligence which could only increase her torment; and was perpetually contemplating the happiness which she despaired to enjoy.

It happened that the assignation of the lovers was overheard by Echo, and by Echo repeated to Envy. This intelligence roused her to a yet keener sensibility of misery: to intercept the happiness of a rival, was the first object of her wish; and the next moment she conceived a design of securing that happiness to herself. To effect both these purposes, a thousand projects had been by turns contrived, examined, and rejected; her mind was more violently agitated, in proportion as the time drew near; and after all the toil of thinking had ended in despair, an expedient suddenly started into her mind, which she perceived at once to be simple and easy; she wondered how it had been before overlooked, and resolved immediately to put it in execution.

It was within one hour of midnight when the nymph took her way to the grotto. She was now pale with remorse, and now flushed with shame; she hesitated; her bosom again beat with anticipated delight; she trembled, and went forward. Envy perceived her at a distance; and cast round her a thick cloud, which scarce the beams of Phœbus himself could have dissipated. The nymph looked round from the grotto, but suddenly perceived herself to be involved in impenetrable darkness; she could discover neither the sky above her, nor the ground on which she stood: she stood short, terrified and astonished; desire was chilled in her veins, and she shuddered at the temerity of her purpose.

In this dreadful moment she had no hope of deliverance, but from the power whose laws she had been about to violate; and she, therefore,

addressed this prayer to Diana: 'Chaste queen  
 \* of irreproachable delight! who, though my  
 \* mind had renounced thy influence, hast yet  
 \* by this omen preserved me from corporal  
 \* dishonour! O! guide me in safety through  
 \* the terrors of this guilty night: let me once  
 \* more be permitted to pursue the chase at thy  
 \* side; and to mingle with the happy virgins,  
 \* whom Cheerfulness, the daughter of Inno-  
 \* cence, assembles at thy power!' As she ut-  
 \* tered this prayer, she hastily turned about;  
 the moment she made an effort to go back, her  
 prayer was granted; the gloom that surround-  
 ed her was dissipated; and she again perceived  
 the mild radiance of her queen tremble upon  
 the foliage of the trees, and chequer the path  
 before her with a silver light. She now sprang  
 forward, impelled by that joy which her deli-  
 verance had inspired: her speed was no longer  
 restrained by the timidity of guilt; the solitary  
 way was repassed in a moment; and her desire  
 to return had been so ardent, that she could  
 scarce believe it to be accomplished.

In the mean time, Envy had entered the  
 grotto, and was expecting Apollo: she heard  
 him approach with a tumult of passions, in  
 which pain was predominant: and she receiv-  
 ed him in silence and confusion, which other-  
 wise she would have found it difficult to feign.

When the momentary transport which she  
 had thus obtained was at an end, she perceiv-  
 ed that it had been too dearly purchased with  
 safety: she reflected upon her situation with  
 terror; and wished, too late, that the nymph,  
 whose pleasure she had intercepted, had received  
 it in her stead, as it would have been more  
 than counterbalanced by a small proportion of  
 her pain: her pain was not, however, pro-  
 duced by regretting the loss of innocence, but by  
 anticipating the punishment of guilt.

Apollo, who knew not how wretched and  
 malignant a being he had clasped to his bosom,  
 whispered a thousand tender sentiments, and  
 urged her reply. Envy was still silent; but  
 knowing that she could not in these circum-  
 stances continue long undetected, she suddenly  
 collected all her forces, and sprang from him,  
 hoping to have escaped unknown in the dark-  
 ness of the night: but just as she reached the  
 entrance of the grotto, he again caught her in  
 his arms. Envy shrieked in the anguish of

despair; and the god himself started back with  
 astonishment: he would not, however, quit his  
 hold of the fugitive; and Diana, that she might  
 not lose an opportunity to punish incontinence,  
 darted her rays directly upon the place. Apollo  
 discovered the features of Envy, and turned  
 from her with abhorrence. After a moment's  
 recollection, looking again sternly upon her—  
 'Loathed and detested as thou art,' said he,  
 'I cannot destroy thee, for thou art immortal  
 \* as the felicity of Heaven; and I wish not to  
 \* destroy thee, for immortality is thy curse.  
 \* But may my arms again embrace thee, and  
 \* may thy bosom be again pressed to mine, if  
 \* thy power thus to profane the delights of love  
 \* end not this moment for ever: henceforth  
 \* thy face shall be deformed with the charac-  
 \* teristics of want and age, and snakes instead  
 \* of hair shall be the covering of thy head; thy  
 \* breasts shall be lengthened to thy waist, and  
 \* thy skin shall be suffused with gall.' While  
 he was yet speaking, the freshness of youth  
 faded from her cheeks; her eyes sunk inward;  
 her tresses, that flowed in loose ringlets upon  
 her shoulders, were suddenly contracted; and  
 writhing themselves in various contortions, a  
 brood of serpents hissed round her head; her  
 flesh became flaccid, her skin appeared shrivelled  
 and yellow, and her whole form expressed at  
 once malignity and wretchedness.

Thus changed, she fled from the presence of  
 Apollo: but she carried with her not a memo-  
 rial of her crime only, but of that pleasure  
 which her punishment had rendered it impos-  
 sible to repeat. A child, which she regarded  
 as at once her glory and her shame, was at  
 length born, and afterwards known among  
 mankind by the name of Cunning.

In Cunning, the qualities both of the father  
 and the mother, as far as they are compatible,  
 are united. As the progeny of Envy, he re-  
 gards whatever is amiable and good with ma-  
 lignity; the end that he proposes is always  
 the gratification of vice: but he inherits so  
 much of his father's wisdom, that he fre-  
 quently pursues that end by the most effectual  
 means.

All, therefore, whom Wisdom would dis-  
 dain to counsel, apply to Cunning. But of  
 the votaries to Cunning, even those who suc-  
 ceed are disappointed: they do, indeed, suc-

quently obtain the immediate object of their wish; but they are still restless and unsatisfied; as the statesman, after he has gratified his ambition, still sighs in vain for felicity.

## NO. XXXII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1753.

*Munda—parvo sub laque pauperum  
Coena, sine auleis et oſtro,  
Sollentiam explicuere prantem.* HOR.

*To frugal treats and humble cells,  
With grateful change the swalethy fly,  
Where health-preserving plainness dwells,  
Far from the carpet's gaudy dye.  
Such scenes have charm'd the pangs of care,  
And smooth'd the clouded forehead of despair.* FRANCIS.

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aukubabis, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze stedfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. 'Son of affliction,' said Omar, 'who art thou, and what is thy distress?'—'My name,' replied the stranger, 'is Hassan, and I am a native of this city: the angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me; and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver.' 'To deliver thee,' said Omar, 'belongs to Him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil; yet hide not thy life from me; for the burden which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain.' Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request.

IT is now six years, since our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessings which he petitioned of the Prophet, as the Prophet's

vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense; in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving distress and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and that though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore enquired his country and his name. 'Hassan,' said he, 'I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above.' These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me. 'Haf-

‘Hassan,’ said he, forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived ‘humility and wisdom.’ I answered—‘Mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and ‘happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will.’—‘Hassan,’ he replied, ‘I can no ‘otherwise give life or happiness than by not ‘taking them away: thou art thyself beyond ‘the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor ‘obtain. My influence over others fills my ‘bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only ‘to their vices, whether I would reward or ‘punish. By the bow-string, I can repress ‘violence and fraud; and by the delegation of ‘power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes ‘of avarice and ambition from one object to ‘another: but with respect to virtue, I am ‘impotent; if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast ‘therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to ‘exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of ‘thy life, and diminish that happiness which ‘I have no power either to increase or ‘to continue.’ He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost; and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence: and reserved only a mattress, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

In the first moon of the following year, the

Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man, whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, and vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. ‘Hassan,’ said he, ‘what canst thou have lost, whose ‘wealth was the labour of thy own hand; and ‘what can have made thee sad, the spring of ‘whose joy was in thy own bosom? What ‘evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can ‘remove it, thou art happy.’ I was now encouraged to look up; and I replied—‘Let my ‘lord forgive the presumption of his servant, ‘who rather than utter a falsehood would be ‘dumb for ever. I am become wretched by ‘that which I never possessed: thou hast raised ‘wishes which indeed I am not worthy thou ‘shouldst satisfy; but why should it be thought, ‘that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more ‘happy by eminence and wealth?’

When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. ‘Hassan,’ said he, ‘I perceive, not with indignation but regret, ‘that I mistook thy character; I now discover ‘avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay ‘torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot, therefore, invest thee with authority, because I would not ‘subject my people to oppression; and because ‘I would not be compelled to punish thee ‘for crimes which I first enabled thee to ‘commit. But as I have taken from thee ‘that which I cannot restore, I will at least ‘gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy ‘heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me.’ I sprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an ea-

gle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an ecstasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravanfera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows; he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the seraglio; I was attended by his own servants; my provisions were sent from his own table; and I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no slumbers so sweet, as those which weariness invited; and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was fighting in the midst of superfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

Almaric, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath; such, thou knowest, was the destiny which the ALMIGHTY had written upon his head.

His son Aububeker, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy: he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all the sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me, this lesson had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter; for the pleasure of neither can return.

Hasan, having thus ended his story, smote his hands together; and, looking upward, burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was past, went to him; and, taking him by the hand—'My son,' said he, 'more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Aububeker take away. The lesson of thy life the Prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.'

'Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object was also the bound of thy hope; and he whose utmost hope is disappointed must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of Paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldst not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed was but the lethargy of the soul; and the distress which is now suffered will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things: put thy trust in Him, who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy the soul with good: fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy labour; thy food shall be again tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet: to thy content also will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in Heaven.'

Hasan, upon whose mind the Angel of instruction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with cheerfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Hasan were happier than the first.

No. XXIII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1753.

*Latet anguis in herba.**Within the grass conceal'd a serpent lies.*

VIRG.

## TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

AS the view of publick undertakings should be the publick good, no foible that is prejudicial to society can be too trifling to be animadverted upon. I shall, therefore, without any farther apology, lay before you one of the greatest impediments to the pleasure of conversation; an artful manner of conveying keen reproaches and harsh satires, under the disguise of discoursing on general subjects, which seem quite foreign to any thing that may concern the company. Thus, instead of endeavouring to entertain each other with cheerful good-humour, most conversations are carried on, as Hudibras says—

‘ With words, far bitterer than wormwood,  
 ‘ That would in Job or Grizzel stir mood.’

It is an old and a just observation, that no situation can well be less entertaining, than that of a third person to lovers: yet while decency is preserved, which is generally the case before marriage, and by sensible and well-bred people afterwards; even in this situation, the mind that is stored with any images of its own, may amuse itself; and the heart that is fraught with any good-nature, may find some satisfaction in considering the pleasure which the fond lovers enjoy in the company of each other. But from the uneasiness of being a third person to Quarrellers, there is no relief: your own thoughts are broke in upon by the jarring discord of your companions; and they will neither contribute to your entertainment, nor even suffer you to retain the tranquillity of your own bosom.

Amongst the vulgar, where the men vent their passions by swearing, and the women by scolding or crying, their quarrels are generally soon made up; nor does any danger remain after reconciliation. But in higher life, where

such efforts are restrained by good-breeding, and where people have learned to disguise, not to subdue their passions, an inveterate rancour often lies corroding in the breast, and generally produces all the effects of inexorable malice.

People consider not, that by family reparates and oblique reflections on each side, the very inmost secrets of their lives are disclosed to their common acquaintance; and that they oftentimes inconsiderately lay open to their worst enemies, faults and imperfections in themselves and their relations, which they would take pains to conceal from their dearest friends.

To give you a full idea of what I mean, I send you a history of my life and adventures for one day; and I wish I could say it was the only one, in which I have been witness to such disagreeable scenes as are here represented.

In the morning I breakfasted with two young ladies. Miss Harriet the elder sister was about the age of nineteen, and Miss Fanny the youngest not quite seventeen. Their parents are able amply to provide for them; and have spared no cost in masters of every kind, in order to give them all fashionable female accomplishments. Ever since they have quitted the nursery, they have been indulged in seeing their own company in Miss Harriet's dressing-room, which is finished and adorned with great elegance of taste and profusion of expence. They are both possessed of no small share of beauty, with so much quickness of apprehension and ready wit, as might, if rightly applied, render them extremely entertaining. Not one real misfortune can they yet have met with, to sour their tempers or suppress their vivacity: yet I could plainly see, that they were very far from being happy, and that their unhappiness arose from their continual bickerings with each other. After breakfast, Miss Fanny took up a volume of Shakespeare's plays that lay in the window; and out of the *Midsummer Night's*

Dream, read the following part of a speech which Helena makes to her friend Hermia, in the third act :

‘ Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid !  
 ‘ Have you contrived, have you with these  
 ‘ contrived  
 ‘ To bait me with this foul derision ?  
 ‘ Is all the counsel that we two have shared,  
 ‘ The sisters’ vows, the hours that we have spent,  
 ‘ When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
 ‘ For parting us ; O ! and is all forgot !’

Then laying down the book, with the tears half starting from her eyes, she looked earnestly at her sister, and in a tone more theatrical than I wish to hear off the stage, cried out—‘ Oh ! wretched Helena, unhappy maid ! I wonder not that in your circumstances you imagined that every word was intended as an insult ; since no doubt you had often experienced such inhuman treatment.’ Miss Harriet with some warmth answered—‘ You should remember, Sister, that Helena was a foolish weak girl, fond of a man that despised her ; and it was kind of any body to endeavour to cure her of such a mean-spirited passion.’

FANNY. ‘ ’Tis always cruel, Sister, to insult the wretched.’

HARRIET. ‘ Those that are miserable by their own folly, Miss Fanny, will call every thing insult and reproach, that tends not to soothe and encourage them in a silly passion.’

FANNY. ‘ If love is a silly passion, Miss Harriet, I know some mighty wise people that have felt its power.’

HARRIET. ‘ I do not say that love is a silly passion, where it is properly placed : but I know, Madam, that a headstrong young girl will always be angry with every one that advises her for her own good.’

FANNY. ‘ And I know also, Madam—’

As soon as the affectionate name of Sister was dropped, and the ceremony of Miss supplied its place, I even then began to fear, lest ceremony would also undergo the same fate, and that passion at last would introduce open rudeness : but the word Madam doubly retorted, no sooner reached my ears, than, trembling for the event, I interrupted the dialogue by taking my leave ; and I doubt not but any one from this sketch may easily be able to paint in what manner these young ladies pass most of their hours together.

From hence I went to visit three cousins,

who, although they had moderate independent fortunes, yet had for some years lived together as one family. They were women of an obscure and low education, but commonly reputed good-natured. I took it for granted, therefore, that I should meet with some harmony amongst them : but by their conversation I soon found, that they continued under the same roof, for no other reason, but because each fancied herself obliged to it she knew not why, and could not tell how to extricate herself from imaginary chains.

Whatever conversation I began with a design of amusing them, was interrupted by their all talking at once upon the subject which seemed uppermost in their minds ; and proving to a demonstration, that one person could live by herself much cheaper than with a companion ; and each separately declared, that she could live for a mere trifle, was it not for expensive connexions. Then running through every branch of house-keeping, each inveighed strongly against some article, which either she did not like, or from ill health could not enjoy, and which she knew also to be agreeable to her companions. This discourse was too vulgar as well as disagreeable to be long endured ; I therefore hastened off as fast as possible and went to dinner, where the family consisted of an old gentleman and lady, their two daughters, and two young gentlemen, who, I soon found, were the intended lovers of the young ladies. By intended lovers, I mean, they were young gentlemen, whose fortunes and characters were agreeable to the parents ; and the design of this interview was for the young people to see whether they were agreeable to each other. I now expected the highest scene of cheerfulness and good-humour ; for on such occasions both gentlemen and ladies generally dress themselves in their best looks and their best humour, as certainly as in their best and most becoming cloaths. The two gentlemen I soon perceived had made a separate choice ; but, unfortunately, the two ladies were both bent on the conquest of the same man ; to compass which, their features and persons, through affectation, were thrown into a thousand distortions. From an envious fear of each other’s success, lowering suspicion sat upon their brows ; and their eyes, which were naturally piercing, darted forth such malignant glances at each other, that they lost all their beauty, and, from being turned so many



ways at once, looked as if they squinted. Their whole discourse consisted of sharp reflections against coquetry; each insinuating, in pretty intelligible terms, that the other was a finished coquet: and indeed they spared not, in an indirect manner, to accuse each other of every ill quality in human nature. How this recommended them to their lovers, I know not; but it made their company, partly through compassion, and partly through indignation, so unpleasant to me, that as soon as I could, consistent with civility, I took my leave, and closed this agreeable day with a married couple, the motive of whose coming together was said to be love, for no other could well be assigned for it. They had been married some years, but had no children: which I soon found was no small-grief to the husband, by his talking in raptures of every prattling child he had met with abroad; to which the wife always answered, that she was sick of hearing of nothing but the monkey tricks of a parcel of senseless brats. As they were both people of tolerable understanding, and were said to be very fond of reading, I endeavoured to turn the discourse into another channel, which was pretty easily done; and they with great readiness entered into a conversation on plays and books of amusement. But here again not a single character could be mentioned, without causing a warm dispute between the husband and wife: she most outrageously inveighed against every example of a kind and obliging wife, whose behaviour, she said, was the effect of a paltry meanness of spirit; while he burst out in raptures on the happiness of every libertine, who

was not bound by the uneasy fetters of matrimony. Both had some poetical passage ready to repeat in support of their decisions; and their eyes were alternately cast towards me, as claiming my approbation.

Could I possibly want to be farther informed of their private history? Or can I claim to myself any peculiar penetration, for saying that Mr. B—— is grown sick of his wife, and is a man of pleasure and intrigue; and that she leads him a weary life from suspicion of his amours, being resolved not to incur that censure of mean-spiritedness, which she cast on every character that exemplified any degree of patience and acquiescence towards a husband? Nay, without the least spark of divination, I will venture to foretel, that Mr. B——, driven from his own house by the petulance and clamours of his wife, will spend most of his time with some favourite courtesan, whose interest it is to engage him by cheerfulness and good-humour: and that Mrs. B——, piqued at the neglect of her charms, may possibly revenge the inconstancy of her husband, by sacrificing her own virtue and honour.

If, Sir, you can prevail with people not to expose themselves in this manner, and can persuade them, that Good-Humour would be a more agreeable entertainment to their guests than the most costly provisions; you will certainly do an essential piece of service to society, and you may command all the assistance in the power of

Your most obedient, &c.

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MYRTILLA.

## NO. XXXIV. SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1753.

*Has toties optata exegit gloria poenas.* JUV.

*Such fate pursues the votaries of praise.*

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

FLEET-PRISON, FEB. 24.

TO a benevolent disposition, every state of life will afford some opportunities of contributing to the welfare of mankind. Opulence and splendor are enabled to dispel the cloud of adversity, to dry up the tears of the widow and the orphan, and to increase the felicity of

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all around them: their example will animate virtue, and retard the progress of vice. And even indigence and obscurity, though without power to confer happiness, may at least prevent misery, and apprise those who are blinded by their passions that they are on the brink of irremediable calamity.

Pleased, therefore, with the thought of recovering others from that folly which has

M

embittered my own days, I have presumed to address the Adventurer from the dreary mansions of wretchedness and despair, of which the gates are so wonderfully constructed, as to fly open for the reception of strangers, though they are impervious as a rock of adamant to such as are within them.

—*Facilis descensus Averni;  
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Diis:  
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad  
auras,  
Hoc opus, hic labor est.* VIRG.

The gates of hell are open night and day;  
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way;  
But to return and view the cheerful skies,  
In this the task and mighty labour lies.

DRYDEN.

Suffer me to acquaint you, Sir, that I have glittered at the ball, and sparkled in the circle; that I have had the happiness to be the unknown favourite of an unknown lady at the masquerade; have been the delight of tables of the first fashion, and the envy of my brother beaux; and, to descend a little lower, it is, I believe, still remembered, that Messrs. Velouts and d'Espagne stand indebted for a great part of their present influence at Guildhall, to the elegance of my shape, and the graceful freedom of my carriage.

—*Sed quæ præclara et prospera tanti,  
Ut rebus lætis par sit mensura malorum!* JUV.

See the wild purchase of the bold and vain,  
Where every bliss is bought with equal pain!

As I entered into the world very young, with an elegant person, and a large estate, it was not long before I disentangled myself from the shackles of religion: for I was determined to the pursuit of pleasure, which according to my notions consisted in the unrestrained and unlimited gratifications of every passion and every appetite; and as this could not be obtained under the frowns of a perpetual dictator, I considered religion as my enemy; and proceeding to treat her with contempt and derision, was not a little delighted, that the unfashionableness of her appearance, and the unanimated uniformity of her motions, afforded frequent opportunities for the fallies of my imagination.

Conceiving now that I was sufficiently qualified to laugh away scruples, I imparted my remarks to those among my female favourites, whose virtue I intended to attack; for I was well assured, that pride would be able to make but a weak defence when religion was subverted: nor was my success below my expectation; the love of pleasure is too strongly implanted in the female breast, to suffer them scrupulously to examine the validity of arguments designed to weaken restraint; all are easily led to believe, that whatever thwarts their inclination must be wrong. Little more, therefore, was required, than by the addition of some circumstances, and the exaggeration of others, to make merriment supply the place of demonstration: nor was I so senseless as to offer arguments to such as could not attend to them, and with whom a repartee or catch would more effectually answer the same purpose. This being effected, there remained only, 'the dread of the world.' But Roxana soared too high to think the opinion of others worthy her notice; Lætitia seemed to think of it only to declare, that 'if all her hairs were worlds,' she should reckon them 'well lost for love;' and Pastorella fondly conceived, that she could dwell for ever by the side of a bubbling fountain, content with her swain and fleecy care; without considering that stillness and solitude can afford satisfaction only to innocence.

It is not the desire of new acquisitions, but the glory of conquests, that fires the soldier's breast; as indeed the town is seldom worth much when it has suffered the devastations of a siege; so that though I did not openly declare the effects of my own prowess, which is forbidden by the laws of honour, it cannot be supposed that I was very solicitous to bury my reputation, or to hinder accidental discoveries. To have gained one victory, is an inducement to hazard a second engagement: and though the success of the general should be a reason for increasing the strength of the fortification, it becomes, with many, a pretence for an immediate surrender, under the notion that no power is able to withstand so formidable an adversary; while others brave the danger, and think it mean to surrender, and dastardly to fly. Melissa, indeed, knew better: and though she could not boast the apathy, steadiness, and inflexibility of a Cato, wanted not the more

more prudent virtue of Scipio, and gained the victory by declining the contest.

You must not, however, imagine that I was, during this state of abandoned libertinism, so fully convinced of the fitness of my own conduct, as to be free from uneasiness. I knew very well that I might justly be deemed the pest of society, and that such proceedings must terminate in the destruction of my health and fortune: but to admit thoughts of this kind was to live upon the rack; I fled, therefore, to the regions of mirth and jollity, as they are called, and endeavoured with Burgundy, and a continual rotation of company, to free myself from the pangs of reflection. From these orgies we frequently sallied forth in quest of adventures, to the no small terror and consternation of all the sober stragglers that came in our way: and though we never injured, like our illustrious progenitors the Mohocks, either life or limbs; yet we have in the midst of Covent Garden buried a taylor, who had been troublesome to some of our fine gentlemen, beneath a heap of cabbage-leaves and stalks, with this conceit—

*Satia te caule quem semper cupisti.*

Glut yourself with cabbage, of which you have always been greedy.

There can be no reason for mentioning the common exploits of breaking windows and bruising the watch; unless it be to tell you of the device of producing before the justice broken lanterns, which have been paid for a hundred times; or their appearances with patches on their heads, under pretence of being cut by the sword that was never drawn: nor need I say any thing of the more formidable attack of sturdy chairmen, armed with poles; by a slight stroke of which, the pride of Ned Revel's face was at once laid flat, and that effected in an instant, which its most mortal foe had for years essayed in vain. I shall pass over the accidents that attend attempts to scale windows, and endeavours to dislodge signs from their hooks; there are many 'hair breadth 'scapes, ' besides those in the imminent deadly breach: ' but the rake's life, though it be equally hazardous with that of the soldier, is neither accompanied with present honour nor with pleasing

retrospect. Such is, and such ought to be, the difference between the enemy and the preserver of his country.

Amidst such giddy and thoughtless extravagance, it will not seem strange, that I was often the dupe of coarse flattery. When Monsieur l'Allonge assured me, that I thrust quart over arm better than any man in England, what could I less than present him with a sword that cost me thirty pieces? I was bound for a hundred pounds for Tom Trippet, because he had declared that he would dance a minuet with any man in the three kingdoms except myself. But I often parted with money against my inclination, either because I wanted the resolution to refuse, or dreaded the appellation of a niggardly fellow; and I may be truly said to have squandered my estate, without honour, without friends, and without pleasure. The last may, perhaps, appear strange to men unacquainted with the masquerade of life: I deceived others, and I endeavoured to deceive myself; and have worn the face of pleasantry and gaiety, while my heart suffered the most exquisite torture.

By the instigation and encouragement of my friends, I became at length ambitious of a seat in parliament; and accordingly set out for the town of Wallop in the west, where my arrival was welcomed by a thousand throats, and I was in three days sure of a majority: but after drinking out one hundred and fifty hogshheads of wine, and bribing two-thirds of the corporation twice over, I had the mortification to find, that the borough had been before sold to Mr. Courtney.

In a life of this kind, my fortune, though considerable, was presently dissipated; and as the attraction grows more strong the nearer any body approaches the earth, when once a man begins to sink into poverty, he falls with velocity always increasing; every supply is purchased at a higher and higher price, and every office of kindness obtained with greater and greater difficulty. Having now acquainted you with my state of elevation, I shall, if you encourage the continuance of my correspondence, shew you by what steps I descended from a first floor in Pall Mall, to my present habitation.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

T

MISARGYRUS.

No. XXXV. TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1753.

*—Celebrare domestica facta.**We find fit subjects for our verse at home.*

HOR.

ROSCOM.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

ONE of the improvements of life, in which the present age have excelled all that have gone before, is the quick circulation of intelligence, the faithful and easy communication of events past and future, by the multitude of news-papers which have been contrived to amuse or inform us. But as these performances, whether daily or weekly, are commonly the productions of industrious indigence, unacquainted with the higher classes of mankind, my cotemporaries have left to me the province of relating what immediately passes in the fashionable world. I shall, therefore, give up to my brother journalists the dreams of politicians, the disputes of empires, and the fluctuations of commerce; and apply myself entirely to that more important business which claims every one's attention that has the happiness of living within the circle of politeness. I have accordingly formed the plan of a new paper calculated solely for high life, in which will be contained a periodical account of the rise, progress, and declension of fashions; and a faithful recital of every remarkable occurrence among persons of figure and distinction. The usefulness and entertainment of such a paper are too evident to need any observation; and, to give you a comprehensive view of my design, and make it universally known, I have sent you the following specimen.

## THE BEAU-MONDE:

OR, THE GENTLEMAN AND LADY'S POLITE INTELLIGENCER.

Yesterday arrived a mail from Bath.

We hear that a certain great lady, having complained to a certain great lord, that the world was so ill-natured as to say her retreat into the

country was in order to lie-in, and that she had even been delivered of twins—'Madam,' said my lord, 'I make it a rule never to believe above HALF of what the world says.'

✓Advices from Hyde Park bring accounts of a bloody battle fought the 3d instant, N. S. between Captain Dreadnought and Lieutenant Fury, in which both were honourably run through the body.

Letters from New-Market assure us, that the horse are actually in motion, and exercise every day; whence it is conjectured, that they will take the field, and enter upon action, some time in April. A list of the forces is already drawn up by the first aid-de-camp, the Honourable Reginald Heber, Esq.

An express arrived yesterday from France, when the privy-council met in Tavistock Street for the dispatch of fashions. The British manufacturers had leave to withdraw their petitions, and the fan-makers address was ordered to lie upon the table.

✓Orders were issued from Lady Chamberlain's office, for all Peeresses, &c. not to wear any caps in full dress, and to make use of grey powder. The men to wear wire wigs, or their own hair frizzled up to the top, without hats. The muffs to expire the first of May next.

✓On Tuesday last a pair of white-heeled shoes made its appearance in the Park, and the next day was accompanied by a pair of silver-clocked stockings.

✓According to the latest observations, the hoops are found to have increased two-tenths of an inch in diameter, and the hats to have decreased two-fifths in the brim.

At the last masquerade it was computed that there were near eighteen hundred peo-

ple, men, women, and children. The most remarkable were three naked ladies representing the Graces, two dancing bears, and a bombazeen devil. Lady Bubble-Bet lost seven hundred guineas, and my Lord Stake is said to have won fifteen hundred. The company departed in good order at break of day.

Both playhouses perform, as usual, every night to crowded audiences. Lady Frolick, chusing to mob it in the gallery the first night of the new play, lost her pink shade, half her petenlair, and one shoe in getting in. Mrs. Vale and Lady Stickfort may be heard and seen every night at one or the other house.

A petition signed by seventy-two routs, thirty-five drums, fifteen drum-majors, and eleven hurricanes, is prepared against the bill for laying an additional duty on the Ace of Spades. And we hear that in consequence of the New Style, a bill is to be brought in for altering the diurnal calculation of time. It is proposed, that the morning be put back twelve hours, and is not to commence till twelve at noon; noon and night to be annihilated, and the evening not to end till day-break. This is agreeable to the practice of all the fashionable world; and the company of Stationers will have orders to prepare a new almanack upon the occasion, in order to bind up with future court kalendars.

By private letters from Bath we are informed, that a vast concourse of people are coming in daily; but they have little or no company. Miss Susan Sly, who lately went thither for the recovery of her health, is safely brought to bed of a son and no heir, to the great grief of that noble family.

✓ We hear that a treaty of marriage is on foot, and will speedily be consummated, between Patrick Mac Lackland, Esq. and Miss Polly Pert, a lady of great merit and beauty—in her pocket.

✓ Last Monday died at her ladyship's house in Grosvenor Square, Miss Cloe, only lap-dog of the Countess of Fiddle Faddle.

On Sunday last a terrible fire broke out at

Lady Brag's, occasioned by the following accident: Mrs. Overall the housekeeper, having lost three rubbers at whist running, without holding a swabber, (notwithstanding she had changed chairs, furzed the cards, and ordered Jemmy the foot-boy to sit cross-legged for good-luck) grew out of all patience; and taking up the devil's books, as she called them, flung them into the fire, and the flame spread to the steward's room; but by the timely assistance of Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Chambermaid, and Mrs. Lady's own Woman, they were prevented from doing any considerable damage.

#### A BILL OF MARRIAGES, BURIALS, DISEASES AND CASUALTIES, FOR THE LAST WEEK.

Married (in church) - - - - -	2
(at May Fair) - - - - -	11
(at the Fleet) - - - - -	27

Buried (in the country) - - - - -	14½
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#### DISEASES.

Abortion - - - - -	2
Aged - - - - -	6
Broken heart (by husbands) - - -	34
Child-bed (in private) - - - - -	5
Consumption (of the pocket) - - -	73
Colds (caught at places of diversion) -	500
Excessive gaming - - - - -	91
Bad livers - - - - -	1003
Mortification - - - - -	8
Overflowing of the gall - - - - -	52
Rash - - - - -	7
Small-pox (loss of beauty by it) - -	23
Spleen - - - - -	13
Surfeit - - - - -	13
Still-born - - - - -	3
Stifled (after birth) - - - - -	19
Tympanies (alias drums) - - - -	7
Vapours - - - - -	18

#### CASUALTIES.

Teeth (loss of) - - - - -	34
Stabbed (in the reputation) - - - -	12
Horn-mad - - - - -	95
Bit by a mad lap-dog - - - - -	1
Turned off a ladder - - - - -	2
Killed (in duels) - - - - -	7
Found dead (drunk) - - - - -	31
Kicked and pulled by the ears - - -	1

High Mall at St. James's Park 25 minutes  
after Two.

Faro bank Stock 360l. 1 half. Hazard ditto  
270l. 3-1ths. Ditto Tallies 50l. to 400l. 1-4th.  
Sinking Fund, no price. Brag circulation, un-  
certain. Opera Subscription, no price. Assem-  
bly ditto, 52l. 10s. Concert ditto, 1st Sub.  
no price. Ditto 2d Sub. ditto. Ditto New,  
1st Sub. 2l. 12s. 6d. to 3l. 3s. Ditto 2d Sub.  
10s. 6d. 4l. 4s. Irish lottery, Books shut.  
Benefit Tickets, 2s. to 3s. to 5s. to 50l.  
Debts of Honour transferable at White's, no  
price.

Thus, Sir, I have explained the method that I  
intend to follow, and imparted some of the ma-  
terials of which my paper will consist: and as  
I doubt not of its universal circulation among  
persons of quality, I shall, in imitation of  
other papers, give admittance to all those ad-  
vertisements which are more immediately con-

nectcd with my scheme; such as of plays and  
pantomines, masquerade, ridottos, assemblies,  
oratorios, concerts, the animal comedians,  
Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Ruckholt-house, Kendal-  
house, &c. &c. &c. Auctions of china, knick-  
nacks, and cockle-shells; Pinchbeck's reposi-  
tory; parrots, puppies, and monkies, lost,  
stolen or strayed.—Also for wives, husbands,  
and mistresses; masquerade habits, and masks  
—tooth-powders, lip-falves, and beautifying  
lotions—Mrs. Giles's fine compound at a Gui-  
nea an ounce—the ladies court sticking plaister  
—and the new-invented powder for shaving.  
Then among the articles of books, Duke's  
Art of Dancing, for the instruction of Grown  
Gentlemen—The Ladies Memorandum Book  
—Historical List of Horse Races—Calculation  
for laying the odds at any Game—Hoyle on  
the Sciences—New Novels, and other fashio-  
nable Books of Entertainment.

I am, Sir, your very humble Servant,

A

J. TATTLE.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE

# ADVENTURER.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

No. XXXVI. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1753.

*Aspera  
Nigris æquora ventis  
Emirabitur insolens,  
Qui nunc te-fruitur credulus aurea,  
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem  
Sperat, nescius auræ  
Fallacis!*

HOR.

*How often shall th' unpractis'd youth  
Of alter'd gods and injur'd truth,  
With tears, alas! complain?  
How soon behold with wondering eyes  
The blackening winds tempestuous rise,  
And scowl along the main?  
While by his easy faith betray'd,  
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,  
Thus amiable and kind;  
He fondly hopes that you shall prove  
Thus ev' vacant to his love,  
Nor heeds the faithless wind.*

FRANCIS.

THE Ladies, to whom I lately addressed some thoughts upon the choice of a husband, I shall to-day consider as married: and as I am very far from thinking, that they may now sit down in negligent security, and remit at once their assiduity and circumspection, I shall warn them of some opinions of which this conduct is the consequence, detect some errors by which the general intention of good-nature may be disappointed, and endeavour to put them upon their guard against some propensities by which it may be overborne.

It is now necessary to remind them, that the passion which is supposed to animate the lover, the passion which is represented by flames and darts, which swells the bosom with perpetual rapture, and neither changes its object nor loses its ardour, exists only in poetry and romance. The real passion which wit and folly have thus

concurr'd to disguise, is subject to disgust and satiety, is excited by novelty, and frequently extinguished by possession.

It is also equally true, that a refined and abstracted friendship between persons of different sexes, a union of souls to which the corporal passion is merely accidental, is only to be found in the writings of those enthusiasts who have addressed the world from a cave or a college, and perhaps denied the force of desires which they could not subdue; or in the professions of insidious hypocrites, who have endeavoured thus to gain a confidence, which they intend only to abuse. But there is an esteem which is meliorated by love, and a love that is elevated by esteem; a kind of mixed affection, peculiar to mankind as beings compounded of instinct and reason, or, in other words, of body and mind. This is that species

of affection upon which the supreme or peculiar happiness of marriage depends, and which can scarce be preserved without a constant attention and perpetual efforts.

As love without esteem is volatile and capricious; esteem without love is languid and cold. I am afraid that many men, whose wives have possessed their esteem, have yet lavished their fortune and their fondness upon a mistress; and that the love of others, however ardent, has been quickly alienated, because it was not dignified and supported by esteem.

Though good-nature does indeed participate the pains and the pleasures of others, and may, therefore, be considered as a constant and forcible motive to communicate happiness and alleviate misery; yet it is at best but the imperfect excellence of imperfect beings, whose immediate gratifications are often selfish, and such as folly or vice render incompatible with the true happiness of the individual, and of each other.

As there is not, perhaps, upon earth any couple, whose natural dispositions and relish of life are so perfectly similar, as that their wills constantly coincide; so it must sometimes happen, that the immediate pleasure of indulging opposite inclinations will be greater than a participation of that pleasure, which would arise to the other if this indulgence should be forborne: but as to forbear this indulgence can never fail to conciliate esteem, it should always be considered as a means of happiness, and rather as an advantage than a loss; especially if it be true, that the indulgence itself, in these circumstances, never gives the pleasure that it promises.

Lady Charlotte Sprightly, the wife of a young baronet, was dressing for an assembly a few nights ago, when Sir Harry came in. 'My dear Charlotte,' says he, 'I am sorry that you are going out to-night; for my cousin George is just arrived from the East Indies: I have invited him to sup; and as he has never seen you, I promised him your company.'—'Nay, dear Sir Harry,' replied the lady, 'do not ask me to stay at home to-night; you know I am fond of dancing, and now my fancy is set upon going, I am sure you will not disappoint me.' Sir Harry, who was truly good-natured, would not urge her to stay; for to stay with apparent reluctance would not have gratified his wish. She perceived that he was secretly displeased; how-

ever, away she went. But as she had not less good-nature than Sir Harry, she suffered so much pain by reflecting on the pain that she had given him, that she often wished herself at home. Thus she offended the delicacy of his affection, by preferring a dance to the quiet of his mind; and forfeited part of the esteem which was due to that very good-nature by which she lost the enjoyment of the night.

In this instance, the pain inflicted upon the husband was accidental to the private gratification proposed by the wife. But there is a passion very different both from malice and rage, to the gratification of which the pain of another is sometimes essentially necessary. This passion, which though its effects are often directly opposite to good-nature, is yet perhaps predominant in every breast, and indulged at whatever risque, is Vanity.

To a gratification of vanity, at the expence of reciprocal esteem, the wife is certainly under much stronger temptation than the husband: and I warn the ladies against it, not only with more zeal, but with greater hope of success; because those only who have superior natural abilities, or have received uncommon advantages from education, have it in their power.

Successfully to rally a wife, confers no honour upon a husband; the attempt is regarded rather as an insult than a contest; it is exulting in a masculine strength, to which she makes no pretensions, and brandishing weapons which she is not supposed to have skill to wield.

For the same reasons, to confuse or to ridicule a husband with an apparent superiority of knowledge or of wit, affords all the parade of triumph to a wife; it is to be strong where weakness is no reproach, and to conquer when it would not have been dishonourable to fly. But these circumstances which increase the force of the temptation, will be found to afford proportionate motives to resist it: whatever adds to the glory of the victor, adds equally to the dishonour of the vanquished; and that which can exalt a wife, only by degrading a husband, will appear upon the whole not to be worth the acquisition, even though it could be made without changing fondness to resentment, or provoking to jealousy by an implication of contempt. If the ladies do not perceive the force of this argument, I earnestly request that they would for once trust implicitly to



my judgment; a request which, however extraordinary, is not unreasonable: because in this instance, the very vanity which hides truth from them, must necessarily discover it to me.

But if good-nature is sufficiently vigorous to secure the esteem of reason, it may yet be too negligent to gratify the delicacy of love: it must therefore not only be steady, but watchful and assiduous; beauty must suffer no diminution by inelegance, but every charm must contribute to keep the heart which it contributed to win; whatever would have been concealed as a defect from the lover, must with yet greater diligence be concealed from the husband. The most intimate and tender familiarity cannot surely be supposed to exclude decorum; and there is a delicacy in every mind which is disgusted at the breach of it, though every mind is not sufficiently attentive to avoid giving an offence which it has often received.

I shall conclude this paper, as I did my last on the same subject, with a general remark. As they who possess less than they expected cannot be happy, to expatiate in chimerical prospects of felicity is to insure the anguish of disappointment, and to lose the power of enjoyment, whatever may be possessed. Let not youth, therefore, imagine, that with all the advantages of nature and education, marriage will be a constant reciprocation of delight, over which externals will have little influence, and which time will rather change than destroy. There is no perpetual source of delight but Hope: so imperfect is the utmost temporal happiness, that to possess it all is to lose it. We enjoy that which is before us; but when nothing more is possible, all that is attained is insipid. Such is the condition of this life: but let us not, therefore, think it of no value; for to be placed in this life, is to be a candidate for a better.

No. XXXVII. TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1753.

*Calumniari si quis autem voluerit,  
Quod arbores loquantur, non tantum feræ;  
Fictis jocari nos meminerit fabulis.*

PHÆD.

*Let those whom folly prompts to sneer,  
Be told we sport with fable here;  
Be told that brutes can morals teach,  
And trees like soundest casuists preach.*

THOUGH it be generally allowed, that to communicate happiness is the characteristic of virtue, yet this happiness is seldom considered as extending beyond our own species; and no man is thought to become vicious, by sacrificing the life of an animal to the pleasure of hitting a mark. It is, however, certain, that by this act more happiness is destroyed than produced; except it be supposed, that happiness should be estimated, not in proportion to its degree only, but to the rank of the being by whom it is enjoyed: but this is a supposition which perhaps cannot easily be supported. Reason, from which alone man derives his superiority, should, in the present question, be considered only as Sensibility: a blow produces more pain to a man than to a brute; because to a man it is aggravated by a sense of indignity, and is felt as often as it is remembered; in the brute it produces only corporal pain, which in a short time ceases for ever. But it may be

justly asserted, that the same degree of pain in both subjects, is in the same degree an evil; and that it cannot be wantonly inflicted without equal violation of right. Neither does it follow from the contrary positions, that man should abstain from animal food; for by him that kills merely to eat, life is sacrificed only to life; and if man had lived upon fruits and herbs, the greater part of those animals which die to furnish his table would never have lived; instead of increasing the breed as a pledge of plenty, he would have been compelled to destroy them to prevent a famine.

There is great difference between killing for food, and for sport. To take pleasure in that by which pain is inflicted, if it is not vicious, is dangerous; and every practice which, if not criminal in itself, yet wears out the sympathizing sensibility of a tender mind, must render human nature proportionably less fit for society. In my pursuit of this train of thought, I con-

sidered the inequality with which happiness appears to be distributed among the brute creation, as different animals are in a different degree exposed to the capricious cruelty of mankind; and in the fervor of my imagination, I began to think it possible that they might participate in a future retribution; especially as mere matter and motion approach no nearer to sensibility than to thought: and he who will not venture to deny that brutes have sensibility should not hastily pronounce, that they have only a material existence. While my mind was thus busied, the evening stole imperceptibly away; and at length morning succeeded to midnight: my attention was remitted by degrees, and I fell asleep in my chair.

Though the labours of memory and judgment were now at an end, yet fancy was still busy: by this roving wanton I was conducted through a dark avenue, which, after many windings, terminated in a place which she told me was the elysium of birds and beasts. Here I beheld a great variety of animals, whom I perceived to be endowed with reason and speech: this prodigy, however, did not raise astonishment, but curiosity. I was impatient to learn what were the topics of discourse in such an assembly; and hoped to gain a valuable addition to my remarks upon human life. For this purpose I approached a Horse and an Ass, who seemed to be engaged in serious conversation: but I approached with great caution and humility; for I now considered them as in a state superior to mortality; and I feared to incur the contempt and indignation which naturally rise at the sight of a tyrant who is divested of his power. [My caution was, however, unnecessary, for they seemed wholly to disregard me; and by degrees I came near enough to overhear them.

'If I had perished,' said the Ass, 'when I was dismissed from the earth, I think I should have been a loser by my existence; for, during my whole life, there was scarce an interval of an hour, in which I did not suffer the accumulated misery of blows, hunger, and fatigue. When I was a colt, I was stolen by a gypsy, who placed two children upon my back in a pair of panniers, before I had perfectly acquired the habit of carrying my own weight with steadiness and dexterity. By hard fare and ill treatment, I quickly

became blind; and when the family to which I belonged, went into their winter quarters in Norwood, I was staked as a bet against a couple of geese, which had been found by a fellow who came by, driving before him two of my brethren, whom he had overloaded with bags of sand: a halfpenny was thrown up; and to the inexpressible increase of my calamity, the dealer in sand was the winner.'

'When I came to town, I was harnessed with my two wretched associates to a cart, in which my new master had piled up his commodity till it would hold no more. The load was so disproportionate to our strength, that it was with the utmost difficulty and labour dragged very slowly over the rugged pavement of the streets, in which every stone was an almost insuperable obstacle to our progress. One morning very early, as we were toiling up Snow Hill, with repeated efforts of strength, that was stimulated even to agony, by the incessant strokes of a whip, which had already laid our loins bare even to the bone; it happened that, being placed in the shafts, and the weight pressing hard upon me, I fell down. Our driver regarded my misfortune, not with pity but rage; and the moment he turned about, he threw a stick with such violence at my head, that it forced out my eye, and passing through the socket into the brain, I was instantly dismissed from that misery, the comparison of which with my present state constitutes great part of its felicity. But you, surely, if I may judge by your stature, and the elegance of your make, was among the favourites of mankind; you were placed in a higher and a happier station; you were not the slave of indigence, but the pride of greatness; your labour was sport, and your reward was triumph, ease, plenty and attendance.'

'It is true,' replied the Steed, 'I was a favourite: but what avails it to be the favourite of caprice, avarice, and barbarity? My tyrant was a wretch, who had gained a considerable fortune by play, particularly by racing. I had won him many large sums; but being at length excepted out of every match, as having no equal, he regarded even my excellence with malignity, when it was no longer subservient to his interest. Yet I still lived in ease and plenty; and as he was

able to sell even my pleasures, though my labour was become useless, I had a seraglio in which there was a perpetual succession of new beauties. At last, however, another competitor appeared: I enjoyed a new triumph by anticipation; I rushed into the field, panting for the conquest; and the first heat I put my master in possession of the stakes, which amounted to ten thousand pounds. The proprietor of the mare that I had distanced, notwithstanding this disgrace, declared with great zeal, that she should run the next day against any gelding in the world for double the sum: my master immediately accepted the challenge, and told him, that he would the next day produce a gelding that should beat her: but what was my astonishment and indignation, when I discovered that he most cruelly and fraudulently intended to qualify me for this match upon the spot; and to sacrifice my life at the very moment in which every nerve should be strained in his service.'

'As I knew it would be in vain to resist, I suffered myself to be bound: the operation was performed, and I was instantly mounted and spurred on to the goal. Injured as I was, the love of glory was still superior to the desire of revenge: I determined to die as I had lived, without an equal; and having again won the race, I sunk down at the post in an agony, which soon after put an end to my life.'

When I had heard this horrid narrative, which indeed I remembered to be true, I turned about in honest confusion, and blushed that I was a man. But my reflections were interrupted by the notes of a Blackbird, who was singing the story of his own fate with a melody that irresistibly compelled my attention. By this gentle and harmonious being, I was not treated with equal contempt; he perceived that I listened with curiosity; and, interrupting his song—'Stranger,' says he, 'though I am, as thou seest, in the fields of Elysium, yet my happiness is not complete; my mate is still exposed to the miseries of mortality, and I am still vulnerable in her. O! stranger, to bribe thy friendship, if peradventure it may reach my love, I will gratify the curiosity with which thy looks enquire after me. I fell by the unprovoked enmity of man, in that season when the dictates of nature are love. But let not my censure be universal; for as the elegy which

'I sing was written by a human being, every human being is not destitute of compassion, nor deaf to the language in which our joys and fears are expressed.' He then, after a sweet though short prelude, made the grove echo again with his song.

The sun had chas'd the winter's snow,  
And kindly loos'd the frost-bound soil;  
The melting streams began to flow,  
And plow-men urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then, amid the vernal throng,  
Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,  
A Blackbird rais'd his amorous song,  
And thus it echo'd through the grove:

'O! fairest of the feather'd train,  
'For whom I sing, for whom I burn;  
'Attend with pity to my strain,  
'And grant my love a kind return.

'See, see, the winter storms are flown,  
'And zephyrs gently fan the air!  
'Let us the genial influence own,  
'Let us the vernal pastime share.

'The raven plumes his jetty wing,  
'To please his croaking paramour;  
'The larks responsive love-tales sing,  
'And tell their passions as they soar.

'But trust, me, love, the raven's wing,  
'Is not to be compar'd with mine;  
'Nor can the lark so sweetly sing  
'As I, who strength with sweetness join.

'With thee I'll prove the sweets of love,  
'With thee divide the cares of life;  
'No fonder husband in the grove,  
'Nor none than thee a happier wife.

'I'll lead thee to the clearest rill,  
'Whose streams among the pebbles stray;  
'There will we sit and sip our fill,  
'Or on the flow'ry border play.

'I'll guide thee to the thickest brake,  
'Impervious to the school-boy's eye;  
'For thee the plaster'd nest I'll make,  
'And on thy downy pinions lie.

'To get thee food I'll range the fields,  
'And cull the best of ev'ry kind;  
'Whatever nature's bounty yields  
'Or love's assiduous care can find.

'And when my lovely mate would stray,  
'To taste the summer's sweet at large,  
'At home I'll wait the live-long day,  
'And tend at home our infant charge.

' When, prompted by a mother's care,  
' Thy warmth shall form th' imprison'd young,  
' With thee the task I'll fondly share,  
' Or cheer thy labours with my song.'

He ceas'd his song. The melting dame  
With tender pity heard his strain;  
She felt, she own'd, a mutual flame,  
And hast'ned to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,  
And nestled closely to her side,  
The happiest bridegroom in that hour,  
And ~~the~~ the most enamour'd bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a song—  
' Arise! behold the new-born day!  
' The lark his mornin' peal has rung;  
' Arise, my love, and come away!'

Together through the fields they stray'd,  
And at the verdant riv'let's side,  
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,  
With honest joy and decent pride.

But O! my muse with pain relates  
The mournful sequel of my tale;  
Sent by an order of the Fates,  
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd—' My dear,  
' Haste, haste away; from danger fly!—  
' Here, gunner, turn thy vengeance, here!  
' O! spare my love, and let me die.'

At him the gunner took his aim;  
The aim he took was much too true;  
O! had he chose some other game,  
Or shot as he had us'd to do \*!  
Divided pair! forgive the wrong,  
While I with tears your fate rehearse:  
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,  
And save the lover in my verse.

The emotions which this song produced in my bosom, awak'd me; and I immediately recollected, that, while I slept, my imagination had repeated 'an elegy occasioned by shooting a 'Blackbird on Valentine's day,' which had a few days before been communicated to me by a gentleman, who is not only eminent for taste, literature and virtue, but for his zeal in defence of that religion, which most strongly inculcates compassion to inferior natures, by the example of its Divine Author, who gave the most stupendous proof of his compassion for ours.

## No. XXXVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1753.

Εὐχαρὸν δὴ ὁ ἀποφηνάμενος, τὶ θεοῖς ὅμοιον  
ἔχομεν, ἑὲς ἑστίαν, εἶπε καὶ ἀλήθειαν.

PYTHAG. AP. LONGIN.

*Pythagoras being asked in what man could resemble the Divinity, justly answered, 'in benevolence and truth.'*

*In the Persian chronicle of the five hundred and thirteenth year of the Heigyra, it is thus written. Of the Letter of Cosron the Iman.*

IT pleased our mighty sovereign Abbas Casrafcan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich: Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused; he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his

eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He therefore obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply: 'May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of Damascus; and a city, glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendor of thy presence.' But the longest life is a period scarce sufficient to prepare for death: all other business

\* Never having killed any thing before or since.

' is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in  
' the path of the traveller, under whose foot  
' they perish for ever; and all enjoyment is  
' unsubstantial and evanescent, as the colours  
' of the bow that appears in the interval of a  
' storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for  
' the approach of eternity; let me give up my  
' soul to meditation: let solitude and silence  
' acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion;  
' let me forget the world, and by the world be  
' forgotten, till the moment arrives in which  
' the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be  
' found at the bar of the ALMIGHTY.' Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon that throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage; he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

' Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon  
' me. I am alarmed, as a man who suddenly  
' perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force: but yet I know not, whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as thou art, a reptile of the earth; my life is a moment; and eternity, in which days and years and ages are nothing, eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare: but by whom then must the faithful be governed? by those only who have no fear of judgment? by those only whose life is brutal, because like brutes they do not consider that they shall die? Or who, indeed, are the faithful? Are the busy multitudes that croud the city, in a state of perdition? and is the cell of the dervise alone the gate of paradise? To all, the life of a dervise is not possible: to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house which has in this city been prepared for thy residence: I will meditate the reason of thy request; and may he who illuminates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom!'

Mirza departed; and on the third day having received no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance ap-

peared more cheerful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand. 'My lord,' said he, 'I have learned by this letter, which I received from Cosrou the Iman who now stands before thee, in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those hours which I so lately wished to resign.' The king, who had listened to Mirza with a mixture of surprize and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to Cosrou, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words.

'To Mirza, whom the wisdom of Abbas our mighty lord has honoured with dominion, be everlasting health! When I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy government from the thousands of Tauris, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the king, when he is troubled? and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed by doubt? To thee I will relate the events of my youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths which they taught me, may the Prophet multiply to thee.

'Under the instruction of the physician Aluzar, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with disease, I could administer plants, which the sun has impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty, and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty; and that by all who were proper objects of bounty, money was despised. I, therefore, buried mine in the earth, and renouncing society, I wandered into a

' wild and sequestered part of the country : my  
 ' dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill ; I  
 ' drank the running water from the spring,  
 ' and eat such fruits and herbs as I could find.  
 ' To increase the austerity of my life, I fre-  
 ' quently watched all night, sitting at the en-  
 ' trance of the cave with my face to the east,  
 ' resigning myself to the secret influences of  
 ' the Prophet, and expecting illuminations  
 ' from above. One morning after my noc-  
 ' turnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon  
 ' glow at the approach of the sun, the power  
 ' of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under  
 ' it. I imagined myself still sitting at the en-  
 ' trance of my cell ; that the dawn increased ;  
 ' and that as I looked earnestly for the first  
 ' beam of day, a dark spot appeared to inter-  
 ' cept it. I perceived that it was in motion ;  
 ' it increased in size as it drew near, and at  
 ' length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still  
 ' kept my eye fixed steadfastly upon it, and saw  
 ' it alight at small distance, where I now de-  
 ' cried a fox whose two fore legs appeared to  
 ' be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid  
 ' part of a kid, which she had brought in her  
 ' talons, and then disappeared. When I  
 ' awaked I laid my forehead upon the ground,  
 ' and blessed the Prophet for the instruction of  
 ' the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said  
 ' thus to myself : " Cosrou, thou hast done  
 ' well to renounce the tumult, the business,  
 ' and the vanities of life : but thou hast as  
 ' yet only done it in part ; thou art still every  
 ' day busied in search of food, thy mind is not  
 ' wholly at rest, neither is thy trust in Provi-  
 ' dence complete. What art thou taught by  
 ' this vision ? If thou hast seen an eagle com-  
 ' missioned by Heaven to feed a fox that is  
 ' lame, shall not the hand of Heaven also sup-  
 ' ply thee with food, when that which prevents  
 ' thee from procuring it for thyself is not ne-  
 ' cessity but devotion " I was now so confi-  
 ' dent of a miraculous supply, that I ne-  
 ' glected to walk out for my repast, which,  
 ' after the first day, I expected with an im-  
 ' patience that left me little power of attend-  
 ' ing to any other object : this impatience,  
 ' however, I laboured to suppress, and persist-  
 ' ed in my resolution ; but my eyes at length  
 ' began to fail me, and my knees smote each  
 ' other ; I threw myself backward, and hoped  
 ' my weakness would soon increase to insensi-

' bility. But I was suddenly roused by the  
 ' voice of an invisible being, who pronounced  
 ' these words : " Cosrou, I am the angel who,  
 ' by the command of the ALMIGHTY,  
 ' have registered the thoughts of thy heart,  
 ' which I am now commissioned to reprove.  
 ' While thou wast attempting to become wise  
 ' above that which is revealed, thy folly has  
 ' perverted the instruction which was vouch-  
 ' safed thee. Art thou disabled as the fox ?  
 ' hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle ?  
 ' Arise, let the eagle be the object of thy  
 ' emulation. To pain and sickness be thou  
 ' again the messenger of ease and health.  
 ' Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou dost  
 ' good to man, as an evidence of the love to  
 ' GOD, thy virtue will be exalted from moral  
 ' to divine ; and that happiness which is the  
 ' pledge of paradise, will be thy reward up-  
 ' on earth."

' At these words I was not less astonished  
 ' than if a mountain had been overturned at  
 ' my feet ; I humbled myself in the dust ; I  
 ' returned to the city ; I dug up my treasure ;  
 ' I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill  
 ' in restoring health to the body, gave me fre-  
 ' quent opportunities of curing the diseases of  
 ' the soul. I put on the sacred vestments ; I  
 ' grew eminent beyond my merit ; and it was  
 ' the pleasure of the king that I should stand  
 ' before him. Now, therefore, be not offend-  
 ' ed ; I boast of no knowledge that I have not  
 ' received ; as the sands of the desert drink up  
 ' the drops of rain, or the dew of the morn-  
 ' ing ; so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe  
 ' the instruction of the Prophet. Believe then  
 ' that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is  
 ' prophane which terminates in thyself ; and  
 ' by a life wasted in speculation, little even of  
 ' this can be gained. When the gates of pa-  
 ' radise are thrown open before thee, thy mind  
 ' shall be irradiated in a moment : here thou  
 ' canst little more than pile error upon error,  
 ' there thou shalt build truth upon truth.  
 ' Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision ; and  
 ' in the meant time emulate the eagle. Much  
 ' is in thy power ; and, therefore, much is ex-  
 ' pected of thee. Though the ALMIGHTY  
 ' only can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou  
 ' mayest stimulate those to beneficence who act  
 ' from no higher motive than immediate inte-  
 ' rest : thou canst not produce the principle,

' but mayest enforce the practice. The relief  
' of the poor is equal, whether they receive it  
' from ostentation or charity; and the effect  
' of example is the same, whether it be intend-  
' ed to obtain the favour of GOD or man.  
' Let thy virtue be thus diffused; and if thou  
' believest with reverence, thou shalt be accept-  
' ed above. Farewell. May the smile of  
' Him who resides in the Heaven of Heavens,  
' be upon thee! and against thy name in the

' volume of His will, may happiness be  
' written!'

The king, whose doubts, like those of Mirza were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know——' That no life is  
' pleasing to GOD, but that which is useful  
' to MANKIND!'

## No. XXXIX. TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1753.

—Οδυσσεὺς φύλλοισι καλύψατο, τῷ δ' ἄρ' Ἀθῆναι

Ἴπποι ἐπ' ὄμμασι χυτο, ἵνα μιν παύσιε τάχιστα

Δυσπονεῖ καμάτοιο.

HOM.

—*Pallas pour'd sweet slumbers on his soul;*

*And balmy dreams, the gift of soft repose,*

*Calm'd all his pains, and banish'd all his woes.*

POPE.

IF every day did not produce fresh instances of the ingratitude of mankind, we might, perhaps, be at a loss, why so liberal and impartial a benefactor as Sleep should meet with so few historians or panegyrists. Writers are so totally absorbed by the business of the day, as never to turn their attention to that power, whose officious hand so seasonably suspends the burthen of life; and without whose interposition, man would not be able to endure the fatigue of labour however rewarded, or the struggle with opposition however successful.

Night, though she divides to many the longest part of life, and to almost all the most innocent and happy, is yet unthankfully neglected, except by those who pervert her gifts.

The astronomers, indeed, expect her with impatience, and felicitate themselves upon her arrival: Fontenelle has not failed to celebrate her praises; and to chide the sun from hiding from his view the worlds which he imagines to appear in every constellation. Nor have the poets been always deficient in her praises; Milton has observed of the night, that it is 'the pleasant time, the cool, the silent.'

These men may, indeed, well be expected to pay particular homage to night; since they are indebted to her, not only for cessation of pain, but increase of pleasure, not only for slumber, but for knowledge. But the greater part of her avowed votaries are the sons of luxury;

who appropriate to festivity the hours designed for rest; who consider the reign of pleasure as commencing when day begins to withdraw her busy multitudes, and ceases to dissipate attention by intrusive and unwelcome variety; who begin to awake to joy when the rest of the world sinks into insensibility; and revel in the soft effluence of flattering and artificial lights, which 'more shadowy set off the face of things.'

Without touching upon the fatal consequences of a custom, which as Ramazzini observes, will be for ever condemned, and for ever retained; it may be observed, that however sleep may be put off from time to time, yet the demand is of so importunate a nature, as not to remain long unsatisfied: and if, as some have done, we consider it as the tax of life, we cannot but observe it is a tax that must be paid unless we could cease to be men: for Alexander declared, that nothing convinced him that he was not a divinity, but his not being able to live without sleep.

To live without sleep in our present fluctuating state, however desirable it might seem to the lady in Clelia, can surely be the wish only of the young or the ignorant; to every one else, a perpetual vigil will appear to be a state of wretchedness, second only to that of the miserable beings, whom Swift has in his travels so elegantly described, as 'supremely  
' cursed with immortality.'

Sleep is necessary to the happy, to prevent satiety, and to endure life by a short absence; and to the miserable, to relieve them by intervals of quiet. Life is to most, such as could not be endured without frequent intermissions of existence: Homer, therefore, has thought it an office worthy of the goddess of wisdom, lay Ulysses asleep when landed on Phæacia.

It is related of Barretier, whose early advances in literature scarce any human mind has equalled, that he spent twelve hours of the four and twenty in sleep: yet this appears, from the bad state of his health, and the shortness of his life, to have been too small a respite for a mind so vigorously and intensely employed: it is to be regretted, therefore, that he did not exercise his mind less, and his body more; since by this means it is highly probable, that though he would not then have astonished with the blaze of a comet, he would yet have shone with the permanent radiance of a fixed star.

Nor should it be objected, that there have been many men who daily spent fifteen or sixteen hours in study: for by some of whom this is reported, it has never been done; others have done it for a short time only; and of the rest it appears, that they employed their minds in such operations as required neither celerity nor strength, in the low drudgery of collating copies, comparing authorities, digesting dictionaries, or accumulating compilations.

Men of study and imagination are frequently upbraided by the industrious and plodding sons of care, with passing too great a part of their life in a state of inaction. But these defiers of sleep seem not to remember, that though it must be granted them that they are crawling about before the break of day, it can seldom be said that they are perfectly awake; they exhaust no spirits, and require no repairs; but lie torpid as a toad in marble, or at least are known to live only by an inert and sluggish loco-motive faculty; and may be said, like a wounded snake, to 'drag their slow length along.'

Man has been long known among philosophers by the appellation of the microcosm, or epitome of the world: the resemblance between the great and little world might, by a rational observer, be detailed to many particulars; and to many more by a fanciful speculatist. I know not in which of these two classes I

shall be ranged for observing, that as the total quantity of light and darkness allotted in the course of the year to every region of the earth, is the same, though distributed at various times and in different portions; so, perhaps, to each individual of the human species, nature has ordained the same quantity of wakefulness and sleep; though divided by some into a total quiescence and vigorous exertion of their faculties, and blended by others in a kind of twilight of existence, in a state between dreaming and reasoning, in which they either think without action, or act without thought.

The poets are generally well affected to sleep: as men who think with vigour, they require respite from thought; and gladly resign themselves to that gentle power, who not only bestows rest, but frequently leads them to happier regions, where patrons are always kind, and audiences are always candid; where they are feasted in the bowers of imagination, and crowned with flowers divested of their prickles, and laurels of unfading verdure.

The more refined and penetrating part of mankind, who take wide surveys of the wilds of life, who see the innumerable terrors and distresses that are perpetually preying on the heart of man, and discern with unhappy perspicuity calamities yet latent in their causes, are glad to close their eyes upon the gloomy prospect, and lose in a short insensibility the remembrance of others miseries and their own. The hero has no higher hope, than that, after having routed legions after legions, and added kingdom to kingdom, he shall retire to milder happiness, and close his days in social festivity. The wit or the sage can expect no greater happiness, than that, after having harrassed his reason in deep researches, and fatigued his fancy in boundless excursions, he shall sink at night in the tranquillity of sleep.

The poets, among all those that enjoy the blessings of sleep, have been least ashamed to acknowledge their benefactor. How much Statius considered the evils of life as assuaged and softened by the balm of slumber, we may discover by that pathetic invocation, which he poured out in his waking nights: and that Cowley, among the other felicities of his darling solitude, did not forget to number the privilege of sleeping without disturbance, we may learn from the rank that he



assigns among the gifts of nature to the poppy ;  
 ‘ Which is scattered,’ says he, ‘ over the fields  
 ‘ of corn, that all the needs of man may be  
 ‘ easily satisfied, and that bread and sleep may  
 ‘ be found together.’

*Si quis invisum Cereri benigne  
 Me putat germen, vehementer errat ;  
 Illa me in partem recipit libenter  
 Fertilis agri.*

*Meque frumentumque simul per omnes  
 Consulens mundo dea spargit oras ;  
 Crescite, O! dixit, duo magna sistent—  
 tacula vitæ.*

*Carpe, mortalis, mea dona letus,  
 Carpe, nec plantas alias require,  
 Sed satur panis, satur et saporis,  
 Cætera sperne.*

He wildly errs who thinks I yield  
 Precedence in the well-cloath'd field,  
 Tho' mix'd with wheat I grow :  
 Indulgent Ceres knew my worth ;  
 And, to adorn the teeming earth,  
 She bade the Poppy blow.

Nor vainly gay the fight to please,  
 But blest with power mankind to ease,  
 The goddess saw me rise :

T  
 No. XL. SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1753.

*Solvite tantis animum monstiris,  
 Solvite, superi ; rectam in melius  
 Vertite mentem.*

SEN.

*O! save, ye gods omnipotent and kind,  
 From such abhorr'd chimeras save the mind !  
 In truth's strait path no hideous monsters roar ;  
 To truth's strait path the wand'ring mind restore.*

I WENT a few days ago to visit a friend, whose understanding is so much disordered by an injudicious application to study, that he has been some time confined in a mad-house. His imagination was always remarkably vigorous, and his judgment far from contemptible : but having resolved to admit no proposition which he could not demonstrate to be true, and to proceed in no inquiry till he had perfectly levelled the path before him ; his progress was presently stopped, and his mind continued fixed upon problems which no human abilities can solve, till its object became confused, and he mistook for realities the illusions of fancy.

VOL. II.

‘ Thrive with the life-supporting grain,’  
 She cry'd, ‘ the solace of the swain,  
 ‘ The cordial of his eyes.  
 ‘ Seize, happy mortal, seize the good ;  
 ‘ My hand supplies thy sleep and food,  
 ‘ And makes thee truly blest :  
 ‘ With plenteous meals enjoy the day,  
 ‘ In slumbers pass the night away,  
 ‘ And leave to fate the rest.’

C. B.

Sleep, therefore, as the chief of all earthly blessings, is justly appropriated to industry and temperance ; the refreshing rest, and the peaceful night, are the portion only of him who lies down weary with honest labour, and free from the fumes of indigested luxury ; it is the just doom of laziness and gluttony, to be inactive without ease, and drowsy without tranquillity.

Sleep has been often mentioned as the image of death ; ‘ So like it,’ says Sir Thomas Brown, ‘ that I dare not trust it without my prayers :’ their resemblance is, indeed, apparent and striking ; they both, when they seize the body, leave the soul at liberty ; and wise is he that remembers of both, that they can be safe and happy only by Virtue.

T

The unequal distribution of good and evil, the sufferings of virtue, and the enjoyments of vice, had long busied and perplexed his understanding : he could not discover, why a Being to whom all things are possible, should leave moral agents exposed to accidental happiness and misery ; why a child often languishes under diseases which are derived from a parent, and a parent suffers yet keener anguish by the rebellious ingratitude of a child ; why the tenderest affection is often abused by the neglect of indifference, or the insults of brutality ; and why vice has external advantages put into her power, which virtue is compelled to renounce.

O

He considered these phenomena as blemishes in the moral system, and could not suppress romantic wishes to see them removed. These wishes he now believes to be in some degree accomplished; for he conceives himself transported to another planet, peopled with beings like himself, and governed by such laws as human pride has often dictated to Divine Wisdom for the government of the earth; he fancies too, that he is attended by a being of a superior order, who has been commanded to take charge of him during his excursion; and he says the name of this being is Azail. But notwithstanding these extravagancies, he will sometimes reason with great subtilty; and perfectly comprehends the force of any argument that is brought against him, though the next moment he will be wandering in the mazes of phrenzy, or busied to accomplish some trifling or ridiculous purpose.

When I entered his room, he was sitting in a contemplative posture, with his eyes fixed upon the ground: he just glanced them upon me; but as I perceived that his imagination was busy, I was not willing to interrupt it by the intrusion of foreign ideas: I therefore seated myself near him, without speaking a word; and after he had continued in his reverie near a quarter of an hour, he rose up, and seemed by his gestures to take leave of some invisible guest, whom with great ceremony he attended to the door. When he returned, he addressed me with his usual formality; and without expressing any curiosity to know how I had followed him into a region so remote and difficult of access, he began to acquaint me with all that had passed in his imagination.

'Azail,' said he, 'has just promised, that he will to-morrow remove me from this solitary retirement, to the metropolis; where the advantages that arise from a perfect coincidence of the natural and the moral world, will be more apparent and striking: he tells me that you have been abroad with him this morning, and have made some discoveries, which you are to communicate to me. Come, I know that you find this world very different from that which you left: there, all is confusion and deformity; good and evil seem to be distributed not by design, but by chance; and religion is not founded on rea-

son, but faith. Here, all is order, harmony, and beauty: vice itself is only a deep shadow that gives strength and elegance to other figures in the moral picture. Happiness does, indeed, in some degree depend upon externals; but even external advantages are the appendages of virtue: every man spontaneously believes the rectitude which he sees, and rejoices that a blind assent to propositions which contradict his experience is not exacted.'

To this address I was at a loss how to reply; but some time was happily allowed me for recollection by my friend, who having now exhausted his ideas, lighted a pipe of tobacco, and resigned himself again to meditation. In this interval I determined to accommodate myself to his conceptions, and try what could be effected by decorating some arguments with the machinery of his fancy.

'If Azail,' said I, 'has referred you to me, I will readily gratify your curiosity: but, for my own part, I am more and more disgusted with this place, and I shall rejoice when I return to our own world. We have, I confess, been abroad this morning; but though the weather as you see is fine, and the country pleasant, yet I have great reason to be dissatisfied with my walk. This, as you have remarked, is a retired part of the country: my discoveries, therefore, with respect to the people, have been few; and, till to-day, I have seen no object that has much excited my curiosity, or could much contribute to my information; but just as we had crossed the third field from the house, I discovered a man lying near the path, who seemed to be perishing with disease and want: as we approached he looked up at us with an aspect that expressed the utmost distress, but no expectation of relief; the silent complaint, which yet scarce implied a petition, melted my heart with pity; I ran to him; and, gently raising him from the ground, inquired how I could be employed to assist him: the man gazed at me with astonishment; and while he was making an effort to speak, Azail suddenly forced me from him. "Suppress thy pity," said he, "for it is impious; and forbear attempts of relief, for they are vain. Hast thou forgot that happiness and misery

“are here exactly proportioned to virtue and vice; and, therefore, that to alleviate the misery, or increase the happiness, is to destroy the equipoise of the balance, and to counterwork the designs of Heaven?”

“I felt the force of this reproof; and turning my eyes from an object which I could not behold without anguish, I soon discovered another person standing at some distance, and looking towards us: his features were fixed in the dead calm of indifference, and expressed neither pleasure nor pain. I, therefore, enquired of Azail, to what moral class he belonged; what were his virtues, passions, enjoyments, and expectations.”

“The man,” said Azail, “who is the subject of thy enquiry, has not deserved, and therefore does not suffer, positive pain, either of body or mind: he possesses ease and health, and enjoys the temperate gratification of his natural appetites; this temperance is his virtue, and this enjoyment its reward. He is destitute of whatever is distinguished upon earth by the name of Kind Affections or Social Virtue: the kind affections would render his happiness dependent upon others; and the exercise of social virtue presupposes the happiness of others to be dependent upon him. Every individual is here a kind of separate system: among these there can be neither pity nor relief, neither bounty nor gratitude. To cloathe the naked, to feed the hungry, and to comfort the afflicted, can be duties to those only who are placed where the account of Providence with vice and virtue is kept open, and the mite of human benevolence may be accepted for either; as the balance is deferred till hereafter, and will at last be stated with the utmost precision and impartiality. If these beings are intended for a future state, it is not requisite they should know it; the DEITY would be justified, if they should lose existence and life together. Hope and fear are not necessary to adjust the scale of distributive justice, or to deter them from obtaining private gratifications at the expence of others; for over the happiness of others they have no power; their expectations, therefore, are bounded by the grave; and any calamity that would afford a probable proof of their existence be-

“yond it, would be regarded as the most fortunate event that could befall them. In that of which others complain, they would rejoice; and adore as bounty that which upon earth has been censured as injustice.” “When Azail had vouchsafed me this information, I earnestly requested that I might no longer continue where my virtues had no object, where there was no happiness worthy my complacency, nor any misery that I was permitted to relieve.”

All this while my friend seemed to listen with great attention, and I was encouraged to proceed. “I could not forbear observing to Azail,” said I, as we returned, “that he had exhibited, in a very strong light, the great advantages which are derived from that very constitution of the natural and moral world, which being generally considered as defective, some have concealed with a view to justify Providence, and others have displayed, as an argument, that all things were produced by chance.”—But, Sir,” said my friend, hastily interrupting me, “it is not merely the unequal distribution, but the existence of evil, that the Stoics denied and the Epicureans admitted, for the purposes which you suppose; and I can discover, without the assistance of Azail, that if moral evil had been excluded, the social affections would have been exercised only in the participation of happiness; pity would have been well exchanged for complacency, and the alleviation of evil for the mutual communication of good.” I now conceived hopes that I had engaged him in a train of thought, which would by degrees lead him out of all his difficulties; I applauded myself upon the success of my project, and believed I had nothing to do but to obviate the objection he had started, and to recapitulate my other arguments of which he had tacitly acknowledged the force. “My dear friend,” said I, “you talk of the exclusion of moral evil; but does not the exclusion of moral evil from a society of human beings placed in a state of probation, appear to be as impossible as to give a circle the properties of a square? And could man, supposing him to have continued impeccable, have lived upon earth in perpetual security from pain? Would he not have been still li-

able to be crushed by a fall, or wounded by a blow? And is it not easy to shew, that these evils, which unavoidably become probable the moment our world and its first inhabitants were produced, are apparently over-ruled by the WISE CREATOR, and that from these he is perpetually educing good?

The same act by which man forfeited his original immortality, produced eventually a proof, that it should be restored in a future state; with such circumstances as more forcibly restrained vice by fear, and encouraged virtue by hope. Man, therefore, was urged by stronger motives to rectitude of life, and a further deviation to ill became more difficult than the first; a new field was opened for the exercise of that virtue, which exercise only can improve. When distress came among us, the relief of distress was exalted into piety: "What ye did to the sick, and the prisoner," says the AUTHOR of our religion, "ye did to me." But the sufferings of virtue do not only exercise virtue in others; they are an earnest of everlasting felicity: and hope, without any temporary enjoyment, is of more worth than all temporary enjoyments without hope. The present system is, indeed, evidently in a state of progression: in this view, it will appear to be a work worthy of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness; for no one can complain, that an ear of corn rots

in the ground, who knows that it cannot otherwise spring up, and produce first the blade, then the ear, and afterwards an increase, by which alone it becomes useful.

I now paused, in expectation of his reply, with the utmost confidence of success: but while I was in fancy congratulating him on the recovery of his understanding, and receiving the thanks of his friends, to the utter confusion of my hope, he burst into a violent fit of laughter. At first I was not less astonished than disappointed: but I soon discovered, that while I was labouring at my argument, which wholly engrossed my attention, he had found means mischievously to shake the lighted tobacco from his pipe into my coat pocket, which having set fire to my handkerchief, was now finding its way through the lining.

This was so learned, rational, and ingenious a confutation of all I had said, that I could not but retract my error: and as a friend to truth and free inquiry, I recommend the same method of reply to those ingenious gentlemen who have discovered, that ridicule is the test of truth: and I am confident, that if they manage it with dexterity, it will always enable them perfectly to disconcert an antagonist who triumphs in the strength of his argument, and would otherwise bring contempt upon those who teach Providence to govern the world.

## NO. LXI. TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1753.

— *Si mutabile pectus*

*Est tibi, consiliis, non curribus, utere nostris,*

*Dum potes, et solidis etiamnum sedibus adsas;*

*Dumque male optatos nondum premis inscius axes.* OVID.

— *Th' attempt forsake,*

*And not my chariot but my counsel take;*

*While yet securely on the earth you stand;*

*Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.* ADDISON.

TO THE ADVENTURER,

SIR,

FLEET, MARCH 24.

I NOW send you the sequel of my story; which had not been so long delayed, if I could have brought myself to imagine, that any real impatience was felt for the fate of MYRAGYRUS; who has travelled no unbeaten track to

misery, and consequently can present the reader only with such incidents as occur in daily life.

You have seen me, Sir, in the zenith of my glory; not dispensing the kindly warmth of an all-chearing sun; but, like another Phaeton, scorching and blasting every thing round me. I shall proceed, therefore, to finish my career, and pass

as rapidly as possible through the remaining vicissitudes of my life.

When I first began to be in want of money, I made no doubt of an immediate supply. The news-papers were perpetually offering directions to men, who seemed to have no other business than to gather heaps of gold for those who place their supreme felicity in scattering it. I posted away, therefore, to one of these advertisers, who by his proposals seemed to deal in thousands; and was not a little chagrined to find, that this general benefactor would have nothing to do with any larger sum than thirty pounds, nor would venture that without a joint note from myself and a reputable house-keeper, or for a longer time than three months.

It was not yet so bad with me, as that I needed to solicit surety for thirty pounds: yet, partly from the greediness that extravagance always produces, and partly from a desire of seeing the humour of a petty usurer, a character of which I had hitherto lived in ignorance, I condescended to listen to his terms. He proceeded to inform me of my great felicity in not falling into the hands of an extortioner; and assured me that I should find him extremely moderate in his demands: he was not, indeed, certain that he could furnish me with the whole sum, for people were at this particular time extremely pressing and importunate for money; yet as I had the appearance of a gentleman, he would try what he could do, and give me his answer in three days.

At the expiration of the time, I called upon him again; and was again informed of the great demand for money, and that 'money was money now:' he then advised me to be punctual in my payment, as that might induce him to befriend me hereafter; and delivered me the money, deducting at the rate of five and thirty per cent. with another panegyric upon his own moderation.

I will not tire you with the various practices of usurious oppression; but cannot omit my transaction with Squeeze on Tower Hill, who finding me a young man of considerable expectations, employed an agent to persuade me to borrow five hundred pounds, to be refunded by an annual payment of twenty per cent. during the joint lives of his daughter Nancy Squeeze and myself. The negotiator came prepared to enforce his proposal with all his art; but find-

ing that I caught his offer with the eagerness of necessity, he grew cold and languid: he had mentioned it out of kindness; he would try to serve me; Mr. Squeeze was an honest man, but extremely cautious. In three days he came to tell me that his endeavours had been ineffectual, Mr. Squeeze having no good opinion of my life: but that there was one expedient remaining; Mrs. Squeeze could influence her husband, and her good will might be gained by a compliment. I waited that afternoon on Mrs. Squeeze, and poured out before her the flatteries which usually gain access to rank and beauty: I did not then know, that there are places in which the only compliment is a bribe. Having yet credit with a jeweller, I afterwards procured a ring of thirty guineas, which I humbly presented, and was soon admitted to a treaty with Mr. Squeeze. He appeared peevish and backward, and my old friend whispered me, that he would never make a dry bargain: I, therefore, invited him to a tavern. Nine times we met on the affair; nine times I paid four pounds for the supper and claret; and nine guineas I gave the agent for good offices. I then obtained the money, paying ten per cent. advance; and at the tenth meeting gave another supper, and disbursed fifteen pounds for the writings.

Others, who stiled themselves brokers, would only trust their money upon goods: that I might, therefore, try every art of expensive folly, I took a house and furnished it. I amused myself with despoiling my moveables of their glossy appearance, for fear of alarming the lender with suspicions; and in this I succeeded so well, that he favoured me with one hundred and sixty pounds upon that which was rated at seven hundred. I then found that I was to maintain a guardian about me, to prevent the goods from being broken or removed. This was, indeed, an unexpected tax; but it was too late to recede; and I comforted myself, that I might prevent a creditor, of whom I had some apprehensions, from seizing, by having a prior execution always in the house.

By such means I had so embarrassed myself, that my whole attention was engaged in contriving excuses, and raising small sums to quiet such as words would no longer mollify. It cost me eighty pounds in presents to Mr. Leech the attorney, for his forbearance of one hundred, which he solicited me to take when I had

no need. I was perpetually harrassed with importunate demands, and insulted by wretches who a few months before would not have dared to raise their eyes from the dust before me. I lived in continual terror, frightened by every noise at the door, and terrified at the approach of every step quicker than common. I never retired to rest without feeling the justness of the Spanish proverb—'Let him who sleeps too much, borrow the pillow of a debtor:' my sollicitude and vexation kept me long waking; and when I had closed my eyes, I was pursued or insulted by visionary bailiffs.

When I reflected upon the meanness of the shifts I had reduced myself to, I could not but curse the folly and extravagance that had overwhelmed me in a sea of troubles, from which it was highly improbable that I should ever emerge. I had some time lived in hopes of an estate at the death of my uncle; but he disappointed me by marrying his housekeeper; and catching an opportunity soon after of quarrelling with me, for setting twenty pounds a year upon a girl whom I had seduced, told me that he would take care to prevent his fortune from being squandered upon prostitutes.

Nothing now remained but the chance of extricating myself by marriage; a scheme which, I flattered myself, nothing but my present distress would have made me think on with patience. I determined, therefore, to look out for a tender novice, with a large fortune at her own disposal; and accordingly fixed my eyes upon Miss Biddy Simper. I had now paid her six or seven visits; and so fully convinced her of my being a gentleman and a rake, that I made no doubt that both her person and fortune would be soon mine.

At this critical time, Miss Gripe called upon me, in a chariot bought with my money, and loaded with trinkets that I had in my days of affluence lavished upon her. Those days were now over, and there was little hope that they

would ever return. She was not able to withstand the temptation of ten pounds that Talon the bailiff offered her, but brought him into my apartment disguised in a livery; and taking my sword to the window, under pretence of admiring the workmanship, beckoned him to seize me.

Delay would have been expensive without use, as the debt was too considerable for payment or bail: I, therefore, suffered myself to be immediately conducted to gaol.

*Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus orci,  
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia cura:  
Pallentesque habitant morbi, tristisque senectus,  
Et metus, et maleuada fames, et turpis egestas.*

VIRG.

Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,  
Revengeful cares, and sullen sorrows dwell;  
And pale diseases, and repining age;  
Want, fear, and famine's unresisted rage.

DRYDEN.

Confinement of any kind is dreadful; a prison is sometimes able to shock those who endure it in a good cause: let your imagination, therefore, acquaint you with what I have not words to express; and conceive, if possible, the horrors of imprisonment attended with reproach and ignominy, of involuntary association with the refuse of mankind, with wretches who were before too abandoned for society, but being now freed from shame or fear, are hourly improving their vices by consorting with each other.

There are, however, a few whom, like myself, imprisonment has rather mortified than hardened: with these only I converse; and of these you may perhaps hereafter receive some account from

Your humble Servant,

MYSARGYRUS.

T

No. XLII. SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1753.

*—Sua cuique deus fit dira cupido.*

VIRG.

*Our lusts are gods, and what they will is fate.*

I Had the misfortune, some time ago, to be in company where a gentleman, who has the honour to be a principal speaker at a disputing society of the first class, was expected. Till this person came in, the conversation was carried on with the cheerful easy negligence of sensible good-humour; but we soon discovered, that his discourse was a perpetual effort to betray the company into attempts to prove self-evident propositions; a practice in which he seems to have followed the example of that deep philosopher, who denied motion, 'because,' as he said, 'a body must move either where it is, or where it is not; and both suppositions are equally absurd.'

His attempt, however, was totally unsuccessful; till at last he affirmed, that a man had no more power over his own actions than a clock; and that the motions of the human machine were determined by irresistible propensities, as a clock is kept going by a weight. This proposition was answered with a loud laugh; every one treated it as an absurdity which it was impossible to believe; and to expose him to the ridicule of the company, he was desired to prove what he had advanced, as a fit punishment of his design to engage others to prove the contrary, which, though for a different reason, was yet equally ridiculous. After a long harangue, in which he retailed all the sophistry that he remembered, and much more than he understood, he had the mortification to find, that he had made no proselyte, nor was yet become of sufficient consequence to provoke an antagonist.

I sat silent; and as I was indulging my speculations on the scene which chance had exhibited before me, I recollected several incidents which convinced me, that most of the persons who were present had lately professed the opinion which they now opposed; and acted upon that very principle which they derided as absurd, and appeared to detest, as impious.

The company consisted of Mr. Traffic, a wealthy merchant; Mr. Courtly, a commissioner of a public office; Mr. Gay, a gentleman in whose conversation there is a higher strain of pleasantry and humour, than in any other person of my acquaintance; and Myrtilla, the wife of our friend at whose house we were assembled to dine, and who during this interval was engaged by some unexpected business in another room.

Those incidents which I then recollected, I will now relate: nor can any of the persons whom I have thus ventured to name, be justly offended; because that which is declared not to be the effect of choice, cannot be considered as the object of censure.

With Mr. Traffic I had contracted an intimacy in our younger days, which, notwithstanding the disparity of our fortune, has continued till now. We had both been long acquainted with a gentleman, who, though his extensive trade had contributed to enrich his country, was himself by sudden and inevitable losses become poor: his credit, however, was still good; and by the risque of a certain sum, it was still possible to retrieve his fortune. With this gentleman we had spent many a social hour; we had habitually drank his health when he was absent, and always expressed our sentiments of his merit in the highest terms. In this exigency, therefore, he applied to me, and communicated the secret of his distress; a secret, which is always concealed by a generous mind till it is extorted by torture that can no longer be borne: he knew my circumstances too well, to expect the sum that he wanted from my purse; but he requested that I would, to save him from the pain and confusion of such a conversation, communicate his request, and a true state of his affairs, to Mr. Traffic: 'For,' says he, 'though I could raise double the sum upon my own personal security, yet I would no more borrow of a man without acquainting

‘ him at what risk he lends, than I would solicit the insurance of a ship at a common premium, when I knew, by private intelligence, that she could swim no longer than while every pump was at work.’

I undertook this business with the utmost confidence of success. Mr. Traffic heard the account of our friend’s misfortunes with great appearance of concern; he warmly commended his integrity, and lamented the precarious situation of a trader, whom economy and diligence could not secure from calamities, which are brought upon others only by profusion and riot: but as to the money, he said, that I **COULD NOT** expect him to venture it without security: that my friend himself **COULD NOT** wonder that his request was refused; ‘ A request with which indeed,’ said he, ‘ I **CAN- NOT POSSIBLY** comply.’ Whatever may be thought of the free agency of myself and my friend which Mr. Traffic had made no scruple to deny in a very interesting particular; I believe every one will readily admit, that Mr. Traffic was neither free in speculation nor fact: for he can be little better than a machine actuated by avarice, who had not power to spare one thousand pounds from two hundred times the sum, to prevent the immediate ruin of a man, in whose behalf he had been so often liberal of praise, with whom his social enjoyments had been so long connected, and for whose misfortunes he was sensibly touched.

Soon after this disappointment, my unhappy friend became a bankrupt, and applied to me once more, to solicit Mr. Courtly for a place in his office. By Mr. Courtly I was received with great friendship; he was much affected with the distresses of my friend; he generously gave me a bank-note, which he requested me to apply to his immediate relief in such a manner as would least wound his delicacy; and promised that the first vacancy he should be provided for: but when the vacancy happened, of which I had the earliest intelligence, he told me, with evident compunction and distress, that he **COULD NOT POSSIBLY** fulfil his promise, for that a very great man had recommended one of his domestics, whose solicitation for that reason it was **NOT IN HIS POWER** to refuse. This gentleman, therefore, had also professed himself a machine; and, indeed, he appears to have been no less the instrument of ambition, than Mr. Traffic of avarice.

Mr. Gay, the wit, besides that he has very much the air of a free agent, is a man of deep penetration, great delicacy, and strong compassion: but in direct opposition to all these great and good qualities, he is continually entangled in difficulties, and precipitated not only into indecency and unkindness, but impiety, by his love of ridicule. I remembered, that I had lately expostulated with him about this strange perversion of his abilities in these terms: ‘ Dear Charles, it amazes me that you should rather affect the character of a merry fellow, than a wise man; that you should mortify a friend, whom you not only love but esteem; wantonly mangle a character which you reverence; betray a secret, violate truth, and sport with the doctrines and the practice of a religion which you believe, merely for the pleasure of being laughed at.’ I remember too that when he had heard me out, he shrugged up his shoulders, and greatly extending the longitudinal dimensions of his countenance—‘ All this,’ said he, ‘ is very true; but if I was to be hanged I **COULD NOT HELP IT.**’ Here was another declaration in favour of fatality. Poor Gay professes himself rather a slave to vanity than to vice, and patiently submits to the most ridiculous drudgery without one struggle for freedom.

Of the lady I am unwilling to speak with equal plainness; but I hope Myrtila will allow me to plead an **IRRESISTIBLE IMPULSE**, when she reflects that I have heard her lament that she is herself urged by an **IRRESISTIBLE IMPULSE TO PLAY**. I remembered, that I had, at the request of my friend, taken an opportunity when we were alone, indirectly to represent the pernicious consequences of indulging so preposterous an inclination. She perceived my design; and immediately accused herself with an honest sensibility that burst into tears: but at the same time told me, that she was **NO MORE ABLE** to refrain from **CARDS** than to **FLY**: and a few nights afterwards I observed her chairmen waiting at the door of a great lady, who seldom sees company but on a Sunday, and then has always the happiness of engaging a brilliant assembly at cards.

After I had recollected these incidents, I looked with less contempt upon our Necessitarian; and, to confess a truth, with less esteem upon his present opponents. I took for granted,



that this gentleman's opinion proceeded from a consciousness, that he was himself the slave of some or all of these vices and follies; and that he was prompted by something like benevolence, to communicate a discovery by which alone he had been able to quiet his own mind, and to regard himself rather as an object of pity than contempt. And indeed no man, without great incongruity, can affirm that he has powers which he does not exert, when to exert them is evidently his highest interest; nor should he be permitted to arrogate the dignity of a free agent, who has once professed himself to be the mere instrument of necessity.

While I was making these reflections, the husband of Myrtila came in; and to atone for any dishonour which custom or prejudice may

suppose to be reflected upon him by the unhappy FATALITY of his wife, I shall refer to him as an incontestible proof, that though there are some who have sold themselves to do evil, and become the bondmen of iniquity, yet there are others who preserve the birth-right of beings that are placed but a little lower than the angels; and who may without reproach deny the doctrine of necessity, by which they are degraded to an equality with brutes that perish. I acknowledge, indeed, that my friend has motives from which he acts; but his motives receive their force from reason illuminated by Revelation, and conscience invigorated by hope. I acknowledge too, that he is under subjection to a master; but let it be remembered, that it is to Him only, 'whose service' is perfect freedom.

## NO. XLIII. TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1753.

*Mobilitate viget*——— VIRG.

*Its life is motion.*

### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

MARCH 12, 1753.

THE adulteration of the copper-coin, as it is highly pernicious to trade in general, so it more immediately affects the itinerant branches of it. Among these, at present, are to be found the only circulators of base metal; and, perhaps, the only dealers who are obliged to take in payment such counterfeits as will find a currency no where else: and yet they are not allowed to raise the price of their commodities, though they are abridged of so considerable a portion of their profits.

A Tyburn execution, a duel, a most terrible fire, or a horrid, barbarous, bloody, cruel and inhuman murder was wont to bring in vast revenues to the lower class of pamphleteers, who get their livelihood by vending these diurnal records publicly in the streets: but since half-pence have been valued at no more than five-pence the pound weight, these occasional pieces will hardly answer the expences of printing and paper; and the servant maid, who used to indulge her taste for polite literature, by purchasing fifty new play-house songs, or a whole poetical sheet of the Yorkshire garland or

Gloucestershire tragedy, for a half-penny, can now scarcely procure more than one single slip of 'I Love Sue, or the Lover's Complaint.'

It is also observable, that the Park no longer echoes with the shrill cry of 'Toothpicks! Take you six, your honour, for a half-penny,' as it did when half-pence were half-pence worth. The vender contents herself with silently presenting her little portable shop; and guards against the rapacity of the buyer, by exhibiting a very small parcel of her wares.

But the greatest sufferers are undoubtedly the numerous fraternity of beggars; for, as things are circumstanced, it would be almost as profitable to work as to beg, were it not that many more are now induced to deal out their charity in what is of no other use to themselves, in the hope of receiving seven-fold in return. Indeed, since the usual donation has been so much lessened in its value, the beggars have been observed to be more vociferous and importunate. One of these orators, who takes his stand at Spring Gardens, now enforces his piteous complaint, with—'Good Christians, one GOOD half-penny to the stone blind;' and another who tells you he has lost the use of his precious limbs, addresses your compassion by

shewing a bad half-penny; and declaring that he is ready to perish with hunger, having tried in vain at twenty-three places to buy a bit of bread. Farthings, we are told, were formerly called in by the beggars, as they threatened the ruin of their community. I should not wonder, therefore, if this public-spirited people were also to put a stop to the circulation of bad half-pence, by melting them down from time to time as they come into their hands. The experiment is worth making; and I am assured, that, for some end or other, orders will be issued out from the king of the beggars, to bring all their adulterated copper to their mint in the Borough, or their foundery in Moorfields.

I was led to the consideration of this subject by some half-pence I had just received in change; among which one in particular attracted my regard, that seemed once to have borne the profile of King William, now scarcely visible, as it was very much battered, and besides other marks of ill usage had a hole through the middle. As it happened to be the evening of a day of some fatigue, my reflections did not much interrupt my propensity to sleep, and I insensibly fell into a kind of half-slumber; when to imagination the half-penny which then lay before me upon the table, erected itself upon its rim, and from the royal lips stamped on its surface articulately uttered the following narration.

'Sir! I shall not pretend to conceal from you the illegitimacy of my birth, or the baseness of my extraction: and though I seem to bear the venerable marks of old age, I received my being at Birmingham not six months ago. From thence I was transported, with many of my brethren of different dates, characters, and configurations, to a Jew-peddler in Duke's Place, who paid for us in specie scarce a fifth part of our nominal and extrinsic value. We were soon after separately disposed of, at a more moderate profit, to coffee-houses, chop-houses, chandlers-shops, and gin-shops.

'I had not been long in the world, before an ingenious transmuter of metals laid violent hands on me; and observing my thin shape and flat surface, by the help of a little quicksilver, exalted me into a shilling. Use, however, soon degraded me again to my native low station; and I unfortunately fell into

'the possession of an urchin just breeched, who received me as a Christmas-box of his god-mother.

'A love of money is ridiculously instilled into children so early, that before they can possibly comprehend the use of it, they consider it as of great value: I lost, therefore, the very essence of my being in the custody of this hopeful disciple of avarice and folly, and was kept only to be looked at and admired; but a bigger boy after a while snatched me from him, and released me from my confinement.

'I now underwent various hardships among his play-fellows, and was kicked about, hustled, tossed up, chucked into holes; which very much battered and impaired me: but I suffered most by the pegging of tops, the marks of which I have borne about me to this day. I was in this state the unwitting cause of rapacity, strife, envy, rancour, malice, and revenge, among the little-apes of mankind; and became the object and the nurse of those passions which disgrace human nature, while I appeared only to engage children in innocent pastimes: At length I was dismissed from their service, by a throw with a barrow-woman for an orange.

'From her it is natural to conclude, I passed to the gin-shop; where, indeed, it is probable I should have immediately gone, if her husband, a foot-soldier, had not wrested me from her, at the expence of a bloody nose, black eye, scratched face, and torn regimentals. By him I was carried to the Mall in St. James's Park; where—I am ashamed to tell how I parted from him—Let it suffice, that I was soon after safely deposited in a night-cellar.

'From thence I got into the coat-pocket of a Blood, and remained there with several of my brethren for some days unnoticed. But one evening, as he was reeling home from the tavern, he jerked a whole handful of us through a sash window into the dining-room of a tradesman, who he remembered had been so unmannerly to him the day before, as to desire payment of his bill. We reposed in soft ease on a fine Turkey carpet till the next morning, when the maid swept us up; and some of us were allotted to purchase tea, some to buy snuff, and I myself

was immediately trucked away at the door for The-Sweetheart's Delight.

It is not my design to enumerate every little accident that has befallen me, or to dwell upon trivial and indifferent circumstances, as is the practice of those important egotists, who write narratives, memoirs, and travels. As useless to the community as my single self may appear to be, I have been the instrument of much good and evil in the intercourse of mankind: I have contributed no small sum to the revenues of the crown, by my share in each news-paper; and in the consumption of tobacco, spirituous liquors, and other taxable commodities. If I have encouraged debauchery or supported extravagance; I have also rewarded the labours of industry, and relieved the necessities of indigence. The poor acknowledge me as their constant friend; and the rich, though they affect to slight me, and treat me with contempt, are often reduced by their follies to distresses which it is even in my power to relieve.

The present exact scrutiny into our constitution has, indeed, very much obstructed and embarrassed my travels; though I could not but rejoice in my condition last Tuesday, as I was debarred having any share in maiming, bruising, and destroying, the innocent victims of vulgar barbarity: I was happy in being confined to the mock-encounters with feathers and stuffed leather; a childish sport, rightly calculated to initiate tender

minds in arts of cruelty, and prepare them for the exercise of inhumanity on helpless animals!

I shall conclude, Sir, with informing you by what means I came to you in the condition you see. A Choice Spirit, a member of the Kill-Care Club, broke a link-boy's pate with me last night, as a reward for lighting him across the kennel. The lad wasted half his tar-flambeau in looking for me; but I escaped his search, being lodged snugly against a post. This morning a parish girl picked me up, and carried me with raptures to the next baker's shop to purchase a roll. The master, who was church-warden, examined me with great attention, and then gruffly threatening her with Bridewell for putting off bad money, knocked a nail through my middle, and fastened me to the counter: but the moment the poor hungry child was gone, he whipped me up again, and sending me away with others in 'change to the next customer, gave me this opportunity of relating my adventures to you.

When I awaked, I found myself so much invigorated by my nap, that I immediately wrote down the strange story which I had just heard; and as it is not totally destitute of use and entertainment, I have sent it to you, that by means of your paper it may be communicated to the public.

I am, Sir, your humble-Servant,

A

TIM. TURNPENNY.

No. XLIV. SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1753.

*Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis ullius unquam;  
Commissumque teges, et vino tortus, et ira.*

HOR.

*Strive not*

*Your Patron's bosom to explore;  
And let not wine or anger wrest  
Th' intrusted secret from your breast.*

FRANCIS.

I OWE the following paper to an unknown correspondent, who sent it, to Mr. Payne a few days ago, directed to the Adventurer. As I have no objection to the general principles upon which it is written, I have taken

the first opportunity to communicate it to the public: the subject is unquestionably of great importance; and as I think it is far from being exhausted, it may possibly produce another lucubration.

**A**MONGST all the beauties and excellencies of the ancient writers, of which I profess myself an admirer, there are none which strike me with more veneration, than the precepts they have delivered to us for our conduct in society. The fables of the poets, and the narrations of the historians, amaze and delight us with their respective qualifications: but we feel ourselves particularly concerned, when a moral virtue, or a social obligation, is set before us, the practice of which is our indispensable duty: and, perhaps, we are more ready to observe these instructions, or at least acquiesce sooner in the propriety of them, as the authority of the teacher is unquestionable, the address not particularly confined or leavelled, and the censure consequently less dogmatical.

Of all the virtues which the ancients possessed, the zeal and fidelity of their friendships appear to me as the highest distinctions of their characters. Private persons, and particular affinities amongst them, have been long celebrated and admired: and if we examine their conduct as companions, we shall find, that the rites of their religion were not more sacred, more strongly ratified, or more severely preserved, than their laws of society.

The table of friendship, and the altar of sacrifice were equally uncontaminated: the mysteries of Bacchus were enveloped with as many leaves as those of Ceres; and the profanation of either deity excluded the offenders from the assemblies of men: the revealer was judged accursed, and impiety was thought to accompany his steps.

Without inveighing against the practice of the present times, or comparing it with that of the past, I shall only remark, that if we cannot meet together upon the honest principles of social beings, there is reason to fear that we are placed in the most unfortunate and lamentable æra since the creation of mankind. It is not the increase of vices inseparable from humanity that alarms us, the riots of the licentious, or the outrages of the profligate; but it is the absence of that integrity, the neglect of that virtue, the contempt of that honour, which by connecting individuals formed society, and without which society can no longer subsist.

Few men are calculated for that close connection, which we distinguish by the appella-

tion of friendship; and we well know the difference between a friend and an acquaintance; the acquaintance is in a post of progression; and after having passed through a course of proper experience, and given sufficient evidence of his merit, takes a new title, and ranks himself higher. He must now be considered as in a place of consequence; in which all the ornaments of our nature are necessary to support him. But the great requisites, those without which all others are useless, are fidelity and taciturnity. He must not only be superior to loquacious imbecillity, he must be well able to repress the attacks of curiosity, and to resist those powerful engines that will be employed against him, wine and resentment. Such are the powers that he must constantly exert, after a trust is reposed in him: and that he may not overload himself, let him not add to his charge, by his own enquiries; let it be a devolved, not an acquired commission. Thus accounted—

——Sub iisdem

*Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum  
Solvat Phælon.*

——They who mysteries reveal,  
Beneath my roof shall never live,  
Shall never hoist with me the doubtful sail.

FRANCIS.

There are as few instigations in this country to a breach of confidence, as sincerity can rejoice under. The betrayer is for ever shut out from the ways of men, and his discoveries are deemed the effects of malice. We wisely imagine he must be actuated by other motives than the promulgation of truth; and we receive his evidence, however we may use it, with contempt. Political exigencies may require a ready reception of such private advices: but though the necessities of government admit the intelligence, the wisdom of it but barely encourages the intelligencer. There is no name so odious to us, as that of an informer. The very alarm in our streets at the approach of one, is a sufficient proof of the general abhorrence of this character.

Since these are the consequential conditions upon which men acquire this denomination, it may be asked what are the inducements to the treachery. I do not suppose it always proceeds from the badness of the mind; and indeed I think it is impossible that it should: weakness discovers what malignity propagates, till at

last, confirmation is required, with all the solemnity of proof, from the first author of the report; who only designed to gratify his own loquacity, or the importunity of his companion. An idle vanity inclines us to enumerate our parties of mirth and friendship; and we believe our importance is increased, by a recapitulation of the discourse, of which we were such distinguished sharers: and to shew that we were esteemed fit to be entrusted with affairs of great concern and privacy, we notably give in our detail of them.

There is, besides, a very general inclination amongst us to hear a secret, to whomsoever it relates, known or unknown to us, of whatever import, serious or trifling, so it be but a secret: the delight of telling it, and of hearing it, are nearly proportionate and equal. The possessor of the valuable treasure appears indeed rather to have the advantage; and he seems to claim his superiority. I have discovered at once in a large company, by an air and deportment that is assumed upon such occasions, who it is that is conscious of this happy charge;

he appears restless and full of doubt for a considerable time; has frequent consultations with himself, like a bee undetermined where to settle in a variety of sweets; till at last, one happy ear attracts him more forcibly than the rest, and there he fixes, 'stealing and giving odours.'

In a little time it becomes a matter of great amazement, that the whole town is as well acquainted with the story as the two who were so busily engaged; and the consternation is greater, as each reporter is confident that he only communicated it to one person. 'A report,' says Strada, 'thus transmitted from one to one, is like a drop of water at the top of a house; it descends but from tile to tile, yet at last makes its way to the gutter, and then is involved in the general stream.' And if I may add to the comparison, the drop of water, after its progress through all the channels of the streets, is not more contaminated with filth and dirt, than a simple story, after it has passed through the mouths of a few modern tale-bearers.

## NO. XLV. TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1753.

*Nulla fides regni sociis, omnisque potestas*

*Impatiens consortis erit,*

LUCAN.

*No faith of partnership dominion owns;*

*Still Discord hovers o'er divided thrones.*

IT is well known, that many things appear plausible in speculation, which can never be reduced to practice; and that of the numberless projects that have flattered mankind with theoretical speciousness, few have served any other purpose than to shew the ingenuity of their contrivers. A voyage to the moon, however romantic and absurd the scheme may now appear, since the properties of air have been better understood, seemed highly probable to many of the aspiring wits in the last century, who began to doat upon their glossy plumes, and fluttered with impatience for the hour of their departure.

*Pereant vestigia mille*

*Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.*

Hills, vales, and floods, appear already crost;  
And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.

POPE.

Among the fallacies which only experience can detect, there are some of which scarcely experience itself can destroy the influence; some which, by a captivating shew of indubitable certainty, are perpetually gaining upon the human mind; and which, though every trial ends in disappointment, obtain new credit as the sense of miscarriage wears gradually away, persuade us to try again what we have tried already, and expose us by the same failure to double vexation.

Of this tempting, this delusive kind, is the expectation of great performances by confederated strength. The speculatist, when he has carefully observed how much may be performed by a single hand, calculates by a very easy operation the force of thousands, and goes on accumulating power till resistance vanishes before it; then rejoices in the success of his new scheme, and wonders at the folly or idleness of former ages, who have lived in want of what

might so readily be procured, and suffered themselves to be debarred from happiness by obstacles which one united effort would have so easily surmounted.

But this gigantic phantom of collective power vanishes at once into air and emptiness, at the first attempt to put it into action. The different apprehensions, the discordant passions, the jarring interests of men, will scarcely permit that many should unite in one undertaking.

Of a great and complicated design, some will never be brought to discern the end; and of the several means by which it may be accomplished, the choice will be a perpetual subject of debate, as every man is swayed in his determination by his own knowledge or convenience. In a long series of action, some will languish with fatigue, and some be drawn off by present gratifications; some will loiter because others labour, and some will cease to labour because others loiter: and if once they come within prospect of success and profit, some will be greedy and others envious; some will undertake more than they can perform, to enlarge their claims of advantage; some will perform less than they undertake, lest their labours should chiefly turn to the benefit of others.

The history of mankind informs us that a single power is very seldom broken by a confederacy. States of different interests, and aspects malevolent to each other, may be united for a time by common distress; and in the ardour of self-preservation fall unanimously upon an enemy, by whom they are all equally endangered. But if their first attack can be withstood, time will never fail to dissolve their union; success and miscarriage will be equally destructive: after the conquest of a province, they will quarrel in the division; after the loss of a battle, all will be endeavouring to secure themselves by abandoning the rest.

From the impossibility of confining numbers to the constant and uniform prosecution of a common interest, arises the difficulty of securing subjects against the encroachment of governors. Power is always gradually stealing away from the many to the few, because the few are more vigilant and consistent; it still contracts to a smaller number, till in time it centers in a single person.

Thus all the forms of government instituted among mankind, perpetually tend towards mo-

narchy; and power, however diffused through the whole community, is by negligence or corruption, commotion or distress, reposed at last in the chief magistrate.

‘There never appear,’ says Swift, ‘more than five or six men of genius in an age; but if they were united, the world could not stand before them.’ It is happy, therefore, for mankind, that of this union there is no probability. As men take in a wider compass of intellectual survey, they are more likely to chuse different objects of pursuit; as they see more ways to the same end, they will be less easily persuaded to travel together; as each is better qualified to form an independent scheme of private greatness, he will reject with great obstinacy the project of another; as each is more able to distinguish himself as the head of a party, he will less readily be made a follower or an associate.

The reigning philosophy informs us, that the vast bodies which constitute the universe, are regulated in their progress through the ethereal spaces by the perpetual agency of contrary forces; by one of which they are restrained from deserting their orbits, and losing themselves in the immensity of heaven; and held off by the other from rushing together, and clustering round their centre with everlasting cohesion.

The same contrariety of impulse may be perhaps discovered in the motions of men: we are formed for society, not for combination; we are equally unqualified to live in a close connection with our fellow beings, and in total separation from them; we are attracted towards each other by general sympathy, but kept back from contact by private interests.

Some philosophers have been foolish enough to imagine, that improvements might be made in the system of the universe, by a different arrangement of the orbs of heaven; and politicians, equally ignorant and equally presumptuous, may easily be led to suppose, that the happiness of our world would be promoted by a different tendency of the human mind. It appears, indeed, to a slight and superficial observer, that many things impracticable in our present state might be easily effected, if mankind were better disposed to union and co-operation: but a little reflection will discover, that if confederacies were easily formed, they would lose their efficacy, since

numbers would be opposed to numbers, and unanimity to unanimity; and instead of the present petty competitors of individuals or single families, multitudes would be supplanting multitudes, and thousands plotting against thousands.

There is no class of the human species, of which the union seems to have been more expected, than of the learned: the rest of the world have almost always agreed to shut scholars up together in colleges and cloisters: surely not without hope, that they would look for that happiness in concord, which they were debarred from finding in variety; and that such conjunctions of intellect would recompense the munificence of founders and patrons, by performances above the reach of any single mind.

But Discord, who found means to roll her apple into the banquetting chamber of the goddesses, has had the address to scatter her laurels in the seminaries of learning. The friendship of students and of beauties is for the most part equally sincere, and equally durable: as both depend for happiness on the regard of others, on that of which the value arises merely

from comparison, they are both exposed to perpetual jealousies, and both incessantly employed in schemes to intercept the praises of each other.

I am, however, far from intending to inculcate, that this confinement of the studious to studious companions, has been wholly without advantages to the public: neighbourhood, where it does not conciliate friendship, incites competition; and he that would contentedly rest in a lower degree of excellence, where he had no rival to dread, will be urged by his impatience of inferiority to incessant endeavours after great attainment.

These stimulations of honest rivalry are, perhaps, the chief effects of academies and societies; for whatever be the bulk of their joint labours, every single piece is always the production of an individual, that owes nothing to his colleagues but the contagion of diligence, a resolution to write, because the rest are writing, and the scorn of obscurity while the rest are illustrious.

T

No. XLVI. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1753.

*Μισὸν πρὸς τὸν Συναπόκρυπτον.*

PROV. GR.

*Far from my table be the tell-tale guest.*

IT has been remarked, that men are generally kind in proportion as they are happy; and it is said even of the devil, that he is good-humoured when he is pleased. Every act, therefore, by which another is injured, from whatever motive, contracts more guilt, and expresses greater malignity, if it is committed in those seasons which are set apart to pleasantry and good humour, and brightened with enjoyments peculiar to rational and social beings.

Detraction is among those vices which the most languid virtue has sufficient force to prevent; because, by detraction, that is not gained which is taken away: 'he who filches from me my good name,' says Shakespeare, 'enriches not himself, but makes me poor in deed.' As nothing, therefore, degrades human nature more than detraction, nothing more disgraces conversation. The detractor, as he is the lowest moral character, reflects greater dishonour upon his

company than the hangman; and he whose disposition is a scandal to his species, should be more diligently avoided than he who is scandalous only by his office.

But for this practice, however vile, some have dared to apologize, by contending, that the report, by which they injured an absent character, was true: this, however, amounts to no more than that they have not complicated malice with falsehood, and that there is some difference between detraction and slander. To relate all the ill that is true of the best man in the world, would probably render him the object of suspicion and distrust; and if this practice was universal, mutual confidence and esteem, the comforts of society, and the endearments of friendship, would be at an end.

There is something unspeakably more hateful in those species of villainy by which the law is evaded, than in those by which it is violated and defined. Courage has sometimes preserved rapacity from abhorrence, as beauty has been



thought to apologize for prostitution; but the injustice of cowardice is universally abhorred, and, like the lewdness of deformity, has no advocate. Thus hateful are the wretches who detract with caution; and while they perpetrate the wrong, are solicitous to avoid the reproach: they do not say, that Chloe forfeited her honour to Lyfander; but they say that such a report has been spread, they know not how true. Those who propagate these reports frequently invent them; and it is no breach of charity to suppose this to be always the case, because no man who spreads detraction would have scrupled to produce it; and he who should diffuse poison in a brook would scarce be acquitted of a malicious design, though he should alledge that he received it of another who is doing the same elsewhere.

Whatever is incompatible with the highest dignity of our nature, should indeed be excluded from our conversation: as companions, not only that which we owe to ourselves but to others, is required of us; and they who can indulge any vice in the presence of each other are become obdurate in guilt and insensible to infamy.

REVERENCE THY SELF, is one of the sublime precepts of that amiable philosopher, whose humanity alone was an incontestible proof of the dignity of his mind. Pythagoras, in his idea of virtue, comprehended intellectual purity; and he supposed, that by him who revered himself, those thoughts would be suppressed by which a being capable of virtue is degraded: this divine precept evidently presupposes a reverence of others, by which men are restrained from more gross immoralities; and with which he hoped a reverence of self would also co-operate as an auxiliary motive.

The great Duke of Marlborough, who was perhaps the most accomplished gentleman of his age, would never suffer any approaches to obsequy in his presence; and it was said by the late Lord Cobham, that he did not reprove it as an immorality in the speaker, but resented it as an indignity to himself: and it is evident, that to speak evil of the absent, to utter lewdness, blasphemy or treason, must degrade not only him who speaks, but those who hear; for surely that dignity of character which a man ought always to sustain, is in danger when he

is made the confident of treachery, detraction, impiety, or lust: for he who in conversation displays his own vices, imputes them; as he who boasts to another of a robbery, presupposes that he is a thief.

It should be a general rule, never to utter any thing in conversation which would justly dishonour us if it should be reported to the world: if this rule could be always kept, we should be secure in our own innocence against the craft of knaves and parasites, the stratagems of cunning, and the vigilance of envy.

But after all the bounty of nature, and all the labour of virtue, many imperfections will be still discerned in human beings, even by those who do not see with all the perspicacity of human wisdom: and he is guilty of the most aggravated detraction who reports the weakness of a good mind discovered in an unguarded hour; something which is rather the effect of negligence, than design; rather a folly, than a fault; a fallacy of vanity, rather than an eruption of malevolence. It has, therefore, been a maxim inviolably sacred among good men, never to disclose the secrets of private conversation; a maxim which, though it seems to arise from the breach of some other, does yet imply that general rectitude, which is produced by a consciousness of virtuous dignity, and a regard to that reverence which is due to ourselves and others: for to conceal any immoral purpose, which to disclose is to disappoint; any crime, which to hide is to countenance; or any character, which to avoid is to be safe; as it is incompatible with virtue, and injurious to society, can be a law only among those who are enemies to both.

Among such, indeed, it is a law which there is some degree of obligation to fulfil; and the secrets even of their conversation are perhaps seldom disclosed, without an aggravation of their guilt: it is the interest of society, that the veil of taciturnity should be drawn over the mysteries of drunkenness and lewdness; and to hide even the machinations of envy, ambition, or revenge, if they happen to mingle in these orgies among the rites of Bacchus, seems to be the duty of the initiated, though not of the profane.

Is he who has associated with robbers, who has reposed and accepted a trust, and whose



guilt is a pledge of his fidelity, should betray his associates for hire; if he is urged to secure himself, by the anxiety of suspicion, or the terrors of cowardice, or to punish others by the importunity of resentment and revenge; though the public receives benefit from his conduct, and may think it expedient to reward him, yet he has only added to every other species of guilt, that of treachery to his friends: he has demonstrated, that he is so destitute of virtue, as not to possess even those vices which resemble it: and that he ought to be cut off as totally unfit for human society, but that, as poison is an antidote to poison, his crimes are a security against the crimes of others.

It is, however, true, that if such an offender is stung with remorse, if he feels the force of higher obligations than those of an iniquitous compact, and if urged by a desire to atone for the injury which he has done to society, he gives in his information, and delivers up his associates, with whatever reluctance, to the laws; by this sacrifice he ratifies his repentance, he becomes again the friend of his country, and deserves not only protection but esteem: for the same action may be either virtuous or vicious, and may deserve either honour or infamy, as it may be performed upon different principles; and indeed no action can be morally classed or estimated, without some knowledge of the motive by which it is produced.

But as there is seldom any other clue to the

motives of particular actions, than the general tenor of his life by whom they are performed; and as the lives of those who serve their country by bringing its enemies to punishment are commonly flagitious in the highest degree; the ideas of this service and the most sordid villainy are so connected, that they always recur together: if only this part of a character is known, we immediately infer that the whole is infamous; and it is therefore no wonder that the name by which it is expressed especially when it is used to denominate a profession should be odious; or that a good man should not always have sufficient fortitude to strike away the mask of dissimulation, and direct the sword of justice.

But whatever might be thought of those who discharge their obligations to the public by treachery to their companions, it cannot be pretended that he to whom an immoral design is communicated by inadvertence or mistake, is under any private obligation to conceal it; the charge which devolves upon him he must instantly renounce; for while he hesitates, his virtue is suspended: and he who communicates such design to another, not by inadvertence or mistake, but upon presumption of concurrence, commits an outrage upon his honour, and desies his resentment.

Let none, therefore, be encouraged to profane the rites of conversation, much less of friendship, by supposing there is any law which ought to restrain the indignation of virtue, or deter repentance from reparation.

## No. XLVII. TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1753.

*Multi*

*Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato;*

*Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema.* JUV.

*Every age relates,*

*That equal crimes unequal fates have found;*

*And whilst one villain swings, another's crown'd.* CREECH.

MAN, though as a rational being he has thought fit to stile himself the lord of the creation, is yet frequently the voluntary slave of prejudice and custom; the most general opinions are often absurd, and the prevailing principles of action ridiculous.

It may, however, be allowed, that if in these instances reason always appeared to be over-

borne by the importunity of appetite; if the future was sacrificed to the present, and hope renounced only for possession; there would not be much cause for wonder: but that man should draw absurd conclusions, contrary to his immediate interest; that he should even at the risk of life gratify those vices in some, which in others he punishes with a gibbet or a wheel,

is in the highest degree astonishing ; and is such an instance of the weakness of our reason, and the fallibility of our judgment, as should incline us to accept with gratitude of that guidance which is from above.

But if it is strange, that one man has been immortalized as a god, and another put to death as a felon, for actions which have the same motive and the same tendency, merely because they were circumstantially different ; it is yet more strange, that this difference has always been such as increases the absurdity ; and that the action which exposes a man to infamy and death, wants only greater aggravation of guilt, and more extensive and pernicious effects, to render him the object of veneration and applause.

Bagshot the robber, having lost the booty of a week among his associates at hazard, loaded his pistols, mounted his horse, and took the Kentish road, with a resolution not to return till he had recruited his purse. Within a few miles of London, just as he heard a village clock strike nine, he met two gentlemen in a post-chaise, which he stopped. One of the gentlemen immediately presented a pistol, and at the same time a servant rode up armed with a blunderbuss. The robber, perceiving that he should be vigorously opposed, turned off from the chaise, and discharged a pistol at the servant, who instantly fell dead from his horse. The gentlemen had now leaped from the chaise ; but the foremost receiving a blow on his head with the stock of the pistol that had been just fired, reeled back a few paces ; the other having fired at the murderer without success, attempted to dismount him, and succeeded ; but while they were grappling with each other, the villain drew a knife, and stabbed his antagonist to the heart. He then, with the calm intrepidity of a hero who is familiar with danger, proceeded to rifle the pockets of the dead ; and the survivor having recovered from the blow, and being imperiously commanded to deliver, was now obliged to comply. When the victor had thus obtained the pecuniary reward of his prowess, he determined to lose no part of the glory which as conqueror was now in his power : turning, therefore, to the unhappy gentleman whom he had plundered, he condescended to insult him with the applause of conscious supe-

riority ; he told him, that he had never robbed any persons who behaved better ; and as a tribute due to the merit of the dead, and as a token of his esteem for the living, he generously threw him back a shilling, to prevent his being stopped at the turnpike.

He now remounted his horse, and set off towards London, but at the turnpike, a coach that was paying the toll obstructed his way ; and by the light of the flambeau that was behind it, he discovered that his coat was much stained with blood : this discovery threw him into such confusion, that he attempted to rush by ; he was however prevented ; and his appearance giving great reason to suspect his motive, he was seized and detained.

In the coach were two ladies, and a little boy about five years old. The ladies were greatly alarmed when they heard that a person was taken who was supposed to have just committed a robbery and a murder : they asked many questions with great eagerness ; but their enquiries were little regarded, till a gentleman rode up, who seeing their distress offered his assistance. The elder of the two ladies acquainted him, that her husband, Sir Harry Freeman, was upon the road in his return from Gravesend, where he had been to receive an only son upon his arrival from India, after an absence of near six years ; that herself and her daughter-in-law were come out to meet them, but were terrified with the apprehension that they might have been stopped by the man who had just been taken into custody. Their attention was now suddenly called to the other side of the coach by the child, who cried out in a transport of joy—' There is my grand-papa ! ' This was indeed the survivor of the three who had been attacked by Bagshot : he was mounted on his servant's horse, and rode slowly by the side of the chaise in which he had just placed the body of his son, whose countenance was disfigured with blood, and whose features were still impressed with the agonies of death. Who can express the grief, horror, and despair, with which a father exhibited this spectacle to a mother and a wife, who expected a son and a husband, with all the tenderness and ardour of conjugal and parental affection ; who had long regretted his absence, who had anticipated the joy of his return, and were impatient to put

into his arms a pledge of his love which he had never seen!

I will not attempt to describe that distress, which tears would not have suffered me to behold: let it suffice, that such was its effect upon those who were present, that the murderer was not without difficulty conducted alive to the prison: and I am confident, that few who read this story would have heard with regret that he was torn in pieces by the way.

But before they congratulate themselves upon a sense, which always distinguishes right and wrong by spontaneous approbation and censure; let them tell me, with what sentiments they read of a youthful monarch, who at the head of an army in which every man became a hero by his example, passed over mountains and deserts, in search of new territories to invade, and new potentates to conquer; who routed armies which could scarce be numbered, and took cities which were deemed impregnable. Do they not follow him in the path of slaughter with horrid complacency? and when they see him deluge the peaceful fields of industrious simplicity with blood, and leave them desolate to the widow and the orphan of the possessor, do they not grow frantic in his praise, and concur to deify the mortal who could conquer only for glory, and to return the kingdoms that he won?

To these questions, I am confident the greater part of mankind must answer in the affirmative; and yet nothing can be more absurd than their different apprehensions of the Hero and the Thief.

The conduct of Bagshot and Alexander had in general the same motives, and the same tendency; they both sought a private gratification at the expence of others; and every circumstance in which they differ is greatly in favour of Bagshot.

Bagshot, when he had lost his last shilling, had lost the power of gratifying every appetite whether criminal or innocent; and the recovery of this power was the object of his expedition.

Alexander, when he set out to conquer the world, possessed all that Bagshot hoped to acquire, and more; all his appetites and passions were gratified, as far as the gratification of them was possible; and as the force of temptation is always supposed proportionably to extenuate guilt, Alexander's guilt was evidently

greater than Bagshot's, because it cannot be pretended that his temptation was equal.

But though Alexander could not equally increase the means of his own happiness, yet he produced much more dreadful and extensive evil to society in the attempt. Bagshot killed two men; and I have related the murder and its consequences, with such particulars as usually rouse that sensibility, which often lies torpid during narratives of general calamity. Alexander, perhaps, destroyed a million; and whoever reflects, that each individual of this number had some tender attachments which were broken by his death; some parent or wife, with whom he mingled tears in the parting embrace, and who longed with fond solicitude for his return; or, perhaps, some infant whom his labour was to feed, and his vigilance protect; will see that Alexander was more the pest of society than Bagshot, and more deserved a gibbet in the proportion of a million to one.

It may, perhaps, be thought absurd, to enquire into the virtues of Bagshot's character: and yet virtue has never been thought incompatible with that of Alexander. Alexander, we are told, gave proof of his greatness of mind by his contempt of danger; but as Bagshot's danger was equally voluntary and imminent, there ought to be no doubt but that his mind was equally great. Alexander, indeed, gave back the kingdoms that he won: but after the conquest of a kingdom, what remained for Alexander to give? To a prince, whose country he had invaded with unprovoked hostility, and from whom he had violently wrested the blessings of peace, he gave a dominion over the widows and orphans of those he had slain, the tinsel of dependent greatness, and the badge of royal subjection. And does not Bagshot deserve equal honour, for throwing back a shilling to the man, whose person he had insulted, and whose son he had stabbed to the heart? Alexander did not ravish or massacre the women whom he found in the tents of Darius; neither did honest Bagshot kill the gentleman whom he had plundered, when he was no longer able to resist.

If Bagshot, then, is justly dragged to prison, amidst the tumult of rage, menaces, and execrations; let Alexander, whom the lords of reason have extolled for ages, be no longer thought worthy of a triumph.

As the acquisition of honour is frequently a motive to the risque of life, it is of great importance to confer it only upon virtue; and as honour is conferred by the public voice, it is of equal moment to strip those vices of their disguise which have been mistaken for virtue. The wretches who compose the army of a tyrant, are associated by folly in the service of rapine and murder; and that men should imagine they were deserving honour by the massacre of each other, merely to flatter ambition with a new title, is perhaps as inscrutable a mystery as any that has perplexed reason, and as gross an absurdity as any that has disgraced it. It is not, indeed, so much to punish vice, as to prevent misery, that I wish to see it always branded with infamy; for even the successes of vice terminate in the anguish of disappointment. To Alexander, the fruit of all his conquests was tears; and whoever goes about to gratify intemperate wishes, will labour to as little purpose, as he who should attempt to fill a sieve with water.

I was accidentally led to pursue my subject

in this train, by the sight of an historical chart, in which the rise, the progress, the declension, and duration of empire, are represented by the arrangement of different colours; and in which, not only extent, but duration is rendered a sensible object. The Grecian empire, which is distinguished by a deep red, is a long but narrow line; because, though Alexander marked the world with his colour from Macedonia to Egypt, yet the colours peculiar to the hereditary potentates whom he dispossessed, again took place upon his death: and indeed, the question whose name shall be connected with a particular country as its king, is to those who hazard life in the decision as trifling as whether a small spot in a chart shall be stained with red or yellow. That man should be permitted to decide such questions by means so dreadful, is a reflection under which he only can rejoice, who believes that **GOD ONLY REIGNS**; and can appropriate the promise, that **ALL THINGS SHALL WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**.

## No. XLVIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1753.

*Ibat triumphans virgo—  
Sunt qui rogatam rettulerint preces  
Tulisse Christo, redderet ut res  
Lumen jacenti, tum invenit halitum  
Vite innovatum, visibus integris.*

PRUDENT.

*As rescued from intended wrong,  
The modest virgin pac'd along,  
By blasting heav'n depriv'd of day  
Beneath her feet the accuser lay;  
She mark'd, and soon the pray'r arose  
To Him who bade us love our foes;  
By faith enforc'd the pious call  
Again relum'd the fightless ball.*

**TO LOVE AN ENEMY**, is the distinguishing characteristic of a religion, which is not of man but of **GOD**. It could be delivered as a precept only by **HIM** who lived and died to establish it by his example.

At the close of that season in which human frailty has commemorated sufferings which it could not sustain, a season in which the most zealous devotion can only substitute a change of food for a total abstinence of forty days; it cannot, surely, be incongruous to consider, what approaches we can make to that divine love which these sufferings expres-

sed; and how far man, in imitation of his SAVIOUR, can bless those who curse him, and return good for evil.

We cannot, indeed, behold the example but at a distance; nor consider it without being struck with a sense of our own debility: every man who compares his life with this divine rule, instead of exulting in his own excellence, will smite his breast like the publican, and cry out — 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' Thus to acquaint us with ourselves may, perhaps, be one use of the precept; but the precept cannot, surely, be considered as having no other.

I know it will be said, that our passions are not in our power; and that therefore a precept to love or to hate is impossible; for if the gratification of all our wishes was offered us to love a stranger as we love a child, we could not fulfil the condition, however we might desire the reward.

But admitting this to be true, and that we cannot love an enemy as we love a friend; it is yet equally certain, that we may perform those actions which are produced by love from a higher principle: we may, perhaps, derive moral excellence from natural defects, and exert our reason instead of indulging a passion. If our enemy hungers, we may feed him; and if he thirsts, we may give him drink: this, if we could love him would be our conduct; and this may still be our conduct, though to love him is impossible. The Christian will be prompted to relieve the necessities of his enemy, by his love to God: he will rejoice in an opportunity to express the zeal of his gratitude and the alacrity of his obedience, at the same time that he appropriates the promises, and anticipates his reward.

But though he who is beneficent upon these principles, may in the Scripture, sense be said to love his enemy; yet something more may still be effected: the passion itself in some degree is in our power; we may rise to a yet nearer emulation of divine forgiveness; we may think as well as act with kindness, and be sanctified as well in heart as in life.

Though love and hatred are necessarily produced in the human breast, when the proper objects of these passions occur, as the colour of material substances is necessarily perceived by an eye before which they are exhibited; yet it is in our power to change the passion, and to cause either love or hatred to be excited, by placing the same object in different circumstances; as a changeable silk of blue and yellow may be held so as to excite the idea either of yellow or blue.

No act is deemed more injurious, or resented with greater acrimony, than the marriage of a child, especially of a daughter, without the consent of a parent: it is frequently considered as a breach of the strongest and tenderest obligations; as folly and ingratitude, treachery and rebellion. By the imputation of these vices, a child becomes the object of indignation and resentment; indignation and resentment in the breast, therefore,

of the parent, are necessarily excited; and there can be no doubt but that these are species of hatred. But if the child is considered as still retaining the endearing softness of filial affection, as still longing for reconciliation, and profaning the rites of marriage with tears; as having been driven from the path of duty, only by the violence of passions which none have always resisted, and which many have indulged with much greater turpitude; the same object that before excited indignation and resentment, will now be regarded with pity, and pity is a species of love.

Those, indeed, who resent this breach of filial duty with implacability, though perhaps it is the only one of which the offender has been guilty, demonstrate that they are without natural affection; and that they would have prostituted their offspring, if not to lust, yet to affections which are equally vile and sordid, the thirst of gold, or the cravings of ambition: for he can never be thought to be sincerely interested in the felicity of his child, who when some of the means of happiness are lost by indiscretion, suffers his resentment to take away the rest.

Among friends, sallies of quick resentment are extremely frequent. Friendship is a constant reciprocation of benefits, to which the sacrifice of private interests is sometimes necessary: it is common for each to set too much value upon those which he bestows, and too little upon those which he receives; this mutual mistake in so important an estimation, produces mutual charges of unkindness and ingratitude; each perhaps professes himself ready to forgive, but neither will condescend to be forgiven. Pride, therefore, still increases the enmity which it began; the friend is considered as selfish, assuming, injurious and revengeful; he consequently becomes an object of hatred: and while he is thus considered, to love him is impossible. But thus to consider him, is at once a folly and a fault: each ought to reflect, that he is, at least in the opinion of the other, incurring the crimes that he imputes; that the foundation of their enmity is no more than a mistake; and that this mistake is the effect of weakness or vanity, which is common to all mankind: the character of both would then assume a very different aspect, love would again be excited by the return of its object, and each would be im-

patient to exchange acknowledgments, and recover the felicity which was so near being lost.

But, if after we have admitted an acquaintance to our bosom as a friend, it should appear that we had mistaken his character; if he should betray our confidence, and use the knowledge of our affairs, which, perhaps he obtained by offers of service, to effect our ruin; if he defames us to the world, and adds perjury to falsehood; if he violates the chastity of a wife, or seduces a daughter to prostitution; we may still consider him in such circumstances as will incline us to fulfil the precept, and to regard him without the rancour of hatred or the fury of revenge.

Every character, however it may deserve punishment, excites hatred only in proportion as it appears to be malicious; and pure malice has never been imputed to human beings. The wretch, who has thus deceived and injured us, should be considered as having ultimately intended, not evil to us, but good to himself. It should also be remembered, that he has mistaken the means; that he has forfeited the friendship of Him whose favour is better than life, by the same conduct which forfeited ours; and that to whatever view he sacrificed our temporal interest, to that also he sacrificed his own hope of immortality; that he is now seeking felicity which he can never find, and incurring punishment that will last for ever. And how much

better than this wretch is he, in whom the contemplation of his condition can excite no pity! Surely, if such an enemy hungers, we may, without suppressing any passion, give him food; for who that sees a criminal dragged to execution, for whatever crime, would refuse him a cup of cold water?

On the contrary, he, whom GOD has forgiven, must necessarily become amiable to man: to consider his character without prejudice or partiality, after it has been changed by repentance, is to love him; and impartially to consider it, is not only our duty but our interest.

Thus may we love our enemies, and add a dignity to our nature of which pagan virtue had no conception. But if to love our enemies is the glory of a Christian, to treat others with coldness, neglect and malignity, is rather the reproach of a fiend than a man. Unprovoked enmity, the frown of unkindness, and the menaces of oppression, should be far from those who profess themselves to be followers of HIM who in his life went about doing good; who instantly healed a wound that was given in his defence; and who, when he was fainting in his last agony, and treated with mockery and derision, conceived at once a prayer and an apology for his murderers; 'FATHER, FORGIVE THEM; THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.'

No. XLIX. TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1753.

—————*Flumina libant*  
*Summa leves*—————

VIRG.

—————*They lightly skim,*  
*And gently sip the dimply river's brim.*

THE character of the scholars of the present age will not be much injured or misrepresented by saying, that they seem to be superficially acquainted with a multitude of subjects, but to go to the bottom of very few. This appears in criticism and polite learning, as well as in the abstruse sciences: by the diffusion of knowledge its depth is abated.

Eutyches harangues with wonderful plausibility on the distinct merits of all the Greek and Roman classics, without having thoroughly and attentively perused, or entered into the spirit and scope of one of them. But Eutyches has diligently digested the dissertations of Ra-

pin, Bouhours, Felton, Blackwall, and Rolin; treatises that administer great consolation to the indolent and incurious, to those who can tamely rest satisfied with second-hand knowledge, as they give concise accounts of all the great heroes of antient literature, and enable them to speak of their several characters without the tedious drudgery of perusing the originals. But the characters of writers, as of men, are of a very mixed and complicated nature, and are not to be comprehended in so small a compass: such objects do not admit of being drawn in miniature, with accuracy and distinctness.

To the present prevailing passion for French moralists and French critics, may be imputed the superficial shew of learning and abilities of which I am complaining. And since these alluring authors are become not only so fashionable an amusement of those who call themselves the polite world, but also engross the attention of academical students, I am tempted to enquire into the merits of the most celebrated among them of both kinds.

That Montagne abounds in native wit, in quick penetration, in a perfect knowledge of the human heart, and the various vanities and vices that lurk in it, cannot be justly denied. But a man who undertakes to transmit his thoughts on life and manners to posterity, with the hopes of entertaining and amending future ages, must be either exceedingly vain or exceedingly careless, if he expects either of these effects can be produced by wanton sallies of the imagination, by useless and impertinent digressions, by never forming or following any regular plan, never classing or confining his thoughts, never changing or rejecting any sentiment that occurs to him. Yet this appears to have been the conduct of our celebrated essayist; and it has produced many awkward imitators, who under the notion of writing with the fire and freedom of this lively old Gascon, have fallen into confused rhapsodies and uninteresting egotisms.

But these blemishes of Montagne are trifling and unimportant, compared with his vanity, his indecency, and his scepticism. That man must totally have suppressed the natural love of honest reputation, which is so powerfully felt by the truly wise and good, who can calmly sit down to give a catalogue of his private vices, and publish his most secret infirmities, with a pretence of exhibiting a faithful picture of himself, and of exactly portraying the minutest features of his mind. Surely he deserves the censure Quintilian bestows on Demetrius, a celebrated Grecian statuary, that he was 'nimis in veritate, et similitudinis quam pulchritudinis amator—more studious of likeness than of beauty.'

Though the maxims of the Duke de la Rochefoucault, another fashionable philosopher, are written with expressive elegance, and with nervous brevity; yet I must be pardoned for affirming that he who labours to lessen the dig-

nity of human nature, destroys many efficacious motives for practising worthy actions, and deserves ill of his fellow creatures, whom he paints in dark and disagreeable colours. As the opinions of men usually contract a tincture from the circumstances and conditions of their lives, it is easy to discern the chagrined courtier, in the satire which this polite misanthrope has composed on his own species. According to his gloomy and uncomfortable system, virtue is merely the result of temper and constitution, of chance or of vanity, of fashion or the fear of losing reputation. Thus humanity is brutalized; and every high and generous principle is represented as imaginary, romantic, and chimerical; reason, which by some is too much aggrandized and almost deified, is here degraded into an abject slave of appetite and passion, and deprived even of her just and indisputable authority. As a Christian, and as a man, I despise, I detest, such debasing principles.

Roche foucault, to give a smartness and shortness to his sentences, frequently makes use of the antithesis, a mode of speaking the most tiresome and disgusting of any, by the sameness and similarity of the periods; and sometimes, in order to keep up the point, he neglects the propriety and justness of the sentiment, and grossly contradicts himself. 'Happiness,' says he, 'consists in the taste, and not in the things: and it is by enjoying what a man loves, that he becomes happy; not by having what others think desirable.' The obvious doctrine contained in this reflection, is the great power of imagination with regard to felicity: but, adds the reflector, in a following maxim—'We are never so happy or so miserable, as we imagine ourselves to be:' which is certainly a plain and palpable contradiction of the foregoing opinion. And of such contradictions many instances might be alledged in this admired writer, which evidently shew that he had not digested his thoughts with philosophical exactness and precision.

But the characters of La Bruyere deserve to be spoken of in far different terms. They are drawn with spirit and propriety, without a total departure from nature and resemblance, as sometimes is the case in pretended pictures of life. In a few instances only he has failed, by overcharging his portraits with many ridiculous features that cannot exist together in

one subject; as in the character of Menalcas the absent man, which though applauded by one of my predecessors, is surely absurd, and false to nature. This author appears to be a warm admirer of virtue, and a steady promoter of her interest: he was neither ashamed of Christianity, nor afraid to defend it: accordingly, few have exposed the folly and absurdity of modish infidels, of infidels made by vanity and not by want of conviction, with so much solidity and pleasantry united: he disdained to sacrifice truth to levity and licentiousness. Many of his characters are personal, and contain allusions which cannot now be understood. It is, indeed, the fate of personal satire to perish with the generation in which it is written: many artful strokes in Theophrastus himself, perhaps, appear coarse or insipid, which the Athenians looked upon with admiration. A different age and different nation render us incapable of relishing several beauties in the *Alchymist* of Johnson, and in the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes.

Saint Evremond is a florid and verbose trifler, without novelty or solidity in his reflections. What more can be expected from one who proposed the dissolute and affected Petronius for his model in writing and living?

As the corruption of our taste is not of equal consequence with the depravation of our virtue, I shall not spend so much time on the critics, as I have done on the moralists of France.

How admirably Rapin, the most popular among them, was qualified to sit in judgment upon Homer and Thucydides, Demosthenes and Plato, may be gathered by an anecdote preserved by Menage, who affirms upon his own knowledge, that Le Feyre of Saumur furnished this assuming critic with the Greek passages he had occasion to cite, Rapin himself being totally ignorant of that language. The censures and the commendations this writer bestows, are general and indiscriminate; without specifying the reasons of his approbation or dislike, and without alledging the passages that may support his opinion: whereas just criticism demands, not only that every beauty or blemish be minutely pointed out in its different degree and kind, but also that the reason and foundation of excellencies and faults be accurately ascertained.

Bossu is usually and justly placed at the head of the commentators on Aristotle's poetics, which certainly he understood and explained in a more masterly manner than either Beni or Castelvetro: but in one or two instances he has indulged a love of subtilty and groundless refinement. That I may not be accused of affecting a kind of hatred against all the French critics, I would observe, that this learned writer merits the attention and diligent perusal of the true scholar. What I principally admire in Bossu, is the regularity of his plan, and the exactness of his method; which add utility as well as beauty to his work.

Brumoy has displayed the excellencies of the Greek tragedy in a judicious and comprehensive manner. His translations are faithful and elegant; and the analysis of those plays which, on account of some circumstances in antient manners, would shock the readers of this age, and would not therefore bear an entire version, is perspicuous and full. Of all the French critics, he and the judicious Fenelon have had the justice to confess, or perhaps the penetration to perceive, in what instances Corneille and Racine have falsified and modernized the characters, and over-loaded with unnecessary intrigues the simple plots of the ancients.

Let no one, however, deceive himself in thinking, that he can gain a competent knowledge either of Aristotle or Sophocles from Bossu or Brumoy, how excellent soever these two commentators may be. To contemplate these exalted geniuses through such mediums, is like beholding the orb of the sun, during an eclipse, in a vessel of water. But let him eagerly press forward to the great originals: 'Juvet integros accedere fontes'—'His be the joy t' approach th' untasted springs.' Let him remember that the Grecian writers alone, both critics and poets, are the best masters to teach, in Milton's emphatical style, 'What the laws are of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric; what decorum is; which is the grand masterpiece to observe. This would make them soon perceive, what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play-wrights be; and shew them, what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things.'



No. L. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1753.

*Quicunque turpi fraude semel innotuit,  
Etiam si vera dici, amittit fidem.*

PHÆD.

*The wretch that often has deceiv'd,  
Though truth he speaks, is ne'er believ'd.*

WHEN Aristotle was once asked, what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods, he replied—'Not to be credited when he shall tell the truth.'

The character of a liar is at once so hateful and contemptible, that even of those who have lost their virtue it might be expected, that from the violation of truth they should be restrained by their pride. Almost every other vice that disgraces human nature may be kept in countenance by applause and association: the corrupter of virgin innocence sees himself envied by the men, and at least not detested by the women: the drunkard may easily unite with beings devoted like himself to noisy merriments or silent insensibility, who will celebrate his victories over the novices of intemperance, boast themselves the companions of his prowess, and tell with rapture of the multitudes whom unsuccessful emulation has hurried to the grave: even the robber and the cut-throat have their followers, who admire their address and intrepidity, their stratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang.

The liar, and only the liar, is invariably and universally despised, abandoned, and disowned: he has no domestic consolations which he can oppose to the censure of mankind; he can retire to no fraternity where his crimes may stand in the place of virtues; but is given up to the hisses of the multitude, without friend and without apologist. It is the peculiar condition of falsehood, to be equally detested by the good and bad: 'The devils,' says Sir Thomas Brown, 'do not tell lyes to one another; for truth is necessary to all societies, nor can the society of hell subsist without it.'

It is natural to expect, that a crime thus generally detested should be generally avoided; at least, that none should expose himself to unabated and unpitied temptation; and that to guilt so easily detested, and so severely punish-

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ed, an adequate temptation would not readily be found.

Yet so it is, that in defiance of censure and contempt, truth is frequently violated; and scarcely the most vigilant and unremitted circumspection will secure him that mixes with mankind, from being hourly deceived by men of whom it can scarcely be imagined that they mean any injury to him or profit to themselves; even where the subject of conversation could not have been expected to put the passions in motion, or to have excited either hope or fear, or zeal or malignity, sufficient to induce any man to put his reputation in hazard, however little he might value it, or to overpower the love of truth, however weak might be its influence.

The casuists have very diligently distinguished lyes into their several classes, according to their various degrees of malignity: but they have, I think, generally omitted that which is most common, and, perhaps, not least mischievous; which, since the moralists have not given it a name, I shall distinguish as the LYE of VANITY.

To vanity may justly be imputed most of the falsehoods which every man perceives hourly playing upon his ear, and perhaps most of those that are propagated with success. To the lye of commerce, and the lye of malice, the motive is so apparent, that they are seldom negligently or implicitly received: suspicion is always watchful over the practices of interest; and whatever the hope of gain, or desire of mischief, can prompt one man to assert, another is by reasons equally cogent incited to refuse. But vanity pleases herself with such slight gratifications, and looks forward to pleasure so remotely consequential, that her practices raise no alarm, and her stratagems are not easily discovered.

Vanity is, indeed, often suffered to pass un-

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pursued by suspicion; because he that would watch her motions, can never be at rest; fraud and malice are bounded in their influence; some opportunity of time and place is necessary to their agency; but scarce any man is abstracted one moment from his vanity; and he to whom truth affords no gratifications, is generally inclined to seek them in falsehoods.

It is remarked by Sir Kenelm Digby, 'that every man has a desire to appear superior to others, though it were in having seen what they have not seen.' Such an accidental advantage, since it neither implies merit, nor confers dignity, one would think should not be desired so much as to be counterfeited: yet even this vanity, trifling as it is, produces innumerable narratives, all equally false; but more or less credible in proportion to the skill or confidence of the relater. How many may a man of diffusive conversation count among his acquaintances, whose lives have been signalized by numberless escapes; who never cross the river but in a storm, or take a journey into the country without more adventures than beset the knight-errants of ancient times in pathless forests or enchanted castles! How many must he know, to whom portents and prodigies are of daily occurrence; and for whom nature is hourly working wonders invisible to every other eye, only to supply them with subjects of conversation!

Others there are that amuse themselves with the dissemination of falsehood, at greater hazard of detection and disgrace; men marked out by some lucky planet for universal confidence and friendship, who have been consulted in every difficulty, entrusted with every secret, and summoned to every transaction: it is the supreme felicity of these men to shun all companies with noisy information; to still doubt, and overbear opposition, with certain knowledge or authentic intelligence. A liar of this kind, with a strong memory or brisk imagination, is often the oracle of an obscure club, and till time discovers his impostures, dictates to his hearers with uncontroled authority; for if a public question be started, he was present at the debate; if a new fashion be mentioned, he was at court the first day of its appearance: if a new performance of literature draws the attention of the public, he has patronized the author, and seen his work in manuscript; if a

criminal of eminence be condemned to die, he often predicted his fate, and endeavoured his reformation: and who that lives at a distance from the scene of action, will dare to contradict a man who reports from his own eyes and ears, and to whom all persons and affairs are thus intimately known?

This kind of falsehood is generally successful for a time, because it is generally practised at first with timidity and caution. But the prosperity of the liar is of short duration; the reception of one story is always an incitement to the forgery of another less probable; and he goes on to triumph over tacit credulity, till pride or reason rises up against him, and his companions will no longer endure to see him wiser than themselves.

It is apparent, that the inventors of all these fictions intend some exaltation of themselves, and are led off by the pursuit of honour from their attendance upon truth: their narratives always imply some consequence in favour of their courage, their sagacity, or their activity, their familiarity with the learned, or their reception among the great; they are always bribed by the present pleasure of seeing themselves superior to those that surround them, and receiving the homage of silent attention, and envious admiration.

But vanity is sometimes excited to fiction by less visible gratifications: the present age abounds with a race of liars who are content with the consciousness of falsehood, and whose pride is to deceive others without any gain or glory to themselves. Of this tribe it is the supreme pleasure to remark a lady in the play-house or the park; and to publish, under the character of a man suddenly enamoured, an advertisement in the news of the next day, containing a minute description of her person and her dress. From this artifice, however, no other effect can be expected, than perturbation, which the writer can never see, and conjectures of which he can never be informed; some mischief, however, he hopes he has done; and to have done mischief is of some importance. He sets his invention to work again, and produces a narrative of a robbery or a murder, with all the circumstances of time and place accurately adjusted. This is a jest of greater effect and longer duration: if he fixes his scene at a proper distance, he may for several

days keep a wife in terror for her husband, or a mother for her son; and please himself with reflecting, that by his abilities and address some addition is made to the miseries of life.

There is, I think, an antient law in Scotland, by which LEASING-MAKING was capitally punished. I am indeed, far from desiring to increase in this kingdom the number of executions; yet I cannot but think, that they who destroy the confidence of society,

weaken the credit of intelligence, and interrupt the security of life; harraßs the delicate with shame, and perplex the timorous with alarms, might very properly be awakened to a sense of their crimes, by denunciations of a whipping-post or pillory: since many are so insensible of right or wrong, that they have no standard of action but the law; nor feel guilt, but as they dread punishment.

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## NO. LI. TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1753.

*Si quid ex Pindari, Flaccive dictis fuerit interjectum, splendet oratio; et sordescit, si quid e sacris psalmis apte fuerit attextum? An libri spiritus coelestis afflatu prodiit sordent nobis præscriptis Homeri, Euripidis, aut Ennii.*

ERASMUS.

*Is a discourse beautified by a quotation from Pindar and Horace? And shall we think it blemished by a passage from the sacred Psalms aptly interwoven? Do we despise the books which were dedicated by the SPIRIT of GOD, in comparision of Homer, Euripides, and Ennius?*

### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IN the library of the Benedictine Monks at Lyons, has lately been discovered a most curious manuscript of the celebrated Longinus. As I know you will eagerly embrace every opportunity of contributing to promote, or rather revive, a reverence and love for the Sacred Writings, I send you the following extraordinary work.

MY DEAR TERENTIANNUS,

YOU may remember that in my treatise on the Sublime, I quoted a striking example of it from Moses the Jewish law-giver; 'Let there be light, and there was light.' I have since met with a large volume translated into Greek by the order of Ptolomy, containing all the religious opinions, the civil laws and customs, of that singular and unaccountable people. And to confess the truth, I am greatly astonished at the incomparable elevation of its stile; and the supreme grandeur of its images, many of which excel the utmost efforts of the most exalted genius of Greece.

At the appearance of GOD, the mountains and the forests do not only tremble, as in

Homer, but 'are melted down like wax at his presence.' He rides not on a swift chariot over the level waves like Neptune, but 'comes flying upon the wings of the wind: while the floods clap their hands, and the hills and forests, and earth and heaven, all exult together before their Lord.' And how dost thou conceive, my friend, the exalted idea of the universal presence of the Infinite Mind can be expressed, adequately to the dignity of the subject, but in the following manner? 'Whither shall I go from thy presence? If I climb up into heaven, thou art there! If I go down to hell, lo, thou art there also! If I take wings and fly toward the morning, or remain in the uttermost parts of the western ocean, even there also—' the poet does not say 'I shall find thee,' but far more forcibly and emphatically—'thy right-hand shall hold me.' With what majesty and magnificence is the CREATOR of the world, before whom the universe is represented as nothing, nay, less than nothing, and vanity introduced making the following sublime inquiry? 'Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand? and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a ba-

'lance?' Produce me, Terentianus, any image or description in Plato himself, so truly elevated and divine! Where did these barbarians learn to speak of GOD, in terms that alone appear worthy of him? How contemptible and vile are the deities of Homer and Hesiod, in comparison of this JEHOVAH of the illiterate Jews; before whom, to use this poet's own words, all other gods are 'as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance!'

Had I been acquainted with this wonderful volume, while I was writing my treatise on the Pathetic, I could have enriched my work with many strokes of eloquence, more irresistibly moving than any I have borrowed from our three great tragedians, or even from the tender Simonides himself. The same Moses I formerly mentioned, relates the history of a youth fold into captivity by his brethren, in a manner so deeply interesting, with so many little strokes of nature and passion, with such penetrating knowledge of the human heart, with such various and unexpected changes of fortune, and with such a striking and important discovery, as cannot be read without astonishment and tears; and which, I am almost confident, Aristotle would have preferred to the story of his admired Oedipus, for the artificial manner in which the recognition, *ἀναγνώρισις*, is effected, emerging gradually from the incidents and circumstances of the story itself, and not from things extrinsic and unessential to the fable.

In another part we are presented with the picture of a man most virtuous and upright, who, for the trial and exercise of his fortitude and patience, is hurled down from the summits of felicity into the lowest depths of distress and despair. Where ever sorrow and misery and compassion expressed more forcibly and feelingly, than by the behaviour of his friends, who when they first discovered him in this altered condition, destitute, afflicted, tormented, 'sat down with him upon the ground seven days, and seven nights; and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great!' Let us candidly confess, that this noble passage is equal, if not superior, to that celebrated description of paternal sorrow in Æschylus; where that venerable father of tragedy, whose fire and enthusiasm sometimes force

him forwards to the very borders of improbability, has in this instance justly represented Niobe sitting disconsolately three days together upon the tomb of her children, covered with a veil, and observing a profound silence. Such silences are something more affecting, and more strongly expressive of passion, than the most artful speeches. In Sophocles, when the unfortunate Deianira discovers her mistake in having sent a poisoned vestment to her husband Hercules, her surprize and sorrow are unspeakable, and she answers not her son, who acquaints her with the disaster, but goes off the stage without uttering a syllable. A writer unacquainted with nature and the heart, would have put into her mouth twenty florid iam-bics, in which she would bitterly have bewailed her misfortunes, and informed the spectators that she was going to die.

In representing likewise the desolation and destruction of the cities of Babylon and Tyre, these Jewish writers have afforded many instances of true pathos. One of them expresses the extreme distress occasioned by a famine, by this moving circumstance: 'The tongue of the sucking child cleaveth to the roof of his mouth for thirst: the young children ask for bread, and no man breaketh it unto them; the hands of the pitiful women have sodden their children.' Which tender and affecting stroke reminds me of the picture of a sacked city by Aristides the Theban, on which we have so often gazed with inexpressible delight: that great artist has expressed the concern of a bleeding and dying mother, left her infant, who is creeping to her side, should lick the blood that flows from her breast, and mistake it for her milk.

In the ninth book of the Iliad, Homer represents the horrors of a conquered city, by saying, that her heroes should be slain, her palaces overthrown, her matrons ravished, and her whole race enslaved. But one of these Jewish poets, by a single circumstance, has far more emphatically pointed out the utter desolation of Babylon: 'I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a single person than the golden wedge of Ophir.'

What seems to be particularly excellent in these writers, is their selection of

such adjuncts and circumstances upon each subject, as are best calculated to strike the imagination and embellish their descriptions. Thus, they think it not enough to say, 'that Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, shall never be more inhabited;' but they add a picturesque stroke, 'neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there; the wild beasts of the forest shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant places.'

You have heard me frequently observe, how much visions, or images by which a writer seems to behold objects that are absent, or even non-existent, contribute to the true sublime. For this reason I have ever admired Minerva's speech in the fifth book of the Iliad, where she tells her favourite Diomedes, 'that she will purge his eyes from the mists of mortality, and give him power clearly to discern the gods that were at that time assisting the Trojans, that he might not be guilty of the impiety of wounding any of the celestial beings, Venus excepted.' Observe the superior strength and liveliness of the following image: 'JEHOVAH, (the tutelar God of the Jews) opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses, and chariots of fire round about him!'

Do we start, and tremble, and turn pale, when Orestes exclaims that the furies are rushing forward to seize him? and shall we be less affected with the writer who breaks out into the following question: 'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozra, this that is glorious in his apparel,

'travelling in the greatness of his strength?'—It is the avenging God of the oppressed Jews, whom the poet imagines he beholds, and whose answer follows—'I that am mighty to save.'—'Wherefore,' resumes the poet, 'art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat?'—'I have trodden the wine-press alone,' answers the God; 'and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger and trample them in my fury, and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment.' Another writer, full of the idea of that destruction with which his country was threatened, cries out—'How long shall I see the standard, and hear the sound of the trumpet!' And to represent total desolation, he imagines he sees the universe reduced to its primitive chaos: 'I beheld the earth, and lo! it was without form, and void; and the heavens, and they had no light.'

Above all, I am marvellously struck with the beauty and boldness of the *Protopopzeias*, and the rich variety of comparisons with which every page of these extraordinary writings abounds. When I shall have pointed out a few of these to your view, I shall think your curiosity will be sufficiently excited to peruse the book itself from which they are drawn. And do not suffer yourself to be prejudiced against it, by the reproaches, raillery and satire, which I know my friend and disciple Porphyry is perpetually pouring upon the Jews. Farewell.

Z

No. LII. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1753.

— *Hæ nuge seria ducent  
In mala derisum.*

HOR.

— *Trifles such as these  
To serious mischief's lead.*

FRANCIS.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THOUGH there are many calamities to which all men are equally exposed, yet some species of intellectual distress are thought to be

peculiar to the vicious. The various evils of disease and poverty, pain and sorrow, are frequently derived from others; but shame and confusion are supposed to proceed from ourselves, and to be incurred only by the misconduct which they punish. This supposition is indeed spe-

cious: but I am convinced by the strongest evidence that it is not true; I can oppose experience to theory; and as it will appear that I suffer considerable loss by my testimony, it must be allowed to have the most distinguishing characteristic of sincerity.

That every man is happy in proportion as he is virtuous, was once my favourite principle: I advanced and defended it in all companies; and as the last effort of my genius in its behalf, I contrived a series of events by which it was illustrated and established: and that I might substitute action for narrative, and decorate sentiment with the beauties of poetry, I regulated my story by the rules of the drama, and with great application and labour wrought it into a tragedy.

When it was finished, I sat down, like Hercules after his labours, exulting in the past, and enjoying the future by anticipation. I read it to every friend who favoured me with a visit, and when I went abroad I always put it in my pocket. Thus it became known to a circle that was always increasing; and was at length mentioned with such commendation to a very great lady, that she was pleased to favour me with a message, by which I was invited to breakfast at nine the next morning, and acquainted that a select company would then expect the pleasure of hearing me read my play.

The delight that I received from the contemplation of my performance, the encomium of my friends, and especially this message, was in my opinion an experimental proof of my principles, and a reward of my merit. I reflected, with great self complacency, upon the general complaint that genius was without patronage; and concluded, that all who had been neglected were unworthy of notice. I believed that my own elevation was not only certain but near; and that the representation of my play would be secured by a message to the manager, which would render the mortifying drudgery of sollicitation and attendance unnecessary.

Elated with these expectations, I rose early in the morning, and being dressed long before it was time to set out, I amused myself by repeating the favourite passages of my tragedy aloud, forming polite answers to the compliments that should be made me, and adjusting the ceremony of my visit.

I observed the time appointed with such punctuality, that I knocked at the door while the clock was striking. Orders had been given for my admittance; and the porter being otherwise engaged, it happened that the servant whose place it was to introduce me, opened the door in his stead, and upon hearing my name advanced directly before me into the room; so that no discovery was made of an enormous queue of brown paper, which some mischievous brat had with a crooked pin hung between the two locks of my major perriwig. I followed the valet into a magnificent apartment; where after I had got within a very large Indian screen, I found five ladies and a gentleman.

I was a little disconcerted in my first address, by the respect that was shewn me, and the curiosity with which I was regarded: however, I made my general obeisance; and addressing myself in particular to the elder of the ladies, whom I considered as my patroness, I expressed my sense of the honour she had done me in a short speech which I had preconceived for the purpose; but I was immediately informed, that the lady whose favour I had acknowledged was not yet come down: this mistake increased my confusion; for as I could not again repeat the same words, I reflected, that I should be at last unprepared for the occasion on which they were to have been used. The company all this while continued standing: I therefore hastily turned about to reconnoitre my chair; but the moment I was seated, I perceived every one labouring to stifle a laugh. I instantly suspected that I had committed some ridiculous indecorum, and I attempted to apologize for I knew not what offence; but after some hesitation, my extreme sensibility struck me speechless. The gentleman, however, kindly discovered the cause of their merriment, by exclaiming against the rude licentiousness of the vulgar, and at the same time taking from behind me the pendulous reproach to the honours of my head. This discovery afforded me inexpressible relief, my paper rammellie was thrown into the fire, and I joined in the laugh which it produced: but I was still embarrassed by the consequences of my mistake, and expected the lady by whom I had been invited, with sollicitude and apprehension.

When she came in, the deference with which she was treated by persons who were so much my superiors, struck me with awe; my powers of recollection were suspended, and I resolved to express my sentiments only by the lowneis of my bow and the distance of my behaviour: I therefore hastily retreated backward; and at the same time bowing with the most profound reverence, unhappily overturned the screen, which in its fall threw down the breakfast table, broke all the china, and crippled the lap-dog. In the midst of this ruin I stood torpid in silence and amazement, stunned with the shrieks of the ladies, the yelling of the dog, and the clattering of the china; and while I considered myself as the author of such complicated mischief, I believe I felt as keen anguish as he who, with a halter about his neck, looks up while the other end of it is fastening to a gibbet.

The screen, however, was soon replaced, and the broken china removed; and though the dog was the principal object of attention, yet the lady sometimes adverted to me: she politely desired that I would consider the accident as of no consequence; the china, she said, was a trifle, and she hoped Pompey was more frightened than hurt. I made some apology, but with great confusion and incoherence: at length, however, we were again seated, and breakfast was brought in.

I was extremely mortified to perceive, that the discourse turned wholly upon the virtues of Pompey, and the consequences of his hurt: it was examined with great attention and solicitude, and found to be a rasure of the skin the whole length of one of his fore legs. After some topical application, his cushion was placed in the corner by his lady, upon which he lay down, and indeed whined piteously.

I was beginning to recover from my perplexity, and had just made an attempt to introduce a new subject of conversation, when casting my eye downward I was again thrown into extreme confusion, by seeing something hang from the fore part of my chair, which I imagined to be a portion of my shirt; though indeed it was no other than the corner of a napkin on which I sat, and which during the confusion produced by the screen had been left in the chair.

My embarrassment was soon discovered, though the cause was mistaken; and the lady hoping to remove it, by giving me an opportunity to display my abilities without the restraint of ceremony, requested that I would now give her the pleasure which she had impatiently expected, and read my play.

My play, therefore, I was obliged to produce; and having found an opportunity hastily to button up the corner of the napkin while the manuscript lay open in my lap, I began to read: and though my voice was at first languid, tremulous, and irresolute, yet my attention was at length drawn from my situation to my subject; I pronounced with greater emphasis and propriety, and I began to watch for the effects which I expected to produce upon my auditors: but I was extremely mortified to find, that whenever I paused to give room for a remark or an encomium, the interval was filled with an ejaculation of pity for the dog, who still continued to whine upon his cushion, and was lamented in these affectionate and pathetic terms—‘Ah! poor, dear, pretty little creature.’

It happened, however, that by some incidents in the fourth act the passions were apparently interested; and I was just exulting in my success, when the lady who sat next me unhappily opened her snuff-box, which was not effected without some difficulty, the dust that flew up threw me into a fit of sneezing, which instantly caused my upper lip to put me again out of countenance: I therefore hastily felt for my handkerchief, and it was not with less emotion than if I had seen a ghost, that I discovered it had been picked out of my pocket. In the mean time the opprobrious effusion descended like an icicle to my chin; and the eyes of the company, which this accident had drawn upon me, were now turned away with looks which shewed that their pity was not proof against the ridicule of my distress. What I suffered at this moment, can neither be expressed nor conceived: I turned my head this way and that in the anguish of my mind, without knowing what I sought; and at last holding up my manuscript before my face, I was compelled to make use of the end of my neckcloth, which I again buttoned into my bosom. After many painful efforts I pro-

ceeded in my lecture, and again fixed the attention of my hearers. The fourth act was finished, and they expressed great impatience to hear the catastrophe: I therefore began the fifth with fresh confidence and vigour; but before I had read a page, I was interrupted by two gentlemen of great quality, professors of Buckism, who came with a design to wait upon the ladies to an auction.

I rose up with the rest of the company when they came in; but what was my astonishment, to perceive the napkin, which I had unfortunately secured by one corner, hang down from my waist to the ground! From this dilemma, however, I was delivered by the noble Buck who stood nearest me; who swearing an oath of astonishment, twitched the napkin from me, and throwing it to the servant, told him that he had redeemed it from the rats, who were dragging it by degrees into a place where he would never have looked for it. The young ladies were scarce less confounded at this accident than I; and the noble matron herself was somewhat disconcerted: she saw my extreme confusion, and thought fit to apologize for her cousin's behaviour: 'He is a wild boy, Sir,' says she; 'he plays these tricks with every body; but it is his way, and nobody minds it. When we were once more seated, the Bucks upon the peremptory refusal of the ladies to go out, declared they would stay and hear the last act of my tragedy; I was therefore requested to go on. But my spirits were quite exhausted by the violent agitation of my mind; and I was intimidated by the presence of two persons, who appeared to consider me and my performance as objects only of merriment and sport. I would gladly have renounced all that in the morning had been the object of my hope, to recover the dignity which I had already lost in my own estimation; and had scarce any wish but to return without further disgrace into the quiet shade of obscurity. The ladies, however, would take no denial, and I was at length obliged to comply.

I was much pleased and surprized at the attention with which my new auditors seemed to listen as I went on: the dog was now silent; I increased the pathos of my voice in proportion as I ascended the climax of distress, and flattered myself that poetry and truth would

be still victorious: but just at this crisis, the gentleman who had disengaged me from the napkin, desired me to stop half a moment; something, he said, had just started into his mind, which if he did not communicate he might forget: then turning to his companion—'Jack,' says he, 'there was sold in Smithfield no longer ago than last Saturday, the largest ox that ever I beheld in my life.' The ridicule of this malicious apostrophe was so striking, that pity and decorum gave way, and my patroness herself burst into laughter: upon me, indeed, it produced a very different effect; for if I had been detected in an unsuccessful attempt to pick a pocket, I could not have felt more shame, confusion and anguish. The laughter into which the company had been surprized, was, however, immediately suppressed, and a censure passed upon the person who produced it. To atone for the mortification which I had suffered, the ladies expressed the utmost impatience to hear the conclusion, and I was encouraged by repeated encomiums to proceed: but though I once more attempted to recollect myself, and again began the speech in which I had been interrupted, yet my thoughts were still distracted, my voice faltered, and I had scarce breath to finish the first period.

This was remarked by my tormentor the Buck, who suddenly snatched the manuscript out of my hands, declared that I did not do my play justice, and that he would finish it himself. He then began to read; but the affected gravity of his countenance, the unnatural tone of his voice, and the remembrance of his late anecdote of the ox, excited sensations that were incompatible both with pity and terror, and rendered me extremely wretched by keeping the company perpetually on the brink of laughter.

In the action of my play, virtue had been sustained by her own dignity, and exulted in the enjoyment of intellectual and independent happiness, during a series of external calamities that terminated in death; and vice, by the success of her own projects, had been betrayed into shame, perplexity, and confusion. These events were indeed natural; and therefore I poetically inferred, with all the confidence of demonstration, that 'the torments of Tartarus, and the



\* felicity of Elysium, were not necessary to the  
 \* justification of the gods; since whatever  
 \* inequality might be pretended in the distri-  
 \* bution of externals, peace is still the prerogative of virtue, and intellectual misery cannot be inflicted only by guilt.'

But the intellectual misery which I suffered at the very moment when this favourite sentiment was read, produced an irresistible conviction that it was false; because, except the dread of that punishment which I had indirectly denied, I felt all the torment that could be inflicted by guilt. In the prosecution of an undertaking which I believed to be virtuous, peace had been driven from my heart, by the concurrence of accident with the vices of others; and the misery that I suffered suddenly propagated itself: for not only enjoyment but hope was now at an end; my play, upon which both had depended, was overturned from its foundation; and I was so much affected, that I took my leave with the abrupt haste of distress and perplexity. I had no concern about what should be said of me when I was departed; and, perhaps at the moment when I went out

of the house, there was not in the world any human being more wretched than myself: The next morning, when I reflected coolly upon these events, I would willingly have reconciled my experience with my principles, even at the expence of my morals. I would have supposed that my desire of approbation was inordinate, and that a virtuous indifference about the opinion of others would have prevented all my distresses; but I was compelled to acknowledge, that to acquire this indifference was not possible, and that no man becomes vicious by not effecting impossibilities: there may be heights of virtue beyond our reach; but to the vicious, we must either do something from which we have power to abstain, or neglect something which we have power to do. There remained, therefore, no expedient to recover any part of the credit I had lost, but setting a truth, which I had newly discovered by means so extraordinary, in a new light; and with this view I am a candidate for a place in the *Adventurer*.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

DRAMATICUS.

No. LIII. TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1753.

*Quisque suos patimur manes.* VIRG.

*Each has his lot, and bears the fate he drew.*

SIR, FLEET, MAY 6,  
 IN consequence of my engagements, I address you once more from the habitations of misery. In this place, from which business and pleasure are equally excluded, and in which our only employment and diversion is to hear the narratives of each other, I might much sooner have gathered materials for a letter, had I not hoped to have been reminded of my promise: but since I find myself placed in the regions of oblivion, where I am no less neglected by you than by the rest of mankind, I resolved no longer to wait for sollicitation, but stole early this evening from between gloomy sullenness and riotous merriment, to give you an account of part of my companions.

One of the most eminent members of our club is Mr. Edward Scamper, a man of whose name the Olympic heroes would not have been

ashamed. Ned was born to a small estate, which he determined to improve; and therefore, as soon as he became of age, mortgaged part of his land to buy a mare and stallion, and bred horses for the course. He was at first very successful, and gained several of the king's plates, as he is now every day boasting, at the expence of very little more than ten times their value. At last, however, he discovered that victory brought him more honour than profit: resolving, therefore, to be rich as well as illustrious, he replenished his pockets by another mortgage, became on a sudden a daring better, and resolving not to trust a jockey with his fortune, rode his horse himself, distanced two of his competitors the first heat, and at last won the race by forcing his horse on a descent to full speed at the hazard of his neck. His estate was thus repaired; and some friends that

had no souls advised him to give over: but Ned now knew the way to riches, and therefore without caution increased his expences. From this hour he talked and dreamed of nothing but a horse race; and rising soon to the summit of equestrian reputation, he was constantly expected on every course, divided all his time between lords and jockies, and as the unexperienced regulated their bets by his example, gained a great deal of money by laying openly on one horse and secretly on the other. Ned was now so sure of growing rich, that he involved his estate in a third mortgage, borrowed money of all his friends, and risked his whole fortune upon Bay-Lincoln. He mounted with beating heart, started fair, and won the first heat; but in the second, as he was pushing against the foremost of his rivals, his girth broke, his shoulder was dislocated, and before he was dismissed by the surgeon two bailiffs fastened upon him, and he saw Newmarket no more. His daily amusement for four years has been to blow the signal for starting, to make imaginary matches, to repeat the pedigree of Bay-Lincoln, and to form resolutions against trusting another groom with the choice of his girth.

The next in seniority is Mr. Timothy Snugg, a man of deep contrivance and impenetrable secrecy. His father died with the reputation of more wealth than he possessed. Tim, therefore, entered the world with a reputed fortune of ten thousand pounds. Of this he very well knew that eight thousand was imaginary: but being a man of refined policy, and knowing how much honour is annexed to riches, he resolved never to detect his own poverty; but furnished his house with elegance, scattered his money with profusion, encouraged every scheme of costly pleasure, spoke of petty losses with negligence, and on the day before an execution entered his doors, had proclaimed at a public table his resolution to be jolted no longer in a hackney coach.

Another of my companions is the magnanimous Jack Scatter, the son of a country gentleman, who having no other care than to leave him rich, considered that literature could not be had without expence; masters would not teach for nothing; and when a book was bought and read, it would sell for little. Jack was, therefore, taught to read and write by

the butler; and when this acquisition was made, was left to pass his days in the kitchen and the stable, where he heard no crime censured but covetousness and distrust of poor honest servants, and where all the praise was bestowed on good house-keeping and a free heart. At the death of his father, Jack set himself to retrieve the honour of his family: he abandoned his cellar to the butler, ordered his groom to provide hay and corn at discretion, took his house-keeper's word for the expences of the kitchen, allowed all his servants to do their work by deputies, permitted his domestics to keep his house open to their relations and acquaintance, and in ten years was conveyed hither, without having purchased by the loss of his patrimony either honour or pleasure, or obtained any other gratification than that of having corrupted the neighbouring villagers by luxury and idleness.

Dick Serge was a draper in Cornhill, and passed eight years in prosperous diligence, without any care but to keep his books, or any ambition but to be in time an alderman: but then, by some unaccountable revolution in his understanding, he became enamoured of wit and humour, despised the conversation of pedlars and stockjobbers, and rambled every night to the regions of gaiety in quest of company suited to his taste. The wits at first flocked about him for sport, and afterwards for interest; some found their way into his books, and some into his pockets; the man of adventure was equipped from his shop for the pursuit of a fortune; and he had sometimes the honour to have his security accepted when his friends were in distress. Elated with these associations, he soon learned to neglect his shop; and having drawn his money out of the funds to avoid the necessity of teasing men of honour for trifling debts, he has been forced at last to retire hither till his friends can procure him a post at court.

Another that joins in the same mess is Bob Cornice, whose life has been spent in fitting up a house. About ten years ago Bob purchased the country habitation of a bankrupt: the mere shell of a building Bob holds no great matter, the inside is the test of elegance. Of this house he was no sooner master than he summoned twenty workmen to his assistance, tore up the floors and laid them anew, stripped

off the waincoat, drew the windows from their frames, altered the disposition of doors and fire-places, and cast the whole fabric into a new form. His next care was to have his cieling painted, his pannels gilt, and his chimney-pieces carved. Every thing was executed by the ablest hands. Bob's business was to follow the workmen with a microscope, and call upon them to retouch their performances, and heighten excellence to perfection. The reputation of his house now brings round him a daily confluence of visitants; and every one tells him of some elegance which he has hitherto overlooked, some convenience not yet procured, or some new mode in ornament or furniture. Bob, who had no wish but to be admired, nor any guide but the fashion, thought every thing beautiful in proportion as it was new, and considered his work as unfinished, while any observer could suggest an addition; some alteration was therefore every day made, without any other motive than the charms of novelty. A traveller at last suggested to him the convenience of a grotto. Bob immediately ordered the mount of his garden to be excavated; and having laid out a large sum in

shells and minerals, was busy in regulating the disposition of the colours and lustres, when two gentlemen, who had asked permission to see his gardens, presented him a writ, and led him off to less elegant apartments.

I know not, Sir, whether among this fraternity of sorrow you will think any much to be pitied; nor indeed do many of them appear to solicit compassion, for they generally applaud their own conduct, and despise those whom want of taste or spirits suffers to grow rich. It were happy, if the prisons of the kingdom were filled only with characters like these, men whom prosperity could not make useful, and whom ruin cannot make wise: but there are among us many who raise different sensations, many that owe their present misery to the seductions of treachery, the strokes of casualty, or the tenderness of pity; many whose sufferings disgrace society, and whose virtues would adorn it: of these, when familiarity shall have enabled me to recount their stories without horror, you may expect another narrative from, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

MYSEARGYRUS.

T

No. LIV. SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1753.

—————*Sensim labefacta cadebat*  
Relligio—————

CLAUDIANUS.

—————*His confidence in Heaven*  
Sunk by degrees—————

IF a recluse moralist who speculates in a cloister, should suppose every practice to be infamous in proportion as it is allowed to be criminal, no man would wonder; but every man who is acquainted with life, and is able to substitute the discoveries of experience for the deductions of reason, knows that he would be mistaken.

Lying is generally allowed to be less criminal than adultery; and yet it is known to render a man much more infamous and contemptible; for he who would modestly acquiesce in an imputation of adultery as a compliment, would resent that of a lye as an insult for which life only could atone. Thus are men tamely led hood-winked by custom the creature of their own folly, and while imaginary light flashes

under the bandage which excludes the reality, they fondly believe that they behold the sun.

Lying, however, does not incur more infamy than it deserves, though other vices incur less. I have before remarked, that there are some practices, which though they degrade a man to the lowest class of moral characters, do yet imply some natural superiority; but lying is, on the contrary, always an implication of weakness and defect. Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defence: lying boasts are the stigma of impotent ambition, of obscurity without merit, and pride totally destitute of intellectual dignity: and even lyes of apology imply indiscretion or rusticity, ignorance, folly, or indecorum.

But there is equal turpitude, and yet greater meanness, in those forms of speech which deceive without direct falsehood. The crime is committed with greater deliberation, as it requires more contrivance; and by the offenders the use of language is totally perverted: they conceal a meaning opposite to that which they express; their speech is a kind of riddle propounded for an evil purpose; and as they may, therefore, be properly distinguished by the name of Sphinxes, there would not perhaps be much cause for regret, if, like the first monster of the name, they should break their necks upon the solution of their enigmas.

Indirect lyes, more effectually than others, destroy that mutual confidence which is said to be the band of society: they are more frequently repeated, because they are not prevented by the dread of detection; and he who has obtained a virtuous character is not always believed, because we know not but that he may have been persuaded by the sophistry of folly, that to deceive is not to lye, and that there is a certain manner in which truth may be violated without incurring either guilt or shame.

But lying, however practised, does, like every other vice, ultimately disappoint its own purpose: 'A lying tongue is but for a moment.' Detraction, when it is discovered to be false, confers honour, and dissimulation provokes resentment; the false boast incurs contempt, and the false apology aggravates the offence.

Is it not, therefore, astonishing that a practice, for whatever reason, so universally infamous and unsuccessful, should not be more generally and scrupulously avoided? To think, is to renounce it: and that I may fix the attention of my readers a little longer upon the subject, I shall relate a story, which, perhaps, by those who have much sensibility, will not soon be forgotten.

Charlotte and Maria were educated together at an eminent boarding-school near London. There was little difference in their age, and their personal accomplishments were equal: but though their families were of the same rank, yet as Charlotte was an only child, she was considerably superior in fortune.

Soon after they were taken home, Charlotte was addressed by Captain Freeman, who besides his commission in the guards had a small paternal estate: but as her friends hoped for a more advantageous match, the Captain was

desired to forbear his visits, and the lady to think of him no more. After some fruitless struggles they acquiesced; but the discontent of both was so apparent, that it was thought expedient to remove Miss into the country. She was sent to her aunt, the Lady Meadows, who with her daughter lived retired at the family-seat, more than one hundred miles distant from the metropolis. After she had repined in this dreary solitude from April to August, she was surprised with a visit from her father, who brought with him Sir James Forrest, a young gentleman who had just succeeded to a baronet's title, and a very large estate in the same county. Sir James had good nature and good sense, an agreeable person and an easy address: Miss was insensibly pleased with his company; her vanity, if not her love, had a new object; a desire to be delivered from a state of dependence and obscurity had almost absorbed all the rest; and it is no wonder that this desire was gratified, when scarce any other was felt; or that in compliance with the united solicitations of her friends and her lover, she suffered herself within a few weeks to become a lady and a wife. They continued in the country till the beginning of October, and then came up to London, having prevailed upon her aunt to accompany them, that Miss Meadows, with whom the bride had contracted an intimate friendship, might be gratified with the diversions of the town during the winter.

Captain Freeman, when he heard that Miss Charlotte was married, immediately made proposals of marriage to Maria, with whom he became acquainted during his visits to her friend, and soon after married her.

The friendship of the two young ladies seemed to be rather increased than diminished by their marriage; they were always of the same party both in the private and public diversions of the season, and visited each other without the formalities of messages and dress.

But neither Sir James nor Mrs. Freeman could reflect without uneasiness upon the frequent interviews which this familiarity and confidence produced between a lover and his mistress, whom force only had divided; and though of these interviews they were themselves witnesses, yet Sir James insensibly became jealous of his lady, and Mrs. Freeman of her husband.

It happened in the May following, that Sir James went about ten miles out of town to be present at the election of a member of parliament for the county, and was not expected to return till the next day. In the evening his lady took a chair and visited Mrs. Freeman: the rest of the company went away early, the Captain was upon guard, Sir James was out of town, and the two ladies after supper sat down to piquet, and continued the game without once reflecting upon the hours till three in the morning. Lady Forrest would then have gone home; but Mrs. Freeman, perhaps chiefly to conceal a contrary desire, importuned her to stay till the Captain came in, and at length with some reluctance she consented.

About five the Captain came home, and Lady Forrest immediately sent out for a chair: a chair, as it happened, could not be procured; but a hackney-coach being brought in its stead, the Captain insisted upon waiting on her ladyship home. This she refused with some emotion; it is probable, that she still regarded the Captain with less indifference than she wished, and was therefore more sensible of the impropriety of his offer: but her reasons for rejecting it, however forcible, being such as she could not alledge, she persisted, and her resolution was overborne. By this importunate complaint the Captain had not only thrown Lady Forrest into confusion, but displeased his wife: she could not, however, without unpoliteness oppose it; and lest her uneasiness should be discovered, she affected a negligence which in some degree revenged it: she desired that when he came back, he would not disturb her, for that she should go directly to bed; and added with

a kind of drowsy insensibility—‘I am more than half asleep already.’

Lady Forrest and the Captain were to go from the Haymarket to Grosvenor Square. It was about half an hour after five when they got into the coach; the morning was remarkably fine, the late contest had shaken off all disposition to sleep, and Lady Forrest could not help saying, that she had much rather take a walk in the Park than go home to bed. The captain zealously expressed the same sentiment, and proposed that the coach should set them down at St. James's Gate. The lady, however, had nearly the same objections against being seen in the Mall without any other company than the captain, that she had against its being known that they were alone together in a hackney coach: she therefore, to extricate herself from this second difficulty, proposed that they should call at her father's in Bond Street, and take her cousin Meadows, whom she knew to be an early riser, with them. This project was immediately put in execution; but Lady Forrest found her cousin indisposed with a cold. When she had communicated the design of this early visit, Miss Meadows intreated her to give up her walk in the Park, to stay till the family rose, and go home after breakfast: ‘No,’ replied Lady Forrest, ‘I am determined upon a walk; but as I must first get rid of Captain Freeman, I will send down word that I will take your advice.’ A servant was accordingly dispatched to acquaint the captain, who was waiting below, that Miss Meadows was indisposed, and had engaged Lady Forrest to breakfast.

No. LV. TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1753.

*Quid quisque vitet, nunquam nomini satis  
Cautem est in horas.*

HOR.

*While dangers hourly round us rise,  
No caution guards us from surprize.*

FRANCIS.

THE Captain discharged the coach; but being piqued at the behaviour of his wife, and feeling that flow of spirits which usually returns with the morning even to those who have not slept in the night, he had no desire to go home, and therefore resolved to enjoy the fine morning in the Park alone.

Lady Forrest, not doubting but that the Captain would immediately return home, congratulated herself upon her deliverance; but at the same time, to indulge her desire of a walk, followed him into the Park.

The captain had reached the top of the Mall; and, turning back, met her before she had advanced two hundred yards beyond the palace. The moment she perceived him, the remembrance of her message, the motives that produced it, the detection of its falshood, and discovery of its design, her disappointment and consciousness of that very situation which she had so much reason to avoid, all concurred to cover her with confusion which it was impossible to hide: pride and good-breeding were, however, still predominant over truth and prudence; she was still zealous to remove from the captain's mind any suspicion of a design to shun him, and therefore with an effort perhaps equal to that of a hero who smiles upon the rack, she affected an air of gaiety, said she was glad to see him, and as an excuse for her message and her conduct, prattled something about the fickleness of a woman's mind, and concluded with observing that she changed hers too often ever to be mad. By this conduct a retreat was rendered impossible, and they walked together till between eight and nine: but the clouds having insensibly gathered, and a sudden shower falling just as they reached Spring Gardens, they went out instead of going back; and the Captain having put the lady into a chair, took his leave.

It happened that Sir James, contrary to his first purpose, had returned from his journey at night. He learnt from the servants, that his lady was gone to Captain Freeman's, and was secretly displeased that she had made this visit when he was absent; an incident which, however trifling in itself, was by the magic of jealousy swelled into importance: yet upon recollection he reproved himself for this displeasure, since the presence of the Captain's lady would sufficiently secure the honour of his own. While he was struggling with these suspicions, they increased both in number and strength in proportion as the night wore away. At one he went to bed; but he passed the night in agonies of terror and resentment, doubting whether the absence of his lady was the effect of accident or design, listening to every noise, and bewildering himself in a multitude of extravagant suppositions. He rose again at break of day; and after several hours of suspense and irresolution, whether to wait the issue, or go out for intelligence, the restlessness of curiosity prevailed, and about eight he set out for Captain Freeman's; but left word with his servants that he was gone to a neighbouring coffee-house.

Mrs. Freeman, whose affected indifference and dissimulation of a design to go immediately to bed, contributed to prevent the Captain's return, had during his absence suffered inexpressible disquiet: she had, indeed, neither intention to go to bed, nor inclination to sleep; she walked backward and forward in her chamber, distracted with jealousy and suspense, till she was informed that Sir James was below, and desired to see her. When she came down, he discovered that she had been in tears; his fear was now more alarmed than his jealousy, and he concluded that some fatal accident had befallen his wife; but he soon learnt

that she and the Captain had gone from thence at five in the morning; and that he was not yet returned. Mrs. Freeman, by Sir James's enquiry, knew that his lady had not been at home: her suspicions, therefore, were confirmed; and in her jealousy, which to prevent a duel she laboured to conceal, Sir James found new cause for his own. He determined, however, to wait with as much decency as possible, till the Captain came in; and perhaps two persons were never more embarrassed by the presence of each other. While breakfast was getting ready, Dr. Tattle came to pay Mrs. Freeman a morning visit; and, to the unspeakable grief both of the lady and her guest, was immediately admitted. Dr. Tattle is of those male gossipers who, in the common opinion, are the most diverting company in the world. The Doctor saw that Mrs. Freeman was low-spirited, and made several efforts to divert her, but without success. At last he declared, with an air of ironical importance, that he could tell her such news as would make her look grave for something: 'The Captain,' says he, 'has just huddled a lady into a chair at the door of a bagnio near Spring Gardens.' He soon perceived, that this speech was received with emotions very different from those he intended to produce; and therefore added—that she need not however be jealous; for notwithstanding the manner in which he had related the incident, the lady was certainly a woman of character, as he instantly discovered by her mien and appearance. This particular confirmed the suspicion it was intended to remove; and the Doctor finding that he was not so good company as usual, took his leave; but was met at the door by the Captain, who brought him back. His presence, however insignificant, imposed some restraint upon the rest of the company; and Sir James, with as good an appearance of jocularitv as he could assume, asked the Captain what he had done with his wife. The Captain with some irresolution replied, that he had left her early in the morning at her father's; and that having made a point of waiting on her home, she sent word down that her cousin Meadows was indisposed, and had engaged her to breakfast. The Captain, who knew nothing of the anecdote that had been communicated by the Doctor, judged by appear-

ances that it was prudent thus indirectly to lye, by concealing the truth both from Sir James and his wife: he supposed, indeed, that Sir James would immediately enquire after his wife at her father's, and learn that she did not stay there to breakfast; but as it would not follow that they had been together, he left her to account for her absence as she thought fit, taking for granted that what he had concealed she also would conceal for the same reasons; or if she did not, as he had affirmed nothing contrary to truth, he might pretend to have concealed it in jest. Sir James, as soon as he had received this intelligence, took his leave with some appearance of satisfaction, and was followed by the doctor.

As soon as Mrs. Freeman and the Captain were alone, she questioned him with great earnestness about the lady whom he had been seen to put into a chair. When he had heard that this incident had been related in the presence of Sir James, he was greatly alarmed lest Lady Forrest should increase his suspicions; by attempting to conceal that which, by a series of enquiry to which he was now stimulated, he would probably discover: he condemned this conduct in himself; and as the most effectual means at once to quiet the mind of his wife, and obtain her assistance, he told her all that happened, and his apprehension of the consequences: he also urged her to go directly to Miss Meadows, by whom his account would be confirmed, and of whom she might learn farther intelligence of Sir James; and to find some way to acquaint Lady Forrest with her danger, and admonish her to conceal nothing.

Mrs. Freeman was convinced of the Captain's sincerity, not only by the advice which he urged her to give to Lady Forrest, but by the consistency of the story and the manner in which he was affected. Her jealousy was changed into pity for her friend, and apprehension for her husband. She hastened to Miss Meadows, and learnt that Sir James had enquired of the servant for his lady, and was told that she had been there early with Captain Freeman, but went away soon after him: she related to Miss Meadows all that happened; and thinking it at least possible that Sir James might not go directly home, she wrote the following letter to his lady.

MY DEAR LADY FORREST,

I AM in the utmost distress for you. Sir James has suspicions which truth only can remove, and of which my indiscretion is the cause. If I had not concealed my desire of the Captain's return, your design to disengage yourself from him, which I learn from Miss Meadows, would have been effected. Sir James breakfasted with me in the Haymarket; and has since called at your father's, from whence I write: he knows that your stay here was short, and has reason to believe the Captain put you into a chair some hours afterwards at Spring Gardens. I hope therefore, my dear lady, that this will reach your hands time enough to prevent your concealing any thing. It would have been better if Sir James had

known nothing, for then you would not have been suspected; but now he must know all, or you cannot be justified. Forgive the freedom with which I write, and believe me most affectionately your's,

MARIA FREEMAN.

P. S. I have ordered the bearer to say he came from Mrs. Fashion, the milliner.

This letter was given to a chairman, and he was ordered to say he brought it from the milliner's; because if it should be known to come from Mrs. Freeman, and should fall by accident into Sir James's hands, his curiosity might prompt him to read it, and his jealousy to question the lady without communicating the contents.

No. LVI. SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1753.

— *Multos in summa pericula misit  
Venturi timor ipse mali.*

LUCANUS.

*How oft the fear of ill to ill betrays!*

SIR James being convinced that his lady and the Captain had passed the morning at a bagnio, by the answer which he received at her father's, went directly home. His lady was just arrived before him, and had not recovered from the confusion and dread which seized her when she heard that Sir James came to town the night before, and at the same instant anticipated the consequences of her own indiscretion. She was told he was then at the coffee-house, and in a few minutes was thrown into an universal tremor upon hearing him knock at the door. He perceived her distress not with compassion but rage, because he believed it to proceed from the consciousness of guilt: he turned pale, and his lips quivered; but he so far restrained his passion as to ask her without invective, where, and how she had passed the night. She replied, at Captain Freeman's; that the Captain was upon guard, that she sat up with his lady till he came in, and that then insisting to see her home she would suffer the coach to go no farther than her father's, where he left her early in the morning: she had not fortitude to relate the sequel, but stopped with some appearance of irresolution and terror. Sir James then asked,

if she came directly from her father's home. This question, and the manner in which it was asked, increased her confusion: to appear to have stopped short in her narrative, she thought would be an implication of guilt, as it would betray a desire of concealment: but the past could not be recalled, and she was impelled by equivocation to falsehood; from which, however, she would have been kept back by fear, if Sir James had not deceived her into a belief that he had been no farther than the neighbourhood. After these tumultuous reflections, which passed in a moment, she ventured to affirm, that she staid with Miss Meadows till eight, and then came home: but she uttered this falsehood with such marks of guilt and shame, which she had indeed no otherwise than by this falsehood incurred or deserved, that Sir James no more doubted her infidelity than her existence. As her story was the same with that of the Captain's, and as one had concealed the truth and the other denied it, he concluded there was a confederacy between them; and determining first to bring the Captain to account, he turned from her abruptly, and immediately left the house.

At the door he met the chairman who had



been dispatched by Mrs. Freeman to his lady ; and fiercely interrogating him what was his business, the man produced the letter, and saying, as he had been ordered, that he brought it from Mrs. Fashion, Sir James snatched it from him, and muttering some expressions of contempt and repentment, thrust it into his pocket.

It happened that Sir James did not find the Captain at home ; he therefore left a billet, in which he requested to see him at a neighbouring tavern, and added that he had put on his sword.

In the mean time, his lady, dreading a discovery of the falsehood which she had asserted, dispatched a billet to Captain Freeman, in which she conjured him, as a man of honour, for particular reasons, not to own to Sir James, or any other person, that he had seen her after he had left her at her father's : she also wrote to her cousin Meadows, intreating, that if she was questioned by Sir James, he might be told that she staid with her till eight o'clock, an hour at which only herself and the servants were up.

The billet to Miss Meadows came soon after the chairman had returned with an account of what had happened to the letter ; and Mrs. Freeman was just gone in great haste to relate the accident to the Captain, as it was of importance that he should know it before his next interview with Sir James : but the Captain had been at home before her, and had received both Sir James's billet and that of his lady. He went immediately to the tavern, and, inquiring for Sir James Forrest, was shewn into a back room one pair of stairs : Sir James received his salutation without reply, and instantly bolted the door. His jealousy was complicated with that of indignation and contempt, which a sense of injury from a person of inferior rank never fails to produce ; he therefore demanded of the Captain, in a haughty tone whether he had not that morning been in company with his wife, after he had left her at her father's. The Captain, who was incensed at Sir James's manner, and deemed himself engaged in honour to keep the lady's secret, answered, that, after what he had said in the morning, no man had a right to suppose he had seen the lady afterwards ; that to insinuate the contrary, was

obliquely to charge him with a falsehood ; that he was bound to answer no such questions, till they were properly explained ; and that, as a gentleman, he was prepared to vindicate his honour. Sir James justly deemed this reply an equivocation and an insult ; and being no longer able to restrain his rage, he cursed the Captain as a liar and a scoundrel, and at the same time striking him a violent blow with his fist drew his sword, and put himself in a posture of defence. Whatever design the Captain might have had to bring his friend to temper, and to reconcile him to his wife, when he first entered the room, he was now equally enraged, and indeed had suffered equal indignity, he therefore drew at the same instant, and after a few desperate passes on both sides, he received a wound in his breast, and reeling backward a few paces, fell down.

The noise had brought many people to the door of the room, and it was forced open just as the Captain received his wound : Sir James was secured, and a messenger was dispatched for a surgeon. In the mean time the Captain perceived himself to be dying ; and whatever might before have been his opinion of right and wrong, and honour and shame, he now thought all dissimulation criminal, and that his murderer had a right to that truth which he thought it meritorious to deny him when he was his friend : he therefore earnestly desired to speak a few words to him in private. This request was immediately granted ; the persons who had rushed in withdrew, contenting themselves to keep guard at the door ; and the Captain, beckoning Sir James to kneel down by him, then told him, that however his lady might have been surprised or betrayed by pride or fear into dissimulation or falsehood, she was innocent of the crime which he supposed her solicitous to conceal : he then briefly related all the events as they had happened ; and at last, grasping his hand, urged him to escape from the window, that he might be a friend to his widow and to his child, if its birth should not be prevented by the death of its father. Sir James yielded to the force of this motive, and escaped as the Captain had directed. In his way to Dover he read the letter which he had taken from the chairman, and the next post inclosed it in the following to his lady.

T

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I AM the most wretched of all men ; but I do not upbraid you as the cause : would to God that I were not more guilty than you ! We are the martyrs of dissimulation. By dissimulation dear Captain Freeman was induced to waste those hours with you, which he would otherwise have enjoyed with the poor unhappy dissembler his wife. Trusting in the success of dissimulation, you was tempted to venture into the Park, where you met him whom you wished to shun. By detecting dissimulation in the Captain, my suspicions were increased ; and by dissimulation and falshood you confirmed them. But your dissimulation and falshood were the effects of mine ; your's were ineffectual, mine succeeded : for I left word that I was gone no farther than the coffee-house, that you might not suspect I had learned too much to be deceived. By the success of a lye put into the mouth of a chairman, I was prevented from reading a letter which at last would have

undeceived me ; and by persisting in dissimulation, the Captain has made his friend a fugitive, and his wife a widow. Thus does insincerity terminate in misery and confusion, whether in its immediate purpose it succeeds or is disappointed. O my dear Charlotte ! if ever we meet again—to meet again in peace is impossible—but if ever we meet again, let us resolve to be sincere : to be sincere is to be wise, innocent, and safe. We venture to commit faults which shame or fear would prevent, if we did not hope to conceal them by a lye. But in the labyrinth of falshood, men meet those evils which they seek to avoid ; and as in the strait path of truth alone they can see before them, in the strait path of truth alone they can pursue felicity with success. Adieu ! I am—dreadful !—I can subscribe nothing that does not reproach and torment me—Adieu !

Within a few weeks after the receipt of this letter, the unhappy lady heard that her husband was cast away in his passage to France.

No. LVII. TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1753.

—————*Nec vox hominem sonat*—————

VIRG.

—————*O more than human voice !*—————

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

LONGINUS proceeds to address his friend Terentianus in the following manner.

It is the peculiar privilege of poetry, not only to place material objects in the most amiable attitudes, and to clothe them in the most graceful dress, but also to give life and motion to immaterial beings ; and form, and colour, and action, even to abstract ideas ; to embody the Virtues, the Vices, and the Passions ; and to bring before our eyes, as on a stage, every faculty of the human mind.

Prosopopœia, therefore, or personification, conducted with dignity and propriety, may be justly esteemed one of the greatest efforts of the creative power of a warm and lively imagination. Of this figure many illustrious examples may be produced from the Jewish writers I have been so earnestly recommending to your perusal ; among whom every part and object of nature is ani-

mated, and endowed with sense, with passion and with language.

To say that the lightning obeyed the commands of God, would of itself be sufficiently sublime ; but a Hebrew bard expresses this idea with far greater energy and life : ‘ Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say ‘ unto thee, “ Here we are ! ” And again, ‘ God sendeth forth light, and it goeth ; he calleth it again, and it obeyeth him with ‘ fear.’ How animated, how emphatical, is this unexpected answer, ‘ Here we are ! ’

Plato, with a divine boldness, introduces in his Crito, the Laws of Athens pleading with Socrates, and dissuading him from an attempt to escape from the prison in which he was confined ; and the Roman rival of Demosthenes has made his country tenderly expostulate with Catiline, on the dreadful miseries which his rebellion would devolve on her head. But will a candid critic prefer either of these admired

personifications to those passages in the Jewish poets where Babylon or Jerusalem, or Tyre, are represented as sitting in the dust, covered with sackcloth, stretching out their hands in vain, and loudly lamenting their desolation? Nay, farther, will he reckon them even equal to the following fictions? Wisdom is introduced, saying of herself—‘When God prepared the heavens, I was there; when he set a circle upon the face of the deep, when he gave to the sea his decree that the waters should not pass his commandments, when he appointed the foundations of the earth, then was I by him as one brought up with him; and I was daily his delight, playing always before him.’ Where, Terentianus, shall we find our Minerva speaking with such dignity and elevation? The goddess of the Hebrew bard is not only the patroness and inventress of arts and learning, the parent of felicity and fame, the guardian and conductress of human life; but she is painted as immortal and eternal, the constant companion of the great CREATOR himself, and the partaker of his counsels and designs. Still bolder is the other *Protopopœia*: ‘Destruction and Death say (of Wisdom) we have heard the fame thereof with our ears.’ If pretenders to taste and judgment censure such a fiction as extravagant and wild, I despise their frigidity and gross insensibility.

When JEHOVAH is represented as descending to punish the earth in his just anger, it is added—‘Before him went the Pestilence.’ When the Babylonian tyrant is destroyed, ‘the fir-trees rejoice at his fall, and the cedars of Lebanon,’ saying, “Since thou art laid down no feller is ‘come up against us.” And at the captivity of Jerusalem the very ramparts and the walls lament, ‘they languish together.’ Read likewise the following address, and tell me what emotion you feel at the time of perusal: ‘O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? Put up thyself into thy scabbard, rest and be silent.’ Art thou not amazed and delighted, my friend, to behold joy and anguish, and revenge, ascribed to the trees of the forest, to walls and warlike instruments?

Before I conclude these observations, I cannot forbear taking notice of two remarkable passages in the Hebrew writers, because they bear a close resemblance with two in our own tragedians.

Sophocles, by a noble *protopopœia*, thus aggravates the misery of the Thebans, visited by a dreadful plague: ‘Hell is enriched with ‘groans and lamentations.’ This image is heightened by a Jewish author, who describes Hell, or Hades, as ‘an enormous monster, who hath extended and enlarged himself, and opened his insatiable mouth without ‘measure.’

Cassandra, in *Æschylus*, struck with the treachery and barbarity of Clytemnestra, who is murdering her husband Agamemnon, suddenly exclaims in a prophetic fury—‘Shall I call her the direful mother of hell!’ To represent the most terrible species of destruction, the Jewish poet says, ‘The first-born of death shall devour his strength.’

Besides the attribution of person and action to objects immaterial or inanimate, there is still another species of the *protopopœia* no less lively and beautiful than the former, when a real person is introduced speaking with propriety and decorum. The speeches which the Jewish poets have put into the mouth of their JEHOVAH, are worthy the greatness and incomprehensible majesty of the All-perfect Being. Hear him asking one of his creatures, with a lofty kind of irony—‘Where wast thou, when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereon are the foundations thereof fastened, or who laid the corner stone? When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth as if it had issued out of the womb? When I brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors, and said—“Hitherto shalt thou come but no further, and here shall the “pride of thy waves be stayed.” How can we reply to these sublime enquiries, but in the words that follow? ‘Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.’

I have in a former treatise observed to you, that Homer has degraded his gods into men: these writers alone have not violated the DIVINE MAJESTY by inadequate and indecent representations, but have made the great CREATOR act and speak in a manner suitable

the supreme dignity of his nature, as far as the grossness of mortal conceptions will permit. From the sublimity and spirituality of their notions, so different in degree and kind from those of the most exalted philosophers, one may, perhaps, be inclined to think their claim to a divine inspiration reasonable and just, since God alone can describe himself to man.

I had written thus far, when I received dispatches from the Empress Zenobia, with orders to attend her instantly at Palmyra; but am resolved, before I set out, to add to this letter a few remarks on the beautiful comparisons of the Hebrew poets.

The use of similes in general consists in the illustration or amplification of any subject, or in presenting pleasing pictures to the mind by the suggestion of new images. Homer and the Hebrew bards disdain minute resemblances, and seek not an exact correspondence with every feature of the object they introduce. Provided a general likeness appear, they think it sufficient. Nor solicitous for exactness, which in every work is the sure criterion of a cold and creeping genius, they introduce many circumstances that perhaps have no direct affinity to the subject, but taken all together, contribute to the variety and beauty of the piece.

The pleasures of friendship and benevolence are compared to the perfumes that flow from the ointments usually poured on the priest's head, which run down to his beard, and even to the skirts of his cloathing. The sun rising and breaking in upon the shades of night, is compared to a bridegroom issuing out of his chamber; in allusion to the Jewish custom of ushering the bridegroom from his chamber at midnight with great solemnity and splendor, preceded by the light of innumerable lamps and torches. How amiably is the tenderness and solicitude of God for his favourites expressed! 'As the eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead them! On the other hand, how dreadfully is his indignation described! 'I will be unto them as a lion, as a leopard by the way will I observe them. I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps, and I will rend the caul of their heart.' A little afterwards the scene suddenly

changes, and divine favour is painted by the following similitudes: 'I will be as the dew unto Judæa; he shall grow as the lily; his branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell like mount Libanus.' Menander himself, that just characterizer of human life, has not given us a more apt and lively comparison than the following: 'As the climbing a sandy way is to the feet of the aged, so is a wife full of words to a quiet man.' Nor has one of our Grecian poets spoken so feelingly, so eloquently, or so elegantly of beauty, as the Emperor Solomon of his mistress or bride, in images perfectly original and new: 'Thy hair,' says he, 'is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead; thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which come up from the washing: by which similitude their exact equality, evenness, and whiteness, are justly represented. 'Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men:' that is, strait and tall, adorned with golden chains, and the richest jewels of the east. 'Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies:' the exquisite elegance and propriety of which similitude need not be pointed out, and cannot be excelled.

I have purposely reserved one comparison for a conclusion, not only for the sake of its beauty and justness, but because it describes a friendship so different from the constancy which I hope will ever be the character of yours and mine. 'My brethren,' says the writer, 'have dealt deceitfully with me. They are like torrents, which, when swollen and increased with winter showers and the meltings of ice, promise great and unfailling plenty of waters; but in the times of violent heats, suddenly are parched up and disappear. The traveller in the deserts of Arabia seeks for them in vain; the troops of Sheba looked, the caravans of Tema waited for them: they came to the accustomed springs for relief; they were confounded, they perished with thirst.'

In giving you these short specimens of Jewish poetry, I think I may compare myself to those spies which the above-men-

tioned Moses dispatched to discover the country he intended to conquer; and who brought from thence, as evidences of its fruitfulness, the most delicious figs and pomegranates, and

a branch with one cluster of grapes, & so large and weighty, says the historian, 'that they bare in between two upon a staff.' Farewell.  
Z

## No. LVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1753.

*Damnant quod non intelligunt.*

CIC.

*They condemn what they do not understand.*

EURIPIDES, having presented Socrates with the writings of Heraclitus, a philosopher famed for involution and obscurity, enquired afterwards his opinion of their merit. 'What I understand,' said Socrates, 'I find to be excellent, and therefore, believe that to be of equal value which I cannot understand.'

The reflection of every man who reads this passage will suggest to him the difference between the practice of Socrates and that of modern critics: Socrates, who had by long observation upon himself and others, discovered the weakness of the strongest, and the dimness of the most enlightened intellect, was afraid to decide hastily in his own favour, or to conclude that an author had written without meaning, because he could not immediately catch his ideas: he knew that the faults of books are often more justly imputable to the reader, who sometimes wants attention, and sometimes penetration; whose understanding is often obstructed by prejudice, and often dissipated by remissness; who comes sometimes to a new study, unfurnished with knowledge previously necessary; and finds difficulties insuperable, for want of ardour sufficient to encounter them.

Obscurity and clearness are relative terms: to some readers scarce any book is easy, to others not many are difficult: and surely they whom neither any exuberant praise bestowed by others, nor any eminent conquest over stubborn problems, have entitled to exalt themselves above the common orders of mankind, might condescend to imitate the candour of Socrates; and where they find incontestible proofs of superior genius, be content to think that there is justness in the connection which

they cannot trace, and cogency in the reasoning which they cannot comprehend.

This diffidence is never more reasonable, than in the perusal of authors of antiquity; of those whose works have been the delight of ages, and transmitted as the great inheritance of mankind from one generation to another: surely, no man can, without the utmost arrogance, imagine, that he brings any superiority of understanding to the perusal of these books which have been preserved in the devastation of cities, and snatched up from the wreck of nations; which those who fled before barbarians have been careful to carry off in the hurry of migration, and of which barbarians have repented the destruction. If in books thus made venerable by the uniform attention of successive ages, any passages shall appear unworthy of that praise which they have formerly received; let us not immediately determine, that they owed their reputation to dulness or bigotry; but suspect at least that our ancestors had some reasons for their opinions, and that our ignorance of those reasons makes us differ from them.

It often happens, that an author's reputation is endangered in succeeding times, by that which raised the loudest applause among his cotemporaries: nothing is read with greater pleasure than allusions to recent facts, reigning opinions, or present controversies; but when facts are forgotten, and controversies extinguished, the favourite touches lose all their graces; and the author in his descent to posterity must be left to the mercy of chance, without any power of ascertaining the memory of those things to which he owed his luckiest thoughts and his kindest reception.

On such occasions, every reader should remember the diffidence of Socrates, and repair by his candour the injuries of time; he should impute the seeming defects of his author to some chafin of intelligence, and suppose, that the sense which is now weak was once forcible, and the expression which is now dubious formerly determinate.

How much the mutilation of ancient history has taken away from the beauty of poetical performances, may be conjectured from the light which a lucky commentator sometimes effuses, by the recovery of an incident that had been long forgotten: thus in the third book of Horace, Juno's denunciations against those that should presume to raise again the walls of Troy, could for many ages please only by splendid images and swelling language, of which no man discovered the use or propriety; till Le Fevre, by shewing on what occasion the Ode was written, changed wonder to rational delight. Many passages yet undoubtedly remain in the same author which an exacter knowledge of the incidents of his time would clear from objections. Among these I have always numbered the following lines:

*Aurum per medios ire satellites,  
Et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius  
Ictu fulmineo. Concidit Auguris  
Argivi domus ob lucrum  
Demersa excidio. Diffidit urbium  
Portas vir Macedo, et subruit æmulus  
Reges muncribus. Munera navium  
Sævos illaqueant duces.*

Stronger than thunder's winged force,  
All powerful gold can spread its course,  
Through watchful guards its passage make,  
And loves through solid walls to break:  
From gold the overwhelming woes,  
That crush'd the Grecian angur rose,  
Philip with gold through cities broke,  
And rival monarchs felt his yoke;  
*Captains of ships to gold are slaves,  
Though fierce as their own winds and waves.*

FRANCIS.

The close of this passage, by which every reader is now disappointed and offended, was probably the delight of the Roman court: it cannot be imagined, that Horace, after having given to gold the force of thunder, and told of its power to storm cities and to conquer kings, would have concluded his account of its effi-

cacy with its influence over naval commanders, had he not alluded to some fact then current in the mouths of men, and therefore more interesting for a time than the conquests of Philip. Of the like kind may be reckoned another stanza in the same book?

*—Jussa coram non sine conscio  
Surgit marito, seu vocat infitor  
Seu navis Hispanæ magister  
Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.*

The conscious husband bids her rise,  
When some rich factor courts her charms,  
Who calls the wanton to his arms,  
And, prodigal of wealth and fame,  
Profusely buys the costly shame.

FRANCIS.

He has little knowledge of Horace who imagines that the Factor, or the Spanish Merchant, are mentioned by chance! there was undoubtedly some popular story of an intrigue, which those names recalled to the memory of his reader.

The flame of his genius in other parts though somewhat dimmed by time, is not totally eclipsed: his address and judgment yet appear, though much of the spirit and vigour of his sentiment is lost. This has happened to his twentieth Ode of the first book:

*Vile potabis modicis Sabinum  
Cantharis, Græcâ quod ego ipse testâ  
Conditum levi; datus in theatro  
Cum tibi plausus,  
Chare Mæcenas eques. Ut paterni  
Fluminis ripæ; simul et jocosa  
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani  
Montis imago.*

A poet's beverage humbly cheap,  
(Should great Mæcenas be my guest)  
The vintage of the Sabine grape,  
But yet in sober cups shall crown the feast:  
'Twas rack'd into a Grecian cask,  
Its rougher juice to melt away;  
I seal'd it too—a pleasing task!  
With: annual joy to mark the glorious day,  
When in applausive shouts thy name  
Spread from the theatre around,  
Floating on thy own Tiber's stream,  
And Echo, playful nymph, return'd the  
sound.

FRANCIS.

We here easily remark the intertexture of a happy compliment with an humble invitation;

but certainly are less delighted than those to whom the mention of the applause bestowed upon Mæcenas gave occasion to recount the actions or words that produced it.

Two lines which have exercised the ingenuity of modern critics, may, I think, be reconciled to the judgment, by an easy supposition: Horace thus addresses Agrippa:

*Scriberis Vario fortis, et hostium*

*Victor, Mæonii carminis alite.*

Varius, a swan of Homer's wing,

Shall brave Agrippa's conquests sing.

FRANCIS.

That Varius should be called 'A bird of Homer's song,' appears so harsh to modern ears, that an emendation of the text has been proposed: but surely the learning of the ancients had been long ago obliterated, had every man thought himself at liberty to corrupt the lines which he did not understand. If we imagine that Varius had been by any of his contemporaries celebrated under the appellation of Musarum Ales, the swan of the Muses, the language of Horace becomes graceful and familiar; and that such a compliment was at least possible, we know from the transformation feigned by Horace of himself.

The most elegant compliment that was paid to Addison, is of this obscure and perishable kind:

When panting virtue her last efforts made  
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid.

These lines must please as long as they are understood; but can be understood only by those that have observed Addison's signatures in the Spectator.

The nicety of these minute allusions I shall exemplify by another instance, which I take this occasion to mention, because, as I am told, the commentators have omitted it. Tibullus addresses Cynthia in this manner:

*Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,*

*Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.*

Before my closing eyes, dear Cynthia, stand,  
Held weakly by my fainting trembling hand.

To these lines Ovid thus refers in his elegy on the death of Tibullus:

*Cynthia decedens, felicius, inquit, amata*

*Sum tibi; vixisti dum tuus ignis eram,*

*Cui Nemesis, quid, ait, tibi sunt mea damna  
dolori?*

*Me tenuit moriens deficiente manu.*

Blest was my reign, retiring Cynthia cry'd:  
Not till he left my breast, Tibullus dy'd.

Forbear, said Nemesis, my loss to moan,  
The fainting trembling hand was mine alone.

The beauty of this passage, which consists in the appropriation made by Nemesis of the line originally directed to Cynthia, had been wholly imperceptible to succeeding ages, had chance, which has destroyed so many greater volumes, deprived us likewise of the poems of Tibullus.

T

No. LIX. TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1753.

—*Si pieria quadrans tibi nullus in arca  
Ostendatur, ames nomen victumque machare  
Et vendas potius, commissa quod auctio vendit  
Stantibus oenophorum, tripodes, armaria, cistas,  
Halcyonem Bacchi, Thebas, et terea Faulsi.*

JUV.

*If not a soue in thy lank purse appear,  
Go mount the rostrum and turn auctioneer;  
With china crack'd the greedy crowd trepan.  
With spurious pictures and with false japan;  
Sell the collected stores of misers dead,  
Or English peers for debts to Gallia fled.*

THE indigence of authors, and particularly poets, has long been the object of lamentation and ridicule, of compassion and contempt.

It has been observed, that not one favourite of the Muses has ever been able to build a house since the days of Amphion, whose art it would be fortunate for them if they possessed;

and that the greatest punishment that can possibly be inflicted on them, is to oblige them to sup in their own lodgings.

—*Molles ubi reddunt ova columbæ.*

Where pigeons lay their eggs.

Boileau introduces Damon, whose writings entertained and instructed the city and the court, as having past the summer without a shirt, and the winter without a cloak; and resolving at last to forsake Paris—

—*ou la vertu n'a plus ni Feu ni Lieu;*

Where shivering worth no longer finds a home, and to find out a retreat in some distant grotto, *D'où jamais ni l' Huissier, ni le Serjent n'approche;*

Safe, where no critics damn, nor duns molest.

POPE.

'The rich comedian,' says Bruyère, 'lolling in his gilt chariot, bespatters the face of 'Corneille walking afoot;' and Juvenal remarks, that his cotemporary bards generally qualified themselves by their diet, to make excellent bustos: that they were compelled sometimes to hire lodgings at a baker's, in order to warm themselves for nothing; and that it was the common fate of the fraternity—

*Pallere, et vinum toto nescire Decembri.*

—To pine,

Look pale, and all December taste no wine.

DRYDEN.

Virgil himself is strongly suspected to have lain in the streets, or on some Roman bulk, when he speaks so feelingly of a rainy, and tempestuous night in his well known epigram.

'There ought to be an hospital founded for 'decayed wits,' said a lively Frenchman, 'and 'it might be called an hospital of incurables.'

Few, perhaps, wander among the laurels of Parnassus, but who have reason ardently to wish and to exclaim with Æneas, but without the hero's good fortune—

*Si nunc se nobis ille, aureus arbore ramus  
Ostendat nemore in tanto!*

O! in this ample grove could I behold  
The tree that grows with vegetable gold.

PITT.

The patronage of Lelius and Scipio did not enable Terence to rent a house. Tasso, in a

humorous sonnet addressed to his favourite cat, earnestly entreats her to lend him the light of her eyes during his midnight studies, not being himself able to purchase a candle to write by. Dante, the Homer of Italy, and Camoens of Portugal, were both banished and imprisoned. Cervantes, perhaps the most original genius the world ever beheld, perished by want in the streets of Madrid, as did our own Spencer at Dublin. And a writer little inferior to the Spaniard in the exquisiteness of his humour and raillery, I mean Erasmus, after the tedious wanderings of many years, from city to city, and from patron to patron, praised and promised, and deceived by all, obtained no settlement but with his printer, 'At last,' says he, in one of his epistles, 'I should 'have been advanced to a cardinalship; if there 'had not been a decree in my way, by which 'those are secluded from this honour, whose 'income amounts not to three thousand ducats. I remember to have read a satire in Latin prose, intitled—'A Poet hath bought a house.' The poet having purchased a house, the matter was immediately laid before the parliament of poets, assembled on that important occasion, a thing unheard of, as a very bad precedent, and of most pernicious consequence; and accordingly a very severe sentence was pronounced against the buyer. When the members came to give their votes, it appeared there was not a single person in the assembly who, through the favour of powerful patrons, or their own happy genius, was worth so much as to be proprietor of a house, either by inheritance or purchase: all of them neglecting their private fortunes, confessed and boasted, that they lived in lodgings. The poet was therefore ordered to sell his house immediately, to buy wine with the money for their entertainment, in order to make some expiation for his enormous crime, and to teach him to live unsettled and without care like a true poet.

Such are the ridiculous, and such the pitiable stories related, to expose the poverty of poets in different ages and nations; but which, I am inclined to think, are rather the boundless exaggerations of satire and fancy, than the sober result of experience, and the determination of truth and judgment: for the general position may be contradicted by numerous examples; and it may, perhaps, appear on



reflection and examination, that the art is not chargeable with the faults and failings of its peculiar professors, that it has no peculiar tendency to make men either rakes or spendthrifts. and that those who are indigent poets would have been indigent merchants and mechanics.

The neglect of œconomy, in which great geniuses are supposed to have indulged themselves, has unfortunately given so much authority and justification to carelessness and extravagance, that many a minute rhymers has fallen into dissipation and drunkenness, because Butler and Otway lived and died in an alehouse. As a certain blockhead wore his gown on one shoulder to mimic the negligence of Sir Thomas More, so these servile imitators follow their masters in all that disgraced them; contract immoderate debts, because Dryden died insolvent; and neglect to change their linen, because Smith was a sloven. 'If I should happen to look pale,' says Horace, 'all the hackney writers in Rome would immediately drink cummin' to gain the same complexion.' And I myself am acquainted with a witling who uses a glass, only because Pope was near sighted.

I can easily conceive, that a mind occupied and overwhelmed with the weight and immensity of its own conceptions, glancing with astonishing rapidity from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, cannot willingly submit to the dull drudgery of examining the justness and accuracy of a butcher's bill. To descend from the widest and most comprehensive views of nature, and weigh out hops for a brewing, must be invincibly disgusting to a true genius; to be able to build imaginary palaces of the exquisite architecture, but yet not to pay a carpenter's bill, is a cutting mortification and disgrace; to be ruined by pursuing the precepts of Virgilian agriculture, and by plowing classically, without attending to the wholesome monitions of low British farmers, is a circumstance that aggravates the failure of a crop, to a man who wishes to have lived in the Augustan age, and despises the system of modern husbandry.

Many poets, however, may be found, who have condescended to the cares of œconomy, and who have conducted their families with all the parsimony and regularity of an alderman of the last century; who have not superciliously

disdained to enter into the concerns of common life, and to subscribe to and study certain necessary dogmas of the vulgar, convinced of their utility and expediency, and well knowing that because they are vulgar, they are therefore both important and true.

If we look backwards on antiquity, or survey the ages nearer our own, we shall find several of the greatest geniuses so far from being sunk in indigence, that many of them enjoyed splendor and honours, or at least were secured against the anxieties of poverty, by a decent competence and plenty of the conveniences of life.

Indeed, to pursue riches farther than to attain a decent competence, is too low and illiberal an occupation for a real genius to descend to: and Horace wisely ascribes the manifest inferiority of the Roman literature to the Grecian, to an immoderate love of money, which necessarily contracts and rusts the mind, and disqualifies it for noble and generous undertakings.

Æschylus was an officer of no small rank in the Athenian army at the celebrated battle of Marathon; and Sophocles was an accomplished general, who commanded his countrymen in several most important expeditions: Theocritus was caressed and enriched by Ptolemy; and the gaiety of Anacreon was the result of ease and plenty: Pindar was better rewarded for many of his odes, than any other bard ancient or modern, except perhaps Boileau for his celebrated piece of flattery on the taking Namur: Virgil at last possessed a fine house at Rome, and a villa at Naples: 'Horace,' says Swift in one of his lectures on œconomy to Gay, 'I am sure kept his coach.' Lucan and Silius Italicus dwelt in marble palaces, and had their gardens adorned with the most exquisite capital statues of Greece: Milton was fond of a domestic life, and lived with exemplary frugality and order: Corneille and Racine were both admirable masters of their families, faithful husbands, and prudent œconomists: Boileau, by the liberalities of Lewis, was enabled to purchase a delightful privacy at Auteuil, was eminently skilled in the management of his finances, and despised that affectation which arrogantly aims to place itself above the necessary decorums and rules of civil life: in all

which particulars they were equalled by Addison, Swift, and Pope.

It ought not, therefore, to be concluded from a few examples to the contrary, that poetry, and prudence are incompatible; a conclusion that seems to have arisen in this kingdom, from the dissolute behaviour of the despicable debauchees, that disgraced the Muses and the court of Charles the Second, by their lives and

by their writings. Let those who are blest with genius recollect, that OECONOMY is the parent of INTEGRITY, of LIBERTY, and of EASE; and the beauteous sister of TEMPERANCE, of CHEARFULNESS, and HEALTH: and that PROFUSENESS is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependance and debts; that is, fetters them with 'irons that enter into their souls.'

Z

No. LX. SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1753.

*Tus est et ab hoste doceri.*

*Our foes may teach, the wise by foes are taught.*

TO have delayed the publication of the following letter would have been surely inexcusable, as it is subscribed by the name of a very great personage, who has been long celebrated for his superiority of genius and knowledge; and whose abilities will not appear to have been exaggerated by servility or faction, when his genuine productions shall be better known. He has, indeed, been suspected of some attempts against Revealed Religion: but the letter which I have the honour to publish will do justice to his character, and set his principles in a new light.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

AS your principal design is to revive the practice of virtue, by establishing the Christian Religion; you will naturally conclude, that your views and mine are directly opposite: and my attempt to shew, that it is your interest to admit my correspondence, will, therefore, be considered as a proof of the contrary. You will, however, soon discover, that by promoting your interest I seek my own; and when you have read my letter, you will be far from suspecting, that under a specious show of concurrence in your undertaking I have concealed an attempt to render it ineffectual.

'Never to give up the present for the future,' is a maxim which I have always taught both by precept and example: I consider the now as the whole of my existence; and therefore to improve it is the whole of my study.

And, indeed, happiness, like virtue, consists not in rest, but in action; it is found rather in the pursuit than the attainment of an end: for though the death of the stag is the purpose of the chase, yet the moment this purpose is accomplished, the sport is at an end. Virtue and Religion alone can afford me employment; without them, I must inevitably be idle; and to be idle is to be wretched. I should therefore, instead of attempting to destroy the principles upon which I was resisted, have been content to surmount them: for he who should hamstring the game lest any of them should escape, would be justly disappointed of the pleasure of running them down. Such, indeed, is my present condition; and as it will at once answer your purpose and mine, I shall exhibit an account of my conduct, and shew how my disappointment was produced.

My principal business has always been to counterwork the effects of Revealed Religion: I have, therefore, had little to do, except among Jews and Christians. In the early ages of the world, when Revelation was frequently repeated with sensible and miraculous circumstances, I was far from being idle; and still think it an incontestible proof of my abilities, that even then my labour was not always unsuccessful. I applied not so much to the understanding as to the senses, till after the promulgation of Christianity; but I soon discovered, that Christianity afforded motives of Virtue and Piety, which were scarce to be overpowered by temptation: I was therefore obliged now to exert my power, not upon the senses

but the understanding. As I could not suspend the force of these motives, I laboured to direct them towards other objects; and in the eighth century I had so far succeeded, as to produce a prevailing opinion, that 'the worship of images was of more moment than moral rectitude.' It was decreed by a pope and council, that to speak of them with irreverence was a forfeit of salvation, and that the offender should, therefore, be excommunicated: those who opposed this decree were persecuted with fire and sword; and I had the satisfaction not only of supplanting virtue, but of propagating misery by a zeal for religion. I must not, however, arrogate all the honour of an event which so much exceeded my hopes; for many arguments in favour of images were drawn from a book entitled *Pratum Spirituale*, in which it is affirmed, that having long tempted a hermit to incontinence, I offered to desist if he would cease to worship an image of the Virgin; and that the hermit having consulted an abbot, whether to accept or refuse the condition, was told, that it was more eligible to commit incontinence, than to neglect the worship of images: and I declare, upon my honour, that the facts, as far as they relate to me, did never happen, but are wholly invented by the ingenious author. That salvation had very little connection with virtue, was indeed an opinion which I propagated with great diligence; and with such success, that Boniface, the apostle of Germany declared the benefit of sacraments to depend upon the qualifications of those by whom they were administered; and that a Bavarian monk having ignorantly baptized in these words—'Baptizo te in nomine patrie filia et spiritus sancta,' all such baptisms were invalid. Against knowledge, however, I never failed to oppose zeal; and when Vigilius asserted, that the earth being a sphere, there were people upon it the soles of whose feet were directly opposite to each other; the same father Boniface represented him to the pope as a corrupter of the Christian Faith; and the pope concurring with Boniface, soon after excommunicated a bishop for adopting so dangerous an opinion, declared him a heretic, and a blasphemer against GOD and his own soul. In these instances my success was the more remarkable, as I verily believe Boniface himself

intended well, because he died a martyr with great constancy.

I found, however, that while the Gospels were publicly read, the superstructure which I had built upon them was in perpetual danger: I therefore exerted all my influence to discontinue the practice, and at length succeeded, though Aristotle's Ethics were substituted for them in some northern churches; but against Aristotle's Ethics I had not equal objections.

During this period, therefore, my powers were neither dissipated by unsuccessful labour, nor rendered useless by necessary idleness: I had perplexed and confounded the most simple and salutary doctrines, with absurd subtilties and extravagant conceits; and I had armed with the weapons of superstition, and disguised with the tinsel of ceremony, that Religion which comprehended every precept in LOVE TO GOD, AND TO MAN; which gave no direction about divine worship, but that it should be performed IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH; or about SOCIAL VIRTUE, but that love of SELF should be the measure of bounty to others. But there was still personal sanctity, though the doctrine and the discipline of the church were become corrupt and ridiculous: zeal was still animated by integrity, though it was no longer directed by knowledge; the service and the honour of GOD were still intended, though the means were mistaken. Many, indeed, gladly substituted gain for godliness: and committed every species of wickedness, because they hoped to appropriate works of supererogation that were performed by others: but there were some who practised all the severities of erroneous piety, and suffered the mortification which they recommended; so that I had still something to do, and was still encouraged to diligence by success.

But all these advantages depended upon ignorance; for the security of ignorance, therefore, I affirmed, that she was the mother of devotion: a lye so successful, that it passed into a proverb.

The period, however, arrived, when knowledge could be no longer suppressed; and I was under the most dreadful apprehensions that all the absurdities, by which I had diminished the influence and the beauty of Christianity, would now be removed: I could not conceive that

those motives which had produced abstinence and solitude, vigils, scourgings, and the mortification of every appetite and every passion, would fail to produce a more reasonable service; or become ineffectual, when the paths of duty appeared to be not only peaceful but pleasant. I did not, however, sit down in despair; but the knowledge which I could not repress, I laboured to pervert. As the human intellect is finite, and can comprehend only finite objects, I knew that if all was rejected as incredible which was not comprehended, I should have little to fear from a religion founded in Infinite Perfection, and connected with revelations which an Infinite Being had vouchsafed of himself. I, therefore, immediately opposed reason to faith: I threw out subjects of debate which I knew could never be discussed; the assent of many was suspended, in expectation that impossibilities would be effected, and at last refused in the fretfulness of disappointment. Thus infidelity gradually succeeded to superstitiousness: the hope and fear, the love, reverence, and gratitude, which had been excited by Christianity, and produced such astonishing effects, were now felt no more; and as the most forcible motives to piety and virtue were again wanting, piety was wholly neglected, and virtue rendered more easy and commodi-

ous: the bounds of moral obligation included every day less and less; and crimes were committed without compunction, because they were not supposed to incur punishment.

These evils, Mr. Adventurer, evils both in your estimation and mine, I am afraid will continue if they cannot increase. Disputation and scepticism flourish without my influence, and have left no principle for me to counteract: the number of my vassals is indeed greatly increased by the unfollicited wickedness of the present time; but this increase is not equivalent to the pleasure of seduction.

If the importance, therefore, of Christianity to mankind, shall appear from its having busied me to subvert it, and from the misery which I suffer in idleness, now my purpose is unhappily effected; I hope they are not yet so obdurate in ill, as to persist in rejecting it merely in spite to me; and destroy themselves, only that I may not be amused by attempting their destruction. You see, that I have sufficient benevolence to request, that they would regard their own interest, at least as far as it is consistent with mine; and if they refuse me, I am confident you will think they treat me with more severity than I deserve.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient and very humble Servant, SATAN.

No. LXI. TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1753.

*Plorare suis non respondere favorem  
Quæsitum meritis——*

HOR.

*Each inly murmur'ing at th' unequal meed,  
Refines that merit should reward succeed.*

PERHAPS there is not any word in the language less understood than Honour; and but few that might not have been equally mistaken, without producing equal mischief.

Honour is both a motive and an end: as a principle of action it differs from virtue only in degree, and therefore necessarily includes it, as generosity includes justice; and as a reward, it can be deserved only by those actions which no other principle can produce. To say of another that he is a Man of Honour, is at once to attribute the principle and to confer the reward. But in the common acceptation of the word, Honour, as a principle, does not include vir-

tue; and, therefore, as a reward, is frequently bestowed upon vice. Such, indeed, is the blindness and vassalage of human reason, that men are discouraged from virtue by the fear of shame, and incited to vice by the hope of honour.

Honour, indeed, is always claimed in specious terms; but the facts upon which the claim is founded, are often flagitiously wicked. Lothario arrogates the character of a man of honour, for having defended a lady who had put herself under his protection from insult at the risk of life; and Aleator for fulfilling an engagement, to which the law

would not have obliged him, at the expense of liberty. But the champion of the lady had first seduced her to adultery; and to preserve her from the resentment of her husband, had killed him in a duel: and the martyr to his promise had paid a sum, which should have discharged the bill of a necessitous tradesman, to a gamester of quality who had given him credit at cards.

Such, in the common opinion, are men of honour; and he who in certain circumstances should abstain from murder, perfidy, or ingratitude, would be avoided as reflecting infamy upon his company.

In these speculations I exhausted my waking powers a few nights ago; and at length sinking into slumber, I was immediately transported into the regions of fancy.

As I was sitting pensive and alone at the foot of a hill, a man, whose appearance was extremely venerable, advanced towards me with great speed; and, beckoning me to follow him, began hastily to climb the hill. My mind suddenly suggested that this was the Genius of Instruction; I, therefore, instantly rose up, and obeyed the silent intimation of his will; but not being able to ascend with equal rapidity, he caught hold of my hand: 'Linger not,' said he, 'lest the hour of illumination be at an end.' We now ascended together, and when we had gained the summit he stood still. 'Survey the prospect,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.'—'To the right,' replied I, 'is a long valley, and on the left a boundless plain: at the end of the valley is a mountain that reaches to the clouds; and on the summit a brightness which I cannot steadfastly behold.'—'In that valley,' said he, 'the disciples of virtue press forward; and the votaries of vice wander on the plain. In the path of virtue are many asperities: the foot is sometimes wounded by thorns, and sometimes bruised against a stone; but the sky over it is always serene; the traveller is refreshed by the breezes of health, and invigorated by the ray of cheerfulness: The plain is adorned with flowers, which gratify the sense with fragrance and beauty; but the beauty is transient, and the fragrance hurtful: the ground is soft and level; and the paths are so various, that the turf is no where worn away; but above

is perpetual gloom; the sun is not seen, nor the breeze felt; the air stagnates, and pestilential vapours diffuse drowsiness, lassitude, and anxiety. At the foot of the mountain are the bowers of Peace, and on the summit is the temple of Honour.

'But all the disciples of Virtue do not ascend the mountain; her path, indeed, is continued beyond the bowers; and the last stage is the ascent of the precipice: to climb, is the voluntary labour of the vigorous and the bold; to desist, is the irreproachable repose of the timid and the weary. To those, however, who have surmounted the difficulties of the way, the gates of the temple have not always been opened; nor against those by whom it has never been trodden, have they always been shut: the declivity of the mountain on the other side is gradual and easy; and by the appointment of Fate, the entrance of the temple of Honour has been always kept by Opinion. Opinion, indeed, ought to have acted under the influence of Truth, but was soon perverted by Prejudice and Custom; she admitted any who ascended the mountain without labour from the plain, and rejected some who had toiled up the precipice in the path of Virtue. These, however, were not clamorous for admittance; but either repined in silence, or, exulting with honest pride in the consciousness of their own dignity, turned from Opinion with contempt and disdain; and smiled upon the world which they had left beneath them, the witness of that labour of which they had been refused the reward.

'But the crowd within the temple became discontented and tumultuous: the disciples of Virtue, jealous of an eminence which they had obtained by the utmost efforts of human power, made some attempts to expel those who had strolled negligently up the slope, and been admitted by Opinion to pollute the temple and disgrace the assembly: those whose right was disputed were, however, all ready to decide the controversy by the sword; and as they dreaded scarce any imputation but cowardice, they treated those with great insolence who declined this decision, and yet would not admit their claim.

' This confusion and uproar was beheld by the Goddess with indignation and regret : she flew to the throne of Jupiter ; and casting herself at his feet—"Great ruler of the world," said she, "if I have erected a temple to fulfil the purposes of thy wisdom and thy love, to allure mortals up the steep of Virtue, and animate them to communicate happiness at the expence of life ; let it not be perverted to render vice presumptuous, nor possessed by those who dare to perish in the violation of thy laws, and the diffusion of calamity." ' Jupiter graciously touched the Goddess with his sceptre, and replied, that the appointment of fate he could not reverse ; that admission to her temple must still depend upon Opinion ; but that he would depute Reason to examine her conduct, and, if possible, put her again under the influence of Truth.

' Reason, therefore, in obedience to the command of Jupiter, descended upon the mountain of Honour, and entered the temple. At the first appearance of Reason contention was suspended, and the whole assembly became silent with expectation : but the moment she revealed her commission, the tumult was renewed with yet greater violence. All were equally confident, that Reason would establish the determination of Opinion in their favour : and he that spoke loudest hoped to be first heard. Reason knew, that those only had a right to enter the temple who ascended by the path of Virtue ; to determine, therefore, who should be expelled or received, nothing more seemed necessary, than to discover by which avenue they had access : but Reason herself found this discovery, however easy in speculation, very difficult in effect.

' The most flagitious affirmed, that if they had not walked the whole length of the valley, they came into it at the foot of the mountain ; and that at least the path by which they had ascended it, was the path of Virtue. This was eagerly contradicted by others ; and to prevent the tedious labour of deducing truth from a great variety of circumstances, Opinion was called to decide the question.

' But it soon appeared, that Opinion scarce knew one path from the other ; and that she neither determined to admit or refuse upon

certain principles, or with discriminating knowledge. Reason, however, still continued to examine her ; and that she might judge of the credibility of her evidence by the account she would give of a known character, asked her, which side of the mountain was ascended by the Macedonian who deluged the world with blood : she answered without hesitation, the side of Virtue ; that she knew she was not mistaken, because she saw him in the path at a great distance, and remarked that no man had ever ascended with such impetuous speed. As Reason knew this account to be false, she ordered Opinion to be dismissed, and proceeded to a more particular examination of the parties themselves.

' Reason found the accounts of many to be in the highest degree extravagant and absurd : some, as a proof of their having climbed the path of Virtue, described prospects that appeared from the opposite side of the mountain ; and others affirmed, that the path was smooth and level, and that many had walked it without stumbling when they were scarce awake, and others when they were intoxicated with wine.

' Upon the foreheads of all these Reason impressed a mark of reprobation ; and as she could not expel them without the concurrence of Opinion, she delivered them over to Time, to whom she knew Opinion had always paid great deference ; and who had generally been a friend to Truth.

' Time was commanded to use his influence to procure their expulsion, and to persuade Opinion to regulate her determinations by the judgment of Truth. Justice also decreed, that if she persisted to execute her office with negligence and caprice, under the influence of Prejudice, and in concurrence with the absurdities of Custom, she should be given up to Ridicule, a remorseless being who rejoices in the anguish which he inflicts : by him alone Opinion can be punished ; at the sound of his scourge she trembles with apprehension ; and whenever it has been applied by the direction of Justice, Opinion has always become obedient to Truth.

' Time, continued my instructor, still labours to fulfil the command of Reason : but though he has procured many to be expelled who had been admitted, yet he has gained admission for but few who had been rejected ;

and Opinion still continues negligent and perverse; for as she has often felt the scourge of Ridicule when it has not been deserved, the dread of it has no otherwise influenced her conduct, than by throwing her into such confusion, that the purposes of Reason are sometimes involuntarily defeated.'

'How then,' said I, 'shall Honour distinguish those whom she wishes to reward?'—  
'They shall be distinguished,' replied the vi-

siory sage, 'in the regions of Immortality; to which they will at length be conducted by Time, who will not suffer them to be finally disappointed.'

While I was listening to this reply, with my eyes fixed stedfastly upon the temple, it suddenly disappeared: the black clouds that hovered over the plain of Vice burst in thunder; the hill on which I stood began to sink under me: and the start of sudden terror as I descended awaked me.

## NO. LXII. SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1753.

*O fortuna viris invida fortibus  
Quam non æqua bonis præmia dividis.*

SENECA.

*Capricious fortune ever joys,  
With partial hand to deal the prize,  
To crush the brave and cheat the wise.*

### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

FLEET, JUNE 6.

TO the account of such of my companions as are imprisoned without being miserable, or are miserable without any claim to compassion; I promised to add the histories of those whose virtue has made them unhappy, or whose misfortunes are at least without a crime. That this catalogue should be very numerous, neither you nor your readers ought to expect; 'rari quippe boni—' The good are few.' Virtue is uncommon in all the classes of humanity; and I suppose it will scarcely be imagined more frequent in a prison than in other places.

Yet in these gloomy regions is to be found the tenderness, the generosity the philanthropy, of Serenus, who might have lived in competence and ease, if he could have looked without emotion on the miseries of another. Serenus was one of those exalted minds, whom knowledge and sagacity could not make suspicious; who poured out his soul in boundless intimacy, and thought community of possessions the law of friendship. The friend of Serenus was arrested for debt; and after many endeavours to soften his creditor, sent his wife to solicit that assistance which never was refused. The tears and importunity of female distress were more

than was necessary to move the heart of Serenus; he hastened immediately away, and conferring a long time with his friend, found him confident that if the pressure was taken off, he should soon be able to re-establish his affairs. Serenus, accustomed to believe, and afraid to aggravate distress, did not attempt to detect the fallacies of hope, nor reflect that every man overwhelmed with calamity believes, that if that was removed he shall immediately be happy: he therefore, with little hesitation, offered himself as surety.

In the first raptures of escape all was joy, gratitude and confidence; the friend of Serenus displayed his prospects, and counted over the sums of which he should infallibly be master before the day of payment. Serenus in a short time began to find his danger, but could not prevail with himself to repent of his beneficence; and therefore suffered himself still to be amused with projects which he durst not consider, for fear of finding them impracticable. The debtor, after he had tried every method of raising money which art or indigence could prompt, wanted either fidelity or resolution to surrender himself to prison, and left Serenus to take his place.

Serenus has often proposed to the creditor, to pay him whatever he shall appear to have

lost by the flight of his friend ; but however reasonable this proposal may be thought, avarice and brutality have been hitherto inexorable, and Serenus still continues to languish in prison.

In this place, however, where want makes almost every man selfish, or desperation gloomy, it is the good fortune of Serenus not to live without a friend : he passes most of his hours in the conversation of Candidus, a man whom the same virtuous ductility has with some difference of circumstances made equally unhappy. Candidus when he was young, helpless, and ignorant, found a patron that educated, protected, and supported him : his patron being more vigilant for others than himself, left at his death an only son, destitute and friendless. Candidus was eager to repay the benefits he had received ; and having maintained the youth for a few years at his own house, afterwards placed him with a merchant of eminence, and gave bonds to a great value as a security for his conduct.

The young man, removed too early from the only eye of which he dreaded the observation, and deprived of the only instruction which he heard with reverence, soon learned to consider virtue as restraint, and restraint as oppression ; and to look with a longing eye at every expence to which he could not reach, and every pleasure which he could not partake : by degrees he deviated from his first regularity, and unhappily mingling among young men busy in dissipating the gains of their fathers industry, he forgot the precepts of Candidus, spent the evening in parties of pleasure, and the morning in expedients to support his riots. He was, however, dextrous and active in business ; and his master, being secured against any consequences of dishonesty, was very little solicitous to inspect his manners, or to enquire how he passed those hours which were not immediately devoted to the business of his profession : when he was informed of the young man's extravagance or debauchery—' Let his bondsman look to that,' said he, ' I have taken care of myself.'

Thus the unhappy spendthrift proceeded from folly to folly, and from vice to vice, with the connivance if not the encouragement of his master ; till in the heat of a nocturnal revel he committed such violences in the street as drew upon him a criminal prosecution. Guilty and

unexperienced, he knew not what course to take ; to confess his crime to Candidus, and solicit his interposition, was little less dreadful than to stand before the frown of a court of justice. Having, therefore, passed the day with anguish in his heart and distraction in his looks, he seized at night a very large sum of money in the counting house, and setting out he knew not whither, was heard of no more.

The consequence of his flight was the ruin of Candidus ; ruin surely undeserved and irreproachable, and such as the laws of a just government ought either to prevent or repair : nothing is more inequitable than that one man should suffer for the crimes of another, for crimes which he neither prompted nor permitted, which he could neither foresee nor prevent. When we consider the weakness of human resolution and the inconsistency of human conduct, it must appear absurd that one man shall engage for another, that he will not change his opinions or alter his conduct.

It is, I think, worthy of consideration, whether, since no wager is hindering without a possibility of loss on each side, it is not equally reasonable, that no contract should be valid without reciprocal stipulations : but in this case, and others of the same kind, what is stipulated on his side to whom the bond is given ? he takes advantage of the security, neglects his affairs, omits his duty, suffers timorous wickedness to growing daring, by degrees, permits appetite to call for new gratifications, and, perhaps, secretly longs for the time in which he shall have power to seize the forfeiture : and if virtue or gratitude should prove too strong for temptation, and a young man persist in honesty, however instigated by his passions, what can secure him at last against a false accusation ? I for my part always shall suspect, that he who can by such methods secure his property, will go one step farther to increase it : nor can I think that man safely trusted with the means of mischief, who by his desire to have them in his hands, gives an evident proof how much less he values his neighbour's happiness than his own.

Another of our companions is Lentulus, a man whose dignity of birth was very ill supported by his fortune. As some of the first offices in the kingdom were filled by his relations, he was early invited to court, and en-



couraged by caresses and promises to sollicitation: a constant appearance in splendid company necessarily required magnificence of dress; and a frequent participation of fashionable amusements forced him into expence: but these measures were requisite to his success; since every body knows, that to be lost to sight is to be lost to remembrance, and that he who desires to fill a vacancy must be always at hand, lest some man of greater vigilance should step in before him.

By this course of life his little fortune was every day made less: but he received so many distinctions in publick, and was known to resort so familiarly to the houses of the great, that every man looked on his preferment as certain, and believed that its value would compensate for its slowness: he therefore found no difficulty in obtaining credit for all that his rank or his vanity made necessary; and as ready payment was not expected, the bills were proportionably enlarged, and the value of the hazard or delay was adjusted solely by the equity of the creditor. At length death deprived Lentulus of one of his patrons, and a revolution in the ministry of another; so that all his prospects vanished at once, and those that had before encouraged his expences began to perceive that their money was in danger: there was now no other contention but who should first seize upon his person, and by forcing immediate payment, deliver him up naked to the vengeance of the rest. In pursuance of this scheme, one of them invited him to a tavern, and procured him to be arrested at the door; but Lentulus instead of endeavouring secretly to pacify him by payment, gave notice to the rest, and offered to divide amongst them the remnant of his fortune: they feasted six hours at his expence, to deliberate on his proposal; and at last determined, that, as he could not offer more than

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five shillings in the pound, it would be more prudent to keep him in prison, till he could procure from his relations the payment of his debts.

Lentulus is not the only man confined within these walls, on the same account: the like procedure, upon the like motives, is common among men whom yet the law allows to partake the use of fire and water with the compassionate and the just; who frequent the assemblies of commerce in open day, and talk with detestation and contempt of highwaymen or house-breakers: but, surely, that man must be confessedly robbed who is compelled, by whatever means, to pay the debts which he does not owe; nor can I look with equal hatred upon him who, at the hazard of his life, holds out his pistol and demands my purse, as on him who plunders under shelter of the law, and, by detaining my son or my friend in prison, extorts from me the price of their liberty. No man can be more an enemy to society than he by whose machinations our virtues are turned to our disadvantage; he is less destructive to mankind that plunders cowardice, than he that preys upon compassion.

I believe, Mr. Adventurer, you will readily confess, that though not one of these, if tried before a commercial judicature, can be wholly acquitted from imprudence or temerity; yet that, in the eye of all who can consider virtue as distinct from wealth, the fault of two of them, at least, is out-weighed by the merit; and that of the third is so much extenuated by the circumstances of his life, as not to deserve a perpetual prison: yet must these, with multitudes equally blameless, languish in confinement, till malevolence shall relent, or the law be changed.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

MY SARGYRUS.

X

No. LXIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1753.

*Pereant, qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!* DONATUS APUD JEROM.*Perish those who have said our good things before us!*

THE number of original writers, of writers who discover any traces of native thought, or veins of new expression, is found to be extremely small in every branch of literature. Few possess ability or courage to think for themselves, to trust to their own powers, to rely on their own stock; and therefore the generality creep tamely and cautiously in the track of their predecessors. The quintessence of the largest libraries might be reduced to the compass of a few volumes, if all useless repetitions and acknowledged truths were to be omitted in this process of critical chemistry. A learned Frenchman informs us, that he intended to compile a treatise, *περί τῶν ἀπαξ λεγόντων*—concerning things that had been said but once, which certainly would have been contained in a very small pamphlet.

It happens unfortunately in poetry, which principally claims the merit of novelty and invention, that this want of originality arises frequently, not from a barrenness and timidity of genius, but from invincible necessity, and the nature of things. The works of those who profess an art whose essence is imitation, must needs be stamped with a close resemblance to each other; since the objects material or animate, extraneous or internal, which they all imitate, lie equally open to the observation of all, and are perfectly similar. Descriptions, therefore, that are faithful and just, must be uniform and alike: the first copier must be, perhaps, entitled to the praise of priority; but a succeeding one ought not certainly to be condemned for plagiarism.

I am inclined to think, that notwithstanding the manifold alterations diffused in modern times over the face of nature, by the invention of arts and manufactures, by the extent of commerce, by the improvements of philosophy and mathematics, by the manner of fortifying and fighting, by the important discovery of both the Indies, and, above all, by the total change of religion; yet an epic or dramatic writer, though surrounded with such a multitude of no-

velties, would find it difficult or impossible to be totally original, and essentially different from Homer and Sophocles. The causes that excite, and the operations that exemplify, the greater passions, will always have an exact coincidence, though perhaps a little diversified by climate or custom: every exasperated hero must rage like Achilles, and every afflicted widow mourn like Andromache: an abandoned Armida will make use of Dido's execrations; and a Jew will nearly resemble a Grecian, when almost placed in the same situation; that is, the Iôas of Racine, in his incomparable *Athalie*, will be very like the Ion of Euripides.

Boileau observes, that a new and extraordinary thought is by no means a thought which no person ever conceived before, or could possibly conceive; on the contrary, it is such a thought as must have occurred to every man in the like case, and have been one of the first in any person's mind upon the same occasion: and it is a maxim of Pope, that whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense at all times.

But if, from the foregoing reflections it may appear difficult to distinguish imitation and plagiarism from necessary resemblance and unavoidable analogy, yet the following passages of Pope, which, because they have never been taken notice of, may possibly entertain curious and critical readers, seem evidently to be borrowed, though they are improved.

The dying Christian addresses his soul with a fine spirit of poetical enthusiasm:

Vital spark of heavenly flame!  
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!  
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
O! the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Hark, they whisper! Angels say—  
'Sister spirit, come away!

I was surprized to find this animated passage closely copied from one of the vile Pindaric writers in the time of Charles the Second.

When on my sick bed I languish,  
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,—

Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,  
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying!  
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say—  
'Be not fearful, come away!'

FLATMAN.

Palingenius and Charron furnished him with  
the two following thoughts in the Essay on Man:

Superior beings, when of late they saw  
A mortal man unfold all nature's law;  
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,  
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape.

POPE.

*Uique movet nobis imitatrix simia risum,  
Sic nos cœlicolis, quoties cervice superbâ  
Ventosi gradimur——*

And again,

*Simia cœlicolûm, risusque jocusque deorum est  
Tunc homo, quum temerè ingenio confidit, et audet  
Abdita naturæ scrutari, arcanaque divûm.*

PALINGENIUS.

While man exclaims—'See all things for  
'my use!'

'See man for mine!' replies a pumper'd goose.

POPE.

Man scruples not to say, that he enjoyeth the  
heavens and the elements; as if all had been  
made, and still move only for him. In this  
sense a golling may say as much, and perhaps  
with more truth and justness. CHARRON.

That he hath borrowed not only sentiments,  
but even expressions, from Wollaston and Pas-  
cal, cannot be doubted, if we consider two  
more passages:

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,  
Shall gravitation cease if you go by?

Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,  
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

POPE.

If a good man be passing by an infirm build-  
ing, just in the article of falling, can it be  
expected that God should suspend the force  
of gravitation till he is gone by in order to  
his deliverance? WOLLASTON.

Chaos of thought and passion all confus'd,  
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;  
Created half to rise, and half to fall,  
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;  
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd,  
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

POPE.

What a chimera then is man! what a confused  
chaos! what a subject of contradiction! a  
professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble  
worm of the earth! the great depositary and  
guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of  
uncertainty! the glory and the scandal of the  
universe! PASCAL.

The witty allusion to the punishment of ava-  
rice, in the Epistle on Riches—

Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides  
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides;  
is plainly taken from 'The Causes of the De-  
cay of Christian Piety;' where that excellent  
and neglected writer says—'It has always been  
'held the severest treatment of slaves and ma-  
'sefactors, "damnare ad metallâ—to force  
'them to dig in the mines." Now this is  
'the covetous man's lot, from which he is  
'never to expect a release.' Cowley has also  
used the same allusion. The celebrated reflec-  
tion with which Chartres's epitaph, in the same  
epistle, concludes, is the property of Bruyere.

To rock the cradle of reposing age,

is a tender and elegant image of filial piety,  
for which Pope is indebted to Montagne, who  
wishes, in one of his essays, to find a son-in-  
law that may 'kindly cherish his old age, and  
'rock it asleep.' And the character of Helluo  
the glutton, introduced to exemplify the force  
and continuance of the ruling passion, who in  
the agonies of death exclaimed—

———Then bring the Jowl!

is taken from that tale in Fontaine, which ends—

*——Puis qu'il faut que je meure  
Sans faire tant de façon,  
Qu'on m'apporte tout à l'heure  
Le reste de mon poisson.*

The conclusion of the epitaph on Gay, where  
he observes that his honour consists not in being  
entomb'd among kings and heroes—

But that the worthy and the good may say,  
Striking their pensive bosoms:—'Here lies  
'Gay,'

is adopted from an old Latin elegy on the death  
of Prince Henry.

In several parts of his writings, Pope seems  
to have formed himself on the model of Boi-  
leau; as might appear from a large deduction  
of particular passages, almost literally translated  
from that nervous and sensible satyrist.

———Happily to steer  
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

POPE.

———*D'une voix legere*  
*Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au severe!*

BOILEAU.

Pride, madness, folly, against Dryden rose,  
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux.

POPE.

*L'ignorance, et l'erreur a ses naissantes pieces,*  
*En habits de marquis, en robes de comtesses,*  
*Venoient pour diffamer son chef-d'œuvre nouveau.*

BOILEAU.

While I am transcribing these similarities, I feel great uneasiness, lest I should be accused of vainly and impotently endeavouring to cast clouds over the reputation of this exalted and truly original genius, 'whose memory,' to use an expression of Ben Johnson, 'I do honour 'on this side idolatry, as much as any;' and

lest the reader should be cloyed and disgusted with a cluster of quotations: it happens, however, fortunately, that each passage I have produced, contains some important moral truth, or conveys some pleasing image to the mind.

Critics seem agreed in giving greater latitude to the imitation of the ancients, than of later writers. To enrich a composition with the sentiments and images of Greece and Rome, is ever esteemed not only lawful, but meritorious. We adorn our writings with their ideas, with as little scruple as our houses with their statues. And Poussin is not accused of plagiarism, for having painted Agrippina covering her face with both her hands at the death of Germanicus; though Timanthes had represented Agamemnon closely veiled at the sacrifice of his daughter, judiciously leaving the spectator to guess at a sorrow inexpressible, and that mocked the power of the pencil.

Z

No. LXIV. SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1753.

*Notitiam primosque gradus vicinia fecit;*  
*Tempore crevit amor.*

OVID.

*Acquaintance grew, th' acquaintance they improve*  
*To friendship, friendship ripen'd into love.*

EUSDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOUR paper of last Tuesday sevensnight, which I did not read till to-day, determined me to send you an account of my friend Eugenio, by whose distress my mind has been long kept in perpetual agitation: and, perhaps, my narrative may not only illustrate your allegory, but contribute to recover opinion from her defection.

As Orgilio, the father of Eugenio, had no principles but those of a man of honour, he avoided alike both the virtues and the vices which are incompatible with that character: religion he supposed to be a contrivance of priests and politicians, to keep the vulgar in awe; and used by those in the rank of gentlemen who pretend to acknowledge its obligations, only as an expedient to conceal their want of spirit. By a conduct regulated upon these principles he gradually reduced a paternal estate of two thousand

pounds per annum to five hundred. Besides Eugenio, he had only one child, a daughter: his wife died while they were infants. His younger brother, who had acquired a very considerable fortune in trade, retired unmarried into the country: he knew that the paternal estate was greatly reduced; and therefore took the expence of his nephew's education upon himself. After some years had been spent at Westminster school, he sent him to the university, and supported him by a very genteel annuity.

Eugenio, though his temper was remarkably warm and sprightly, had yet a high relish of literature, and insensibly acquired a strong attachment to a college life. His apartment adjoined to mine, and our acquaintance was soon improved into friendship. I found in him great ardour of benevolence, and a sense of generosity and honour which I had conceived to consist only in romance. With respect to Christianity, indeed, he was as yet a sceptic: but I found it easy to

obviate general objections; and, as he had great penetration and sagacity, was superior to prejudice, and habituated to no vice which he wished to countenance by infidelity, he began to believe as soon as he began to enquire: the evidence for Revelation at length appeared incontestible; and without busying himself with the cavils of subtilty against particular doctrines, he determined to adhere inviolably to the precepts as a rule of life, and to trust in the promises as the foundation of hope. The same ardour and firmness, the same generosity and honour were now exercised with more exalted views, and upon a more perfect plan. He considered me as his preceptor, and I considered him as my example: our friendship increased every day; and I believe he had a design to follow me into orders. But when he had continued at college about two years, he received a command from his father to come immediately to town; for that his earnest desire to place him in the army was now accomplished, and he had procured him a captain's commission. By the same post he received a letter from his uncle, in which he was strongly urged to continue at college, with promises of succeeding to his whole estate; his father's project was zealously condemned, and his neglect of a brother's concurrence resented. Eugenio, though it was greatly his desire to stay at college, and his interest to oblige his uncle, yet obeyed his father without the least hesitation.

When he came to town, he discovered that a warm altercation had been carried on between his uncle and his father upon this subject: his uncle, not being able to produce any effect upon the father, as a last effort had written to the son; and being equally offended with both, when his application to both had been ineffectual, he reproached him with folly and ingratitude: and dying soon after by a fall from his horse, it appeared that in the height of his resentment he had left his whole fortune to a distant relation in Ireland, whom he had never seen.

Under this misfortune Eugenio comforted himself by reflecting, that he had incurred it by obedience to his father; and though it precluded hopes that were dearer than life, yet he never expressed his displeasure either by investive or complaint.

Orgilio had very early in life contracted an intimacy with Agrestis, a gentleman whose character and principles were very different from his own. Agrestis had very just notions of right and wrong, by which he regulated his conduct without any regard to the opinion of others: his integrity was universal and inflexible, and his temper ardent and open; he abhorred whatever had the appearance of dissimulation, he was extremely jealous of his authority, and there was a rough simplicity in his manner which many circumstances of his life had contributed to produce. His father left him a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds; but as the parsimony which enabled him to amass it, extended to the education of his son, by whom it was to be possessed, he had been taught neither politeness nor literature. He married a lady, whose influence would have polished the rough diamond by degrees; but she died within the first year of her marriage, leaving him a daughter to whom he gave her name Amelia, and transferred all his affection: he, therefore, continued to live in great privacy; and being used to have only servants dependents about him, he indulged the peculiarities of his humour without that complaisance which becomes insensibly habitual to those who mix in the company of persons whom it is their apparent interest to please, and whose preference is a perpetual restraint upon such irregular starts of temper as would incur contempt, by arrogating a superiority which none would acknowledge. To this disposition his daughter accommodated herself as she grew up, from motives both of affection and duty: as he knew and regretted the defect of his own education, he spared no cost to complete her's; she is indeed the most accomplished character I ever knew: her obedience is cheerful and implicit, her affection tender and without parade; her looks express the utmost sweetness and sensibility, and yet there is a dignity in her manner which commands respect.

The intimacy between the father of Eugenio and Agrestis produced a tender friendship between his sister and Amelia; which began in their infancy, and increased with their years.

Such characters as Amelia and Eugenio could not be long familiarly known to each other, without exciting mutual esteem: the

transition from esteem to love, between persons of different sexes, is often imperceptible even to themselves; and, perhaps, was not discovered till long after it happened, either by Eugenio or Amelia. When he returned from the university, she was about eighteen: as her stature and her beauty were greatly increased during this interval their first effect upon Eugenio was proportionably greater; and he perceived, from whatever cause, a more sensible emotion in her. He had too much discernment not to discover that she loved him; and too much generosity not to conceal his love of her, because he was so much her inferior in fortune: sometimes he reflected upon her partiality with pleasure, and sometimes with regret. But while they were thus mutually conscious to desires which they mutually suppressed, the late rebellion broke out, and Eugenio was commanded into Scotland. In this expedition he distinguished himself equally by his courage and humanity: and though he had not much money, and therefore could but seldom display his bounty, yet his concern for the real interest of his men was so apparent, as well in such acts of kindness as were in his power, as in the strict discipline which he maintained among them, that his personal influence was very powerful and extensive. During this absence, though he felt his passion for Amelia increase, notwithstanding all his attempts to suppress it; yet he never wrote to her, but contented himself with mentioning her in general terms, and including her in his remembrance of other friends, when he wrote to his father and his sister.

When he returned, as his sister's intimacy with Amelia still continued, his opportunities, to see her were equally frequent: but the pleasure of those interviews were become yet more

tumultuous and confused; and the lovers were both conscious, that their sentiments were every moment involuntarily discovered to each other.

Amelia had dismissed many suitors who were no less distinguished by their merit than their rank, because she still hoped to enrich Eugenio with her fortune; and Eugenio persisted in a conduct by which this hope was disappointed, because he would not degrade Amelia by an alliance with dependance and poverty. The objections of duty might, indeed, have been removed by obtaining the consent of Agrestis: but those of honour would still have remained: he was not, however, absolutely without hope; for though he had lost his uncle's fortune by obedience to his father, yet as he had greatly recommended himself to his commanding officer, who was of the highest rank, he believed it possible that he might be advanced to a post in the army, which would justify his pretensions to Amelia, and remove all his difficulties at once.

Agrestis wondered at the conduct of his daughter, but neither asked nor suspected her motives: for he always declared, that as he believed she would never marry against his consent, he would never urge her to marry against her own inclination.

Amelia, therefore, continued to decline every offer, and Eugenio to see her every day, without the least intimation of his love, till the beginning of the last winter when he lost his sister by the small-pox. His interviews with Amelia were now less frequent, and therefore more interesting: he feared, that as he would be seldom in her sight, the assiduities of some fortunate rival might at length exclude him from her remembrance: he did not, however, falter in his resolution, nor did Amelia change her conduct.

No. LXV. TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1753.

*Et furis agitatus amor.*——— VIRG.

*Love, which the furies irritate to rage.*

IT happened that about this time she was addressed by Ventofus, the eldest son of a noble family; who, besides a large estate, had great expectations from his father's influence

at court. Ventofus, though he was strongly recommended by Agrestis, and was remarkable for personal accomplishments, was yet received with great coldness by Amelia: he was fur-

prized, mortified, and disappointed; yet he continued his visits, and was very diligent to discover what had prevented his success. One evening, just as he was about to take his leave, after much ineffectual entreaty and complaint, Eugenio unexpectedly entered the room. Ventofus instantly remarked the embarrassment both of his mistress and the stranger, whom he therefore supposed to be a rival, and no longer wondered at his own disappointment: these suspicions were every moment confirmed and increased; for his presence produced emotions which could neither be concealed nor mistaken; though by a less penetrating eye than that of jealousy, they might have been overlooked.

He was now fired with resentment and indignation; and having left the room somewhat abruptly, he was met upon the stairs by Agrestis, with whom he desired to speak a few words in private. Agrestis turned back into another apartment, and Ventofus told him with some warmth, that he did not expect to have found his daughter pre-engaged; and that he could not help thinking himself ill treated. Agrestis, with equal warmth, required him to explain his meaning; and after some time had been spent in eager altercation, they parted in better temper; Agrestis persuaded that a clandestine love had been carried on between his daughter and Eugenio, and Ventofus convinced that Agrestis had never encouraged the pretensions of his rival.

Agrestis immediately sent for Amelia, and sternly urged her with many questions, which she could only answer with blushes and tears: her silence and confusion convinced him that Ventofus was not mistaken; and therefore, desisting from enquiry, he severely reprehended her for the past, and enjoined her never to converse with Eugenio again; to whom he also signified his displeasure, and requested that, to prevent further uneasiness, he would come no more to his house till Amelia should be married.

Eugenio, though his love was almost hopeless before, was yet greatly afflicted by this message; because he feared that Amelia had fallen under her father's displeasure, and that now he was become jealous of his authority, he might be tempted to abuse it. As to secure her peace was the principal object of his wish, he concealed what had happened from his fa-

ther, lest a quarrel should be produced between him and Agrestis, in which Amelia's delicacy and tenderness would be yet more deeply wounded. When a visit was intended to Agrestis, he always took care to have some engagement at another place: Agrestis, however, as he had no conception of the principles upon which Eugenio acted, did not doubt but that he had communicated the reason of his absence to his father, and that his father was secretly offended; but as he expressed no resentment, he believed that his ambition had for once restrained the petulance of his pride, that he dissembled to prevent an open rupture, and had still hopes of effecting the purpose which he had concerted with his son.

A suspicion of ill-will always produces it; but besides this cause of alienation, Agrestis had unjustly imputed a conduct to his friend, which rendered him the object of his contempt and aversion; he therefore treated him with coldness and reserve, supposing that he well knew the cause, and neglected to return his visits without thinking it necessary to assign any reason. This conduct was at length remarked by Orgilio, who considered it as the caprice of a character which he always despised; he therefore retorted the neglect without expostulation: and thus all intercourse between the families was at an end.

Eugenio, in the mean time, was inflexible in his purpose; and Amelia, in her next interview with Ventofus, acquainted him that she would see him no more. Ventofus again appealed to her father: but the old gentleman was steady in his principles, notwithstanding his resentment; and told him, that he had exerted all the authority which GOD and nature had given him in his favour; and that, however provoked, he would never prostitute his child, by compelling her to marry a person who was not the object of her choice.

Ventofus, who was extremely mortified at this disappointment, was very inquisitive about Eugenio, for whom he still supposed he had been rejected: he soon learned his situation and circumstances, and his long intimacy with Amelia; he reflected upon the confusion which both had expressed in the accidental interview at which he was present; and was willing to believe, that his rival, however contemptible, had been too successful to be supplanted with-

honour by a husband: this, however, if he did not believe, he was very diligent to propagate; and to remove the disgrace of a refusal, hinted that for this reason he had abruptly discontinued his addressee, and congratulated himself upon his escape.

It happened that about six weeks ago, Ventofus, as he was walking in the Mall with a young officer of distinction, met Amelia in company of several ladies and a gentleman. He thought fit to bow to Amelia with a supercilious respect, which had greatly the air of an insult. Of this compliment Amelia, though she looked him in the face, took no notice: by this calm disdain he was at once disappointed and confounded: he was stung by an effort of his own malignity, and his breast swelled with passion which he could not vent. In this agitation of mind he hastily turned back, and determined, for whatever reason, to follow her. After he had advanced about fifty paces, he saw Eugenio coming forward, who, the moment he perceived Amelia, turned into another walk. This was observed by Ventofus, whose contempt and indignation had now another object, upon which they might without violence to the laws of honour be gratified: he communicated his purpose to his companion, and hastily followed Eugenio. When they had overtaken him, they burst into a horse-laugh, and pushed so rudely by him that he could scarce recover his step: they did not, however, go on; but stopping suddenly, turned about as if to apologize for the accident, and affected great surprize at discovering to whom it had happened. Ventofus bowed very low, and with much contemptuous ceremony begged his pardon, telling him at the same time, that there was a lady in the next walk who would be very glad of his company.

To this insult Eugenio answered, that he was not willing to suppose that an affront was intended, and that if the lady he meant was a woman of honour, she ought always to be mentioned with respect. Ventofus replied, that whether the lady he meant was a woman of honour, he would not determine; but he believed she had been very kind; and was pleased to see that her favours were not forgotten, though they were no longer accepted. Eugenio was not now master of his temper, but turning suddenly upon Ventofus, struck him

with such violence that he fell at his feet; he rose, however, in an instant, and laid his hand upon his sword, but was prevented from drawing it by his companion; the crowd beginning to gather about them, they parted with mutual expressions of contempt and rage.

In the morning the officer who had been in company with Ventofus at the quarrel, delivered a challenge to Eugenio, which he answered by the following billet.

SIR,

YOUR behaviour last night has convinced me that you are a scoundrel; and your letter this morning that you are a fool. If I should accept your challenge, I should myself be both. I owe a duty to GOD and to my country, which I deem it infamous to violate; and I am intrusted with a life, which I think cannot without folly be staked against yours. I believe you have ruined, but you cannot degrade me. You may possibly, while you sneer over this letter, secretly exult in your own safety; but remember, that to prevent assassination I have a sword, and to chastise insolence a cane.

With this letter the captain returned to Ventofus, who read it with all the extravagancies of rage and disdain: the captain, however, endeavoured to sooth and encourage him; he represented Eugenio as a poltroon and a beggar, whom he ought no otherwise to punish than by removing him from the rank into which he had intruded; and this, he said, would be very easily accomplished. Ventofus at length acquiesced in the sentiments of his friend; and it was soon industriously reported that Eugenio had struck a person of high rank, and refused him the satisfaction of a gentleman which he had condescended to ask. For not accepting a challenge, Eugenio could not be legally punished, because it was made his duty as a soldier by the articles of war; but it drew upon him the contempt of his superior officers, and made them very solicitous to find some pretence to dismiss him. The friends of Ventofus immediately intimated, that the act of violence to which Eugenio had been provoked, was committed within the verge of the court, and was therefore a sub-



sufficient cause to break him ; as for that offence he was liable to be punished with the loss of his hand, by a law which though disused was still in force. This expedient was eagerly adopted, and Eugenio was accordingly deprived of his commission.

No. LXVI. SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1753.

*Noli virum, facili redimit qui sanguine famam :*

*Hunc volo, laudari qui sine morte potest.*

MART.

*Not him I prize who poorly gains*

*From death the palm which blood distains ;*

*But him who wins with nobler strife*

*An unpolluted wreath from life.*

HE had concealed his quarrel with Ventosus from his father, who was then at the family seat about twenty miles from London, because he was not willing to acquaint him with the cause : but the effect was such as could not be hidden ; and it was now become necessary that he should anticipate the report of others. He therefore set out immediately for the country ; but his father about the same time arrived in London : some imperfect account had been sent him of the proceedings against Eugenio ; and though he concluded from his silence that he had been guilty of some indiscretion, yet he did not suspect an imputation of cowardice ; and hoped by his interest to support him against private resentment. When he found that he had missed Eugenio in some of the avenues to town, he went immediately to the gentleman who had procured his commission, from whom he learned all the circumstances of the affair. The moment he heard that his son had refused a challenge, he was seized with rage so violent, that it had the appearance of distraction : he uttered innumerable oaths and execrations in a voice that was scarce human, declared his son to be unworthy of his name, and solemnly renounced him for ever.

Eugenio returned to London the same day, but it was late before he arrived. The servant that opened the door told him with tears in his eyes, that his father was gone to bed much disordered, and had commanded that he should no more be admitted into that house. He stood motionless a few moments ; and then departing without reply, came directly to me ; his looks were wild, his countenance pale, and his eyes swimming in tears ; the moment he saw me, he

threw himself into a chair ; and putting a copy of his answer to Ventosus's challenge into my hand, anticipated my enquiries by relating all that had happened.

After having administered such consolation as I could, I prevailed upon him with much difficulty to go to bed. I sat up the rest of the night, devising various arguments to convince Orgilio, that his son had added new dignity to his character. In the morning I went to his house ; and after much solicitation was admitted to his chamber. I found him in bed, where he had lain awake all the night ; and it was easy to see that his mind was in great agitation. I hoped that this tumult was produced by the struggles of parental tenderness : but the moment I mentioned his son, he fell into an agony of rage that rendered him speechless ; and I came away, convinced that the eloquence of an angel upon the same subject would have been without effect. I did, not, however, relate these discouraging circumstances to Eugenio : I told him that it would be proper to wait a few days before any farther application was made ; not only because his father's resentment would probably subside, but because he was now indisposed.

Eugenio, when he heard that his father was ill, changed colour and burst into tears. He went every evening, and knocking softly at the servant's window, enquired how he did ; and when he found that his fever was become dangerous, he intreated me to go yet once more and intercede for him, that he might at least be permitted to see his father, if he might not hope to be forgiven. I went ; but when Orgilio heard my name, he fell into a fresh transport of rage

which ended in a delirium. The effect which this incident produced upon Eugenio, who waited at the end of the street for my return, cannot be described: I prevailed upon him to go back to my house, where he sometimes hastily traversed the room, and sometimes sat fixed in a kind of stupid insensibility upon the floor. While he was in one of these fits, news was brought that his father was dead, and had the morning after he was taken ill disinherited him, declaring that by the infamy of his conduct he had broke his heart.

Eugenio heard this account without any apparent surprize or emotion, but could not be persuaded to change his posture or receive any food; till his spirits being quite exhausted, sleep relieved him a few hours from the agony of his mind.

The night on which his father was buried, he wrapped himself up in a horseman's coat that belonged to my servant, and followed the procession at a distance on foot. When the ceremony was over, and the company departed, he threw himself on the grave; and hiding his face in the dust, wept over it in silence that was interrupted only by groans. I, who had followed him unperceived, did not think it prudent to intrude upon the solemnity of his sorrow, till the morning dawned: he was surprized, and I thought somewhat confounded to see me; he suffered me, however, to lead him away, but neither of us uttered a word.

He told me the next day, that he would trouble me a few nights longer for a lodging, and in the mean time think of some means by which he might obtain a subsistence: he was, indeed, totally destitute, without money and without a profession; but he made no complaint, and obstinately refused all pecuniary assistance.

In less than a week afterwards, having converted his watch, his sword, a snuff-box, and ring, into money, he engaged as a common sailor in a private undertaking to discover the north-west passage to India.

When he communicated this desperate enterprise, he appeared perfectly composed; 'My dear friend,' said he, 'it has been always my point of honour to obey the commands of God, the Prime Author of my being and the ultimate object of my hope, at whatever risque; and I do not repent that I have steadily adhered to this principle at the expence of all that is valu-

able upon earth: I have suffered the loss of fortune, of love, and of fame; but I have preserved my integrity, and I know that I shall not lose my reward. To these I would, indeed, add the esteem, though not the love of Amelia. She will hear of me as degraded and disinherited, a coward, a vagabond, and a fugitive; and her esteem, I think, I have sufficient reason to give up: grief will wound her deeper than contempt; it is, therefore, best that she should despise me. Some of those by whom she is addressed, deserve her; and I ought not to withhold a felicity which I cannot enjoy. I shall embark to-morrow; and your friendly embrace is all the good that I expect to receive from this country, when I depart in search of others which are unknown.'

To this address I was not in a condition to reply; and perceiving that I was over-whelmed with grief, he left me, perhaps, lest his purpose should be shaken, and my weakness should prove contagious.

On the morrow I attended him to the ship. He talked to me of indifferent things; and when we parted wrung my hand, and turned from me abruptly without speaking. I hastened into the boat which waited to bring me on shore, and would not again feel the pangs of yesterday for all the kingdoms of the world.

Such is the friend I have lost! such is the man, whom the world has disgraced for refusing a challenge! But none who are touched with pity at his misfortunes, wish that he had avoided them by another conduct; and not to pity Eugenio, is surely to be a monster rather than a man.

It may, perhaps, be questioned, whether I ought thus to have exhibited his story under feigned names; or have a right to attempt that which he forbore. My love to him, is, indeed, my motive: but I think my conduct is just, when I consider, that though it is possible that Amelia may by the perusal of these papers suffer the most tender and therefore the most exquisite distress, by the re-establishment of her esteem for him who most deserves it; yet the world may derive new virtue from the dignity which the character of Eugenio reflects upon his conduct: his example is truly illustrious; and as it can scarce fail to excite emulation, it ought not to be concealed.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

BENEVOLUS.

No. LXVII. TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1753.

*Inventas——vitam excoluere per artes.*

VIRG.

*They polish life by useful arts.*

THAT familiarity produces neglect, has been long observed. The effect of all external objects, however great or splendid, ceases with the novelty: the courtier stands without emotion in the royal presence; the rustick tramples under his foot the beauties of the spring, with little attention to their colour or their fragrance; and the inhabitant of the coast darts his eye upon the immense diffusion of waters, without awe, wonder, or terror.

Those who have passed much of their lives in this great city, look upon its opulence and its multitudes, its extent and variety, with cold indifference; but an inhabitant of the remote parts of the kingdom is immediately distinguished by a kind of dissipated curiosity, a busy endeavour to divide his attention amongst a thousand objects, and a wild confusion of astonishment and alarm.

The attention of a new comer is generally first struck by the multiplicity of cries that stun him in the streets, and the variety of merchandise and manufactures which the shopkeepers expose on every hand; and he is apt by unwary bursts of admiration, to excite the merriment and contempt of those, who mistake the use of their eyes for effects of their understanding, and confound accidental knowledge with just reasoning.

But, surely, these are subjects on which any man may without reproach employ his meditations: the innumerable occupations among which the thousands that swarm in the streets of London are distributed, may furnish employment to minds of every cast, and capacities of every degree. He that contemplates the extent of this wonderful city, finds it difficult to conceive, by what method plenty is maintained in our markets, and how the inhabitants are regularly supplied with the necessaries of life; but when he examines the shops and warehouses, sees the immense stores of every kind of merchandise piled up for sale, and runs over all the manufactures of art and products of nature,

which are every where attracting his eye and soliciting his purse, he will be inclined to conclude, that such quantities cannot easily be exhausted, and that part of mankind must soon stand still for want of employment, till the wares already provided shall be worn out and destroyed.

As Socrates was passing through the fair at Athens, and casting his eyes over the shops and customers; 'How many things are here,' says he, 'that I do not want!' The same sentiment is every moment rising in the mind of him that walks the streets of London, however inferior in philosophy to Socrates; he beholds a thousand shops crowded with goods, of which he can scarcely tell the use, and which therefore he is apt to consider as of no value; and, indeed, many of the arts by which families are supported, and wealth is heaped together, are of that minute and superfluous kind, which nothing but experience could evince possible to be prosecuted with advantage, and which, as the world might easily want, it could scarcely be expected to encourage.

But so it is, that custom, curiosity, or wantonness, supplies every art with patrons, and finds purchasers for every manufacture. The world is so adjusted, that not only bread, but riches, may be obtained without great abilities, or arduous performances: the most unskilful hand and unenlightened mind have sufficient incitements to industry; for he that is resolutely busy, can scarcely be in want. There is, indeed, no employment, however despicable, from which a man may not promise himself more than competence, when he sees thousands and myriads raised to dignity by no other merit than that of contributing to supply their neighbours with the means of sucking smoke through a tube of clay; and others raising contributions upon those whose elegance disdains the grossness of smoky luxury, by grinding the same materials into a powder that may at once gratify and impair the smell.

Not only by these popular and modish tricks,

but by a thousand unheeded and evanescent kinds of business, are the multitudes of this city preserved from idleness, and consequently from want. In the endless variety of tastes and circumstances that diversify mankind, nothing is so superfluous, but that some one desires it; or so common, but that some one is compelled to buy it. As nothing is useless but because it is in improper hands, what is thrown away by one is gathered up by another; and the refuse of part of mankind furnishes a subordinate class with the materials necessary to their support.

When I look round upon those who are thus variously exerting their qualifications, I cannot but admire the secret concatenation of society, that link together the great and the mean, the illustrious and the obscure; and consider with benevolent satisfaction, that no man, unless his body or mind be totally disabled, has need to suffer the mortification of seeing himself useless or burdensome to the community: he that will diligently labour, in whatever occupation, will deserve the sustenance which he obtains, and the protection which he enjoys; and may lie down every night with the pleasing consciousness, of having contributed something to the happiness of life.

Contempt and admiration are equally incident to narrow minds: he whose comprehension can take in the whole subordination of mankind, and whose perspicacity can pierce to the real state of things through the thin veils of fortune or of fashion, will discover meanness in the highest stations, and dignity in the meanest; and find that no man can become venerable but by virtue, or contemptible but by wickedness.

In the midst of this universal hurry, no man ought to be so little influenced by example, or so void of honest emulation, as to stand a lazy spectator of incessant labour; or please himself with the mean happiness of a drone, while the active swarms are buzzing about him: no man is without some quality, by the due application of which he might deserve well of the world; and whoever he be that has but little in his power, should be in haste to do that little, lest he be confounded with him that can do nothing.

By this general concurrence of endeavours, arts of every kind have been so long cultivated, that all the wants of man may be immediately

supplied; idleness can scarcely form a wish which she may not gratify by the toil of others, or curiosity dream of a toy, which the shops are not ready to afford her.

Happiness is enjoyed only in proportion as it is known; and such is the state or folly of man, that it is known only by experience of its contrary: we who have long lived amidst the conveniences of a town immensely populous, have scarce an idea of a place where desire cannot be gratified by money. In order to have a just sense of this artificial plenty, it is necessary to have passed some time in a distant colony, or those parts of our island which are thinly inhabited: he that has once known how many trades every man in such situations is compelled to exercise, with how much labour the products of nature must be accommodated to human use, how long the loss or defect of any common utensil must be endured, or by what awkward expedients it must be supplied, how far men may wander with money in their hands before any can sell them what they wish to buy, will know how to rate at its proper value the plenty and ease of a great city.

But that the happiness of man may still remain imperfect, as wants in this place are easily supplied, new wants likewise are easily created; every man, in surveying the shops of London, sees numberless instruments and conveniences, of which, while he did not know them, he never felt the need; and yet, when use has made them familiar, wonders how life could be supported without them. Thus it comes to pass, that our desires always increase with our possessions; the knowledge that something remains yet unenjoyed, impairs our enjoyment of the good before us.

They who have been accustomed to the refinement of science, and multiplications of contrivance, soon lose their confidence in the unassisted powers of nature, forget the paucity of our real necessities, and overlook the easy methods by which they may be supplied. It were a speculation worthy of a philosophical mind, to examine how much is taken away from our native abilities, as well as added to them by artificial expedients. We are so accustomed to give and receive assistance, that each of us singly can do little for himself; and there is scarce any one among us, however

contracted may be his form of life, who does not enjoy the labour of a thousand artificers.

But a survey of the various nations that inhabit the earth will inform us, that life may be supported with less assistance; and that the dexterity which practice enforced by necessity produces, is able to effect much by very scanty means. The nations of Mexico and Peru erected cities and temples without the use of iron; and at this day the rude Indian supplies himself with all the necessaries of life: sent, like the rest of mankind, naked into the world, as soon as his parents have nursed him up to strength, he is to provide by his own labour for his own support. His first care is to find a sharp flint among the rocks; with this he undertakes to fell the trees of the forest; he shapes his bow, heads his arrows, builds his cottage, and hollows his canoe, and from that time lives in a state of plenty and prosperity; he is sheltered from the storms, he is fortified against beasts of prey, he is enabled to pursue the fish of the sea, and the deer of the mountains; and as he does not know, does not envy the happiness of polished nations, where gold can supply the want of fortitude and skill, and he whose laborious ancestors have made him rich, may lie stretched upon a couch, and see all the treasures of all the elements poured down before him.

This picture of a savage life, if it shews how much individuals may perform, shews likewise how much society is to be desired.

Though the perseverance and address of the Indian excite our admiration, they nevertheless cannot procure him the conveniences which are enjoyed by the vagrant beggar of a civilized country: he hunts like a wild beast to satisfy his hunger; and when he lies down to rest after a successful chase, cannot pronounce himself secure against the danger of perishing in a few days; he is, perhaps, content with his condition, because he knows not that a better is attainable by man; as he that is born blind does not long for the perception of light, because he cannot conceive the advantages which light would afford him: but hunger, wounds, and weariness, are real evils, though he believes them equally incident to all his fellow creatures; and when a tempest compels him to lie starving in his hut, he cannot justly be concluded equally happy with those whom art has exempted from the power of chance, and who make the foregoing year provide for the following.

To receive and to communicate assistance, constitutes the happiness of human life: man may indeed preserve his existence in solitude, but can enjoy it only in society: the greatest understanding of an individual, doomed to procure food and cloathing for himself, will barely supply him with expedients to keep off death from day to day; but as one of a larger community, performing only his share to the common business, he gains leisure for intellectual pleasures, and enjoys the happiness of reason and reflection.

## No. LXVIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1753.

*Noct empty dolore voluptas.*

OVID.

*How vain the joy for which our pain must pay.*

IT has been remarked, that the play of brutes is always a mock fight; and, perhaps, this is equally true of all the sports that have been invented by reason for the amusement of mankind. The celebrated games of antiquity were something more; the conflict was often fatal, and the pleasure of the spectators seems to have been proportioned to the danger of the combatants: nor does it appear that any sport has been since contrived, which can gratify pure benevolence, or entertain without producing an opposition of interest.

There are, indeed, many external advantages which it has never been thought immoral to acquire, though an opposition of interest is necessarily implied; advantages which, like a stake at cards, one party can only gain by the loss of the other; for wealth and poverty, obscurity and distinction, command and servitude, are mutually relative, and the existence of each is by each reciprocally derived and given.

Play, therefore, is not unlawful, merely as a contest; nor can the pleasure of them that

win, be imputed to a criminal want of benevolence in this state of imperfection, merely because it is enjoyed at the expence of those who lose. But as in business, it has never been held lawful to circumvent those whom we desire to excel; so in play, the chance of loss and gain ought to be always equal; at least, each party should be apprized of the force employed against him; and if then he plays against odds, no man has a right to enquire his motive, though a good man would decline to engage him.

There is, however, one species of diversion which has not been generally condemned, though it is produced by an attack upon those who have not voluntarily entered the lists; who find themselves buffeted in the dark, and have neither means of defence nor possibility of advantage.

These feats are achieved by the knights errant of mirth, and known by the name of Frolics: under this name, indeed, many species of wanton cruelty have been practised without incurring the infamy, or raising the indignation, which they deserve; and it is extremely difficult to fix upon any certain criterion, by which frolics may be distinguished into criminal and innocent. If we could discern effects while they are involved in their causes, and ascertain every remote consequence of our own actions, perhaps these sallies might be allowed under the same restrictions as raillery: the false alarms and ridiculous distress into which others are betrayed to make us sport, should be such only as will be subjects of merriment even to the sufferer when they are past, and remembered neither with resentment nor regret: but as every action may produce effects over which human power has no influence, and which human sagacity cannot foresee; we should not lightly venture to the verge of evil, nor strike at others, though with a reed, lest, like the rod of Moses, it become a serpent in our hands.

During the hard frost in the year MDCCXL four young gentlemen of considerable rank rode into an inn, near one of the principal avenues to this city, at eleven o'clock at night, without any attendant; and having expressed uncommon concern about their horses, and overlooked the provision that was made for them, called for a room; ordering wine and tobacco to be brought in, and declaring, that

as they were to set out very early in the morning, it was not worth while to go to bed. Before the waiter returned, each of them had laid a pocket pistol upon the table, which when he entered they appeared to be very solicitous to conceal, and shewed some confusion at the surprize. They perceived with great satisfaction, that the fellow was alarmed at his discovery; and having upon various pretences called him often into the room, one of them contrived to pull out a mask with his handkerchief from the pocket of a horseman's coat. They discoursed in dark and ambiguous terms, affected a busy and anxious circumspection, urged the man often to drink, and seemed desirous to render him subservient to some purpose which they were unwilling to discover. They endeavoured to conciliate his good will, by extravagant commendations of his dexterity and diligence, and encouraged him to familiarity by asking him many questions: he was, however, still cautious and reserved; one of them, therefore, pretending to have known his mother, put a crown into his hand, and soon after took an opportunity to ask him at what hour a stage coach, the passengers of which they intended to HUMBLED, set out in the morning, whether it was full, and if it was attended with a guard.

The man was now confirmed in his suspicions; and though he had accepted the bribe, resolved to discover the secret. Having evaded the questions with as much art as he could, he went to his master, Mr. Spiggot, who was then in bed, and acquainted him with what he had observed.

Mr. Spiggot immediately got up, and held a consultation with his wife what was to be done. She advised him immediately to send for the constable with proper assistants, and secure them: but he considered, that as this would probably prevent a robbery, it would deprive him of an opportunity to gain a very considerable sum, which he would become intitled to upon their conviction, if he could apprehend them after the fact; he therefore very prudently called up four or five of the ostlers that belonged to the yard, and having communicated his suspicious and design, engaged them to enlist under his command as an escort to the coach, and to watch the motions of the highwaymen as he should direct. But mine host also

wisely considering, that this expedition would be attended with certain expence, and that the profit which he hoped was contingent, acquainted the passengers with their danger, and proposed that a guard should be hired by a voluntary contribution; a proposal, to which, upon a sight of the robbers through the window, they readily agreed. Spiggot was now secured against pecuniary loss at all events, and about three o'clock the knights of the frolic with infinite satisfaction beheld five passengers, among whom there was but one gentleman, step into the coach with the aspect of criminals going to execution; and enjoyed the significant signs which passed between them and the landlord, concerning the precautions taken for their defence.

As soon as the coach was gone, the supposed highwaymen paid their reckoning in great haste, and called for their horses: care had already been taken to saddle them; for it was not Mr. Spiggot's desire that the adventurers should go far before they executed their purpose: and as soon as they departed he prepared to follow them with his posse. He was, indeed, greatly surprized to see that they turned the contrary way when they went out of the inn yard; but he supposed they might chuse to take a small circuit to prevent suspicion, as they might easily overtake the coach whenever they would: he determined, however, to keep behind them; and therefore, instead of going after the coach, followed them at a distance, till, to his utter disappointment, he saw them persist in a different route, and at length turn into an inn in Piccadilly, where several servants in livery appeared to have been waiting for them, and where his curiosity was soon gratified with their characters and their names.

In the mean time the coach proceeded in its journey. The panic of the passengers increased upon perceiving that the guard which they had hired did not come up; and they began to accuse Spiggot of having betrayed them to the robbers for a share of the booty: they could not help looking every moment from the window, though it was so dark that a waggon could not have been seen at the distance of twenty yards: every tree was mistaken for a man and horse, the noise of the vehicle in which they rode was believed to be the

trampling of pursuers, and they expected every moment to hear the coachman commanded to stop, and to see a pistol thrust in among them with the dreadful injunction—'Deliver your money.'

Thus far the distress, however great and unmerited, will be deemed ridiculous; the sufferers will appear to have ingeniously tormented themselves, by the sagacity with which they reasoned from appearances intended to deceive them, and their solicitude to prevent mischiefs which none would attempt.

But it happened that when the coach had got about two miles out of town, it was overtaken by a horseman who rode very hard, and called out with great eagerness to the driver to stop: this incident among persons who had suffered perpetual apprehension and alarm from the moment they set out, produced a proportionate effect. The wife of the gentleman was so terrified, that she sunk down from her seat; and he was so much convinced of his danger, so touched at her distress, and so incensed against the ruffian who had produced it, that without uttering a word, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and seeing the man parley with the coachman, who had now stopped his horses, he shot him dead upon the spot.

The man, however, who had thus fallen the victim of a frolic, was soon known to be the servant of a lady who had paid earnest for the vacant place in the stage; and having by some accident been delayed till it was set out, had followed it in a hackney-coach, and sent him before her to detain it till she came up.

Here the ridicule is at an end; and we are surprized that we did not sooner reflect that the company had sufficient cause for their fear and their precaution, and that the frolic was nothing more than a lye, which it would have been folly not to believe, and presumption to disregard.

The next day, while the bucks were entertaining a polite circle at White's with an account of the farce they had played the night before, news arrived of the catastrophe. A sudden confusion covered every countenance: and they remained some time silent, looking upon each other, mutually accused, reproached and condemned.

This favourable moment was improved by a gentleman, who, though sometimes

sometimes seen in that assembly, is yet eminent for his humanity and his wisdom. 'A man,' said he, 'who found himself bewildered in the intricacies of a labyrinth, when the sun was going down, would think himself happy, if a clue should be put into his hand by which he might be led out in safety: he would not, surely, quit it for a moment, because it might possibly be recovered; and, if he did, would

'be in perpetual danger of stumbling upon some other wanderer, and bringing a common calamity upon both. In the maze of life we are often bewildered, and darkness surrounds us: but every one may at least danger and secure conscience against the power of accident, by adhering inviolably to that rule, by which we are enjoined to abstain even from the APPEARANCES OF EVIL.'

## NO. LXIX. TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1753.

*Fere libenter homines id quod volunt credunt.*

CÆSAR.

*Men willingly believe what they wish to be true.*

TULLY has long ago observed, that no man, however weakened by long life, is so conscious of his own decrepitude, as not to imagine that he may yet hold his station in the world for another year.

Of the truth of this remark every day furnishes new confirmation: there is no time of life in which men for the most part seem less to expect the stroke of death, than when every other eye sees it impending; or are more busy in providing for another year, than when it is plain to all but themselves, that at another year they cannot arrive. Though every funeral that passes before their eyes evinces the deceitfulness of such expectations, since every man who is borne to the grave thought himself equally certain of living at least to the next year; the survivor still continues to flatter himself, and is never at a loss for some reason why his life should be protracted, and the voracity of death continue to be pacified with some other prey.

But this is only one of the innumerable artifices practised in the universal conspiracy of mankind against themselves: every age and every condition indulges some darling fallacy; every man amuses himself with projects which he knows to be improbable, and which, therefore, he resolves to pursue without daring to examine them. Whatever any man ardently desires, he very readily believes that he shall some time attain: he whose intemperance has overwhelmed him with diseases, while he languishes in the spring, expects vigour and recovery from the summer sun; and while he melts away in the summer, transfers his hopes

to the frosts of winter: he that gazes upon elegance or pleasure, which want of money hinders him from imitating or partaking, comforts himself that the time of distress will soon be at an end, and that every day brings him nearer to a state of happiness; though he knows it has passed not only without acquisition of advantage, but perhaps without endeavours after it, in the formation of schemes that cannot be executed, and in the contemplation of prospects which cannot be approached.

Such is the general dream in which we all slumber out our time: every man thinks the day coming, in which he shall be gratified with all his wishes, in which he shall leave all those competitors behind, who are now rejoicing like himself in the expectation of victory; the day is always coming to the servile in which they shall be powerful, to the obscure in which they shall be eminent, and to the deformed in which they shall be beautiful.

If any of my readers has looked with so little attention on the world about him, as to imagine this representation exaggerated beyond probability, let him reflect a little upon his own life; let him consider what were his hopes and prospects ten years ago, and what additions he then expected to be made by ten years to his happiness: those years are now elapsed; have they made good the promise that was extorted from them, have they advanced his fortune, enlarged his knowledge, or reformed his conduct, to the degree that was once expected? I am afraid, that every man that recollects his hopes, must confess his disappointment;



and owh, that day has glided unprofitably after day, and that he is still at the same distance from the point of happiness.

With what consolations can those who have thus miscarried in their chief design, elude the memory of their ill success? with what amusements can they pacify their discontent, after the loss of so large a portion of life? they can give themselves up again to the same delusions; they can form new schemes of airy gratifications, and fix another period of felicity; they can again resolve to trust the promise which they know will be broken, they can walk in a circle with their eyes shut, and persuade themselves to think that they go forward.

Of every great and complicated event, part depends upon causes out of our power, and part must be effected by vigour and perseverance. With regard to that which is filed in common language the work of chance; men will always find reasons for confidence or distrust, according to their different tempers or inclinations; and he that has been long accustomed to please himself with possibilities of fortuitous happiness, will not easily or willingly be reclaimed from his mistake. But the effects of human industry and skill are more easily subjected to calculation: whatever can be completed in a year is divisible into parts; of which each may be performed in the compass of a day; he therefore that has passed the day without attention to the task assigned him, may be certain that the lapse of life has brought him no nearer to his object: for whatever idleness may expect from time, its produce will be only in proportion to the diligence with which it has been used. He that floats lazily down the stream, in pursuit of something borne along by the same current, will find himself indeed move forward; but unless he lays his hand to the oar, and increases his speed by his own labour, must be always at the same distance from that which he is following:

There have happened in every age some contingencies of unexpected and undeserved success, by which those who are determined to believe whatever favours their inclinations, have been encouraged to delight themselves with future advantages; they support confidence by considerations, of which the only proper use is to chase away despair: it is equally absurd to

sit down in idleness because some have been enriched without labour, as to leap a precipice because some have fallen and escaped with life, or to put to sea in a storm because some have been driven from a wreck upon the coast to which they are bound.

We are all ready to confess; that belief ought to be proportioned to evidence or probability: let any man, therefore, compare the number of those who have been thus favoured by fortune, and of those who have failed of their expectations, and he will easily determine, with what justness he has registered himself in the lucky catalogue.

But there is no need on these occasions for deep enquiries or laborious calculations; there is a far easier method of distinguishing the hopes of folly from those of reason, of finding the difference between prospects that exist before the eyes; and those that are only painted on a fond imagination. Tom Drowsy had accustomed himself to compute the profit of a darling project, till he had no longer any doubt of its success; it was at last matured by close consideration; all the measures were accurately adjusted; and he wanted only five hundred pounds to become master of a fortune that might be envied by a director of a trading company. Tom was generous and grateful, and was resolved to recompense this small assistance with an ample fortune: he therefore deliberated for a time; to whom amongst his friends he should declare his necessities; not that he suspected a refusal; but because he could not suddenly determine which of them would make the best use of riches, and was, therefore, most worthy of his favour. At last his choice was settled; and knowing that in order to borrow he must shew the probability of repayment; he prepared for a minute and copious explanation of his project. But here the golden dream was at an end: he soon discovered the impossibility of imposing upon others the notions by which he had so long imposed upon himself; which way soever he turned his thoughts, impossibility and absurdity arose in opposition on every side; even credulity and prejudice were at last forced to give way, and he grew ashamed of crediting himself what shame would not suffer to communicate to another.

To this test let every man bring his imaginations, before they have been too long predominant in his mind. Whatever is true will bear to be related, whatever is rational will endure to be explained : but when we delight to brood in secret over future happiness, and silently to employ our meditations upon schemes of which we are conscious that the bare mention would expose us to derision and contempt ; we should then remember, that we are cheating ourselves by voluntary delusions ; and giving up to the unreal mockeries of fancy, those hours in which solid advantages might be attained by sober thought and rational assiduity.

There is, indeed, so little certainty in human affairs, that the most cautious and severe examiner may be allowed to indulge some hopes, which he cannot prove to be much favoured by probability ; since after his utmost endeavours to ascertain events, he must often leave the issue in the hands of chance. And so scanty is our present allowance of happiness, that in many situations life could scarcely be supported, if hope were not allowed to relieve the present hour by pleasures borrowed from futurity ; and reanimate the languor of dejection to new efforts, by pointing to distant regions of felicity, which yet no resolution or perseverance shall ever reach.

But these, like all other cordials, though they may invigorate in a small quantity, intoxicate in a greater ; these pleasures, like the rest, are lawful only in certain circumstances, and to certain degrees ; they may be useful in a due suberviency to nobler purposes, but be-

come dangerous and destructive when once they gain the ascendant in the heart : to sooth the mind to tranquillity by hope, even when that hope is likely to deceive us, may be sometimes useful ; but to lull our faculties in a lethargy, is poor and despicable.

Vices and errors are differently modified, according to the state of the minds to which they are incident. To indulge hope beyond the warrant of reason, is the failure alike of mean and elevated understandings ; but its foundation and its effects are totally different : the man of high courage and great abilities, is apt to place too much confidence in himself, and to expect from a vigorous exertion of his powers more than spirit or diligence can attain ; between him and his wish he sees obstacles indeed, but he expects to overleap or break them ; his mistaken ardour hurries him forward ; and though perhaps he misses his end, he nevertheless obtains some collateral good, and performs something useful to mankind and honourable to himself.

The drone of timidity presumes likewise to hope, but without ground and without consequence ; the bliss with which he solaces his hours, he always expects from others, though very often he knows not from whom ; he folds his arms about him, and sits in expectation of some revolution in the state that shall raise him to greatness, or some golden shower that shall load him with wealth ; he dozes away the day in musing upon the morrow ; and at the end of life is roused from his dream only to discover that the time of action is past, and that he can now shew his wisdom only by repentance.

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No. LXX. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1753.

*Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordida,  
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;*

*Nec sumit aut ponit secures,  
Arbitrio popularis auræ.*

HOR.

*Stranger to folly and to fear,  
With pure untainted honour bright,  
Virtue disdains to lend an ear  
To the mad people's sense of right.*

MR. ADVENTURER,

I AM the person whom your correspondent Benevolus has thought fit to mention by the name of Agrestis. There are some particulars in my character, which, perhaps, he has mistaken: but I love plain dealing; and as he did not intend to flatter me, I forgive him. Perhaps my heart is as warm as another's, and I am no stranger to any principles that would lead a man to a handsome thing. But to the point. I approve your publishing the story of Eugenio; and I am determined the world shall not lose the sequel of it, in which you are more concerned than perhaps you may imagine.

You must know, Sir, that I had observed my girl to go moping about of late more than common; though in truth she has been somewhat grave ever since she dismissed Ventosus. I was determined to keep an eye upon her; and so watching her pretty closely, I caught her last Saturday was seven night almost drowned in tears with your paper in her hand. I laid hold of it in an instant; and putting on my spectacles, began to read, with a shrewd suspicion that I should find out a secret. Her passion of crying still increased: and when I had looked here and there in the paper, I was convinced that she was by some means deeply interested in the story, which, indeed, appeared to me to be full of misfortune. In short, I pressed her so home upon the subject, that she put the other two papers into my hand, and telling me who were meant by the names, I began to read with great eagerness; though, to confess a truth, I could scarce see the three last pages. 'Odds my life,' thinks I, 'what an honest fellow this Eugenio is!' and, leaning up at my girl, I thought I never saw her look so like her mother before. I took her

about the neck and kissed her; but I did not tell her what I had in my head: however, to encourage her, I bid her be a good child; and instantly ordering my coach, I went directly to Benevolus, of whom I enquired the ship's name on board of which Eugenio was embarked, and when she sailed. The doctor, whether he guessed at my intention or not, looked as if he would have leaped out of his skin; and told me, with a kind of wild eagerness, that the vessel having met with an accident in going out was put back, and then lay in the river near Gravesend.

With this intelligence I returned to my daughter, and told her my mind. Emmy, says I, 'the Captain was always in my opinion on a worthy man; and when I had reason to believe you liked him, I did not resolve to part you because he was without a title or an estate, but because I could not be reconciled to his profession. I was determined you should never marry a cockade, and carry a knapsack; and if he had been a general officer, I would have preferred an honest citizen, who encourages trade and navigation, before him. Besides, I was angry that you should hold a private correspondence, and think to carry your point without me: but you were greatly misrepresented; so was the Captain. He has gallantly removed all my objections at once; he is not now in the army, nor has he ever attempted to subvert my authority; he is a true heart, and I feel that I love him as my son. He is still within reach, and you shall this moment write to him, with your own hand, and tell him that I say he shall be your husband. I have money enough for ye both; and if I please, I can make him a lord.' The poor

child at with her handkerchief up to her eyes while I was speaking, and I did not immediately perceive, that upon hearing the Captain was not gone, she had fainted. We could scarce keep life in her for above two hours; but at last she a little recovered her spirits, and brought me the following billet.

TO EUGENIO.

SIR,

**M**Y dear papa commands me to intreat, that you would immediately come on shore, and from this hour consider his house as your own. He is greatly affected with the story of your generosity and distress, which he has just learnt by an accident which I cannot now communicate; and he is determined to make you his heir, without prejudice to, Sir, your humble servant,

AMELIA.

When I had perused this epistle, 'Pshaw,' says I, 'put Affectionate at the end of it, or else he won't come now.' This made her smile. I was glad to see her look cheerful; and having with some difficulty procured the proper addition, I dispatched the letter instantly by my own servant on horseback, and ordered a light chariot and four to follow him, and take up Eugenio's friend the doctor by the way. I will not tell you, Sir, how Eugenio, as he is called, behaved upon the receipt of this letter; it is enough, that in about eight hours he arrived with his friend at my house: neither will I tell you how the lovers behaved when they met; it is enough, that they are to be married next Thursday. I add some particulars for your private inspection in the postscript, that you may give us your company at the wedding. I dare say you will share the happiness of which you have been the instrument; and I assure you that you will be extremely welcome to the company, but to none more than to

Yours heartily,

AGRESTIS.

I am extremely obliged to Agrestis for his postscript; but yet more for his letter; which, if I may be allowed to judge by its effect, is the most eloquent performance I ever read; its

excellence, I am persuaded, will be universally acknowledged, because it will be felt. I shall, however, add some remarks, which, perhaps, may not occur to every mind, as every mind has not acquired a habit of speculation.

Eugenio's heroic perseverance in virtue, though it appeared to preclude all his hopes of temporal advantage, yet eventually fulfilled them. If he had with less generosity engaged in a clandestine love, either he would have forfeited the esteem of Amelia, or she would have incurred the resentment of her father; if he had succeeded to the remains of his paternal estate, he might still have been suspected by Agrestis; and if he had continued in the army, however preferred, he would still have been disappointed.

Thus, perhaps, if remote consequences could be discovered by human foresight, we should see the wisdom and the kindness of DIVINE PRESCRIPTION; we should see, that the precepts which we are now urged to neglect by our desire of happiness, were given to prevent our being precipitated by error into misery; at least, it would appear, that if some immediate advantage is gained by the individual, an equivalent loss is sustained by society; and as society is only an aggregation of individuals, he who seeks his own advantage at the expence of society, cannot long be exempted from the general calamity which he contributes to produce.

Such is the necessary imperfection of human laws, that many private injuries are perpetrated of which they take no cognizance: but if these were allowed to be punished by the individual against whom they are committed, every man would be judge and executioner in his own cause, and universal anarchy would immediately follow. The laws, therefore, by which this practice is prohibited, ought to be held more sacred than any other; and the violation of them is so far from being necessary to prevent an imputation of cowardice, that they are enforced, even among those in whom cowardice is punished with death, by the following clause in the nineteenth Article of War.

'Nor shall any officer or soldier upbraid another for Refusing a Challenge; since, according to these our orders, they do but the Duty of Soldiers, who ought to subject themselves to discipline; and we do acquit and

‘ discharge all men who have quarrels offered,  
‘ or challenges sent to them, of all disgrace  
‘ or opinion of disadvantage in their obedi-  
‘ ence hereunto: and whoever shall upbraid  
‘ them, or offend in this case, shall be punished  
‘ as a Challenger.’

It is to be presumed, that of this clause no gentleman in the army is ignorant; and those who by the arrogance of their folly labour to render it ineffectual, should as enemies to their Country, be driven out of it with detestation and contempt.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

END OF THE LINE

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# THE ADVENTURER.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

No. LXXI. TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1753.

—*Hominem pagina nostra sapit.*

MART.

*We strive to paint the manners and the mind.*

LETTERS written from the heart and on real occasions, though not always decorated with the flowers of eloquence, must be far more useful and interesting than the studied paragraphs of Pliny, or the pompous declamations of Balfac; as they contain just pictures of life and manners, and are the genuine emanations of nature. Of this kind I shall select a few from the heap I have received from my correspondents; each of which exhibits a different character, not exaggerated and heightened by circumstances that pass the bounds of reality.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

SOMBRE-HALL, JUNE 18.

I AM arrived with Sir Nicholas at this melancholy moated mansion. Would I could be annihilated during the insupportable tediousness of summer! We are to sup this evening, after having fished the whole afternoon, by daylight, think of that, in the new arbour. My uncle, poor man, imagines he has a finer and richer prospect from thence, than the illuminated vistas at Vauxhall afford, only because he sees a parcel of woods and meadows, and blue hills, and corn-fields. We have been visited by our only neighbour, Mrs. Thrifty, who entertained us with a dull history of the children she has educated at a little school of her own founding, and who values herself for not having been in town these ten years, and for not

knowing what a drum means. My sister and I have laid a scheme to plague her, for we have sent her a card, entreating her to make one at Brag next Sunday. For heaven's sake send us your paper weekly, but do not give us so many grave ones; for we want to be diverted after studying Hoyle, which we do for three hours every afternoon with great attention, that the time may not pass away totally useless, and that we may be a match for Lady Shuffle next winter. Let us know what is done at the next Jubilee Masquerade. How shall I have patience to support my absence from it! And if Madam de Pompadour comes over, as was reported when I left town, impart to us a minute account of the complexion she now wears, and of every article of her dress: any milliner will explain the terms to you. I do not see that you have yet published the little novel I sent you; I assure you it was written by a right honourable: but you, I suppose, think the style colloquial as you call it, and the moral trite or trifling. Colonel Caper's Pindaric Ode on the EO table must absolutely be inserted in your very next paper, or else never expect to hear again from

LETITIA.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I APPLY to you, as a person of prudence and knowledge of the world, for directions how to extricate myself out of a great and uncommon dif-

facility. To enable myself to breed up a numerous family on a small preferment, I have been advised to indulge my natural propensity for poetry, and to write a tragedy: my design is to apprentice my eldest son to a reputable tradesman, with the profits I shall acquire by the representation of my play, being deterred by the inordinate expences of an university education from making him a scholar. An old gentlewoman in my parish, a great reader of religious controversy, whom celibacy and the reduction of interest have made morosely devout, accidentally hearing of my performance, undertook to censure me in all companies with acrimony and zeal, as acting inconsistently with the dignity of my public character, and as a promoter of debauchery and lewdness. She has informed my church-wardens, that the play-house is the temple of Satan, and that the first Christians were strictly forbidden to enter the theatres, as places impure and contagious. My congregations grow thin; my clerk shakes his head, and fears his master is not so sound as he ought to be. I was lately discoursing on the beautiful parable of the prodigal son, and most unfortunately quoted Erasmus's observation on it, 'ex quo quidem argumento posset non inelegans texti comedia—on which subject a most elegant comedy might be composed;' which has ruined me for ever, and destroyed all the little respect remaining for me in the minds of my parishioners. 'What!' cried they, 'would the parson put the Bible into verse? would he make stage-plays out of the Scripture?' How, Sir, am I to act? Assist me with your advice. Am I for ever to bear unreasonable obloquy, and undeserved reproach? or must I, to regain the good opinion of my people, relinquish all hopes of the five hundred pounds I was to gain by my piece, and generously burn my tragedy in my church-yard, in the face of my whole congregation? Yours, &c.

JACOB THOMASON.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I HAD almost finished a view of the inside of St. Peter's at Rome in BUTTERFLY-WORK, when my cruel parrot accidentally trod upon the PURPLE EMPEROR, of which the high altar was to have been made. This is the

first letter I have written after my dreadful loss; and it is to desire you to put an advertisement at the end of your next paper, signifying, that whoever has any 'purple emperors or swal-low tails' to dispose of, may hear of a purchaser at Lady Whim's in New Bond Street.

Yours, &c.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IF you will pay off my milk-score and lodging, stop my taylor from arresting me, and put twenty pieces in my pocket, I will immediately set out for Lyons on foot, and stay there till I have translated into English the manuscript of Longinus which you talk of in your fifty-first paper. Favour me with a speedy answer, directed to Mr. Quillit, at the cork-cutter's in Wych Street, Drury Lane.

P. S. Seven booksellers have already applied to me, and offer to pay me very generously for my translation, especially as there is no French one for me to consult.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOU affect great tenderness and sensibility whenever you speak of the ladies. I have always despised them as trifling and expensive animals; and have therefore enjoyed the delicious liberty of what they idly and opprobriously call an old batchelor. I consider love in no other light, than as the parent of misery and folly, and the son of idleness and ease. I am, therefore, inexpressibly delighted with a passage of uncommon sense and penetration, which I lately met with in the works of the celebrated Huet; and which, because no English writer has taken notice of it, I beg you would publish for the use of my countrymen, as it will impart to them a method of escaping the despicable lot of living under female tyranny.

'Love,' says this judicious prelate, 'is not only a passion of the soul like hatred and envy, but is also a malady of the body like a fever. It is situated in the blood and the animal spirits, which are extraordinarily inflamed and agitated; and it ought to be treated methodically by the rules of medicine, in order to effect a cure. I am of



‘ opinion, that this disorder may easily be subdued by plentiful sweats and copious bleedings, which would carry off the peccant humours and these violent inflammations, would purge the blood, calm its emotion, and re-establish it in its former natural state. This is not merely groundless conjecture, it is an opinion founded on experience. A great prince, with whom I was intimately acquainted, having conceived a violent passion for a young lady of exalted merit, was obliged to leave her, and to take the field with the army. During this absence, his love was cherished and kept alive by a very frequent and regular intercourse of letters to the end of the campaign, when a dangerous sickness reduced him to extremity. By applying to the most powerful and efficacious drugs physic could boast of, he recovered his health, but lost his passion, which the great evacuations he had used had entirely carried off unknown to him. For imagining that he was as much in love as ever, he found himself unexpectedly cold and indifferent, the first time he beheld again the lady of whom he had been so passionately fond. The like accident befel one of my most intimate friends, who recovering from a long and stubborn fever by falling into copious sweats, perceived at the same time that

‘ he was cured of a passion that for some time before had continually teized and grievously tormented him. He had no longer any taste for the object he formerly adored, attempted in vain to renew his gallantries, and found that insensibility and dislike had banished tenderneis and respect.’ I am your’s,

AKALOS.

## TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IN one of your late sermons, I am informed, for I never read myself, that you have presumed to speak with ridicule and contempt of the noble order of Bucks. Seven of us agreed last night at the King’s Arms, that if you dared to be guilty of the like impudence a second time, we would come in a body and untile your garret, burn your pocket-book of hints, throw your papers ready written for the press into a jakes, and drive you out into the Strand in your tattered night-gown and slippers: and you may guess what a fine spectacle the mob will think an animal that so seldom sees the sun as you do. I assure you, that next to a day at Broughton’s, or the damnation of a new play, the truest joy of our fraternity is, to hunt an ‘ author.’ Your’s,

Z

BOB WHIPCLEAN.

No. LXXII. SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1753.

Πόλλα μεταξὺ πέντε κάλυκος καὶ χερίτος ἀκροῦ.

PROV. GR.

*Many things happen between the cup and the lip.*

THE following narrative is by an eastern tradition attributed to one Heli Ben Hamet, a moralist of Arabia, who is said to have delivered his precepts in public and periodical orations. This tradition corresponds with the manner in which the narrative is introduced; and, indeed, it may possibly have no other foundation: but the tradition itself, however founded, is sufficient authority to consider Heli as the literary Adventurer of a remote age and nation; and as only one number of his work is extant, I shall not scruple to incorporate it with my own.

DOST thou ask a torch to discover the brightness of the morning? dost thou appeal to argument for proofs of Divine Per-

fection? Look down to the earth on which thou standest, and lift up thine eye to the worlds that roll above thee. Thou beholdest splendor, abundance, and beauty; is not He who produced them Mighty? Thou considerest; is not He who formed thy understanding, Wise? Thou enjoyest; is not He who gratifies thy senses, Good? Can aught have limited his bounty but his wisdom? or can defects in his sagacity be discovered by thine? To Heli, the preacher of humility and resignation, let thine ear be again attentive, thou whose heart has rebelled in secret, and whose wish has silently accused thy Maker.

I rose early in the morning to meditate, that I might without presumption hope to be heard. I left my habitation; and, turning

A 2

from the beaten path, I wandered without remarking my way, or regarding any object that I passed, till the extreme heat of the sun, which now approached the meridian, compelled my attention. The weariness which I had insensibly contracted by the length of my walk, became in a moment insupportable; and looking round for shelter, I suddenly perceived that I was not far from the wood in which Rhedi the hermit investigates the secrets of nature, and ascribes glory to God. The hope of improving my meditation by his wisdom, gave me new vigour; I soon reached the wood, I was refreshed by the shade, and I walked forward till I reached the cell. I entered, but Rhedi was absent. I had not, however, waited long, before I discovered him through the trees at some distance, advancing towards me with a person whose appearance was, if possible, yet more venerable, and whom before I had never seen.

When they came near I rose up, and, laying my hand upon my lips, I bowed myself with reverence before them. Rhedi saluted me by my name; and presented me to his companion, before whom I again bowed myself to the ground. Having looked steadfastly in my countenance, he laid his hand upon my head, and blessed me: 'Heli,' said he, 'those who desire Knowledge that they may teach Virtue, shall not be disappointed: sit down, I will relate events which yet thou knowest but in part, and disclose secrets of Providence from which thou mayest derive instruction.' We sat down, and I listened as to the counsel of an angel, or the music of paradise.

Amana, the daughter of Sanbad the shepherd, was drawing water at the wells of Adail, when a caravan which had passed the desert arrived, and the driver of the camels alighted to give them drink: those which came first to the wells belonged to Nouraddin the merchant, who had brought fine linen and other merchandize of great value from Egypt. Amana, when the caravan drew near, had covered herself with her veil, which the servant of Nouraddin, to gratify a brutal curiosity, attempted to withdraw.

Amana, provoked by the indignity, and encouraged by the presence of others, struck him with the staff of the bucket; and he was about to retaliate the violence, when Nouraddin, who was himself with the caravan, called out to him

to forbear, and immediately hastened to the well. The veil of Amana had fallen off in the struggle, and Nouraddin was captivated with her beauty: the lovely confusion of offended modesty that glowed upon her cheek, the disdain that swelled her bosom, and the resentment that sparkled in her eyes, expressed a consciousness of her sex, which warmed and animated her beauty: they were graces which Nouraddin had never seen, and produced a tumult in his breast which he had never felt; for Nouraddin, though he had now great possessions, was yet a youth, and a stranger to woman. The merchandize which he was transporting had been purchased by his father, whom the angel of death had intercepted in the journey, and the sudden accession of independence and wealth did not dispose him to restrain the impetuosity of desire: he therefore demanded Amana of her parents; his mesage was received with gratitude and joy; and Nouraddin, after a short time, carried her back to Egypt, having first punished the servant, by whom she had been insulted at the well, with his own hand.

But he delayed the solemnities of marriage till the time of mourning for his father should expire; and the gratification of a passion which he could not suppress, was without much difficulty suspended now its object was in his power. He anticipated the happiness which he believed to be secured; and supposed that it would increase by expectation, like a treasure by usury, of which more is still possessed, as possession is longer delayed.

During this interval Amana recovered from the tumultuous joy of sudden elevation; her ambition was at an end, and she became susceptible of love. Nouraddin, who regretted the obscurity of her birth only because it had prevented the cultivation of her mind, laboured incessantly to supply the defect: she received his instruction not only with gratitude, but delight; while he spoke she gazed upon him with esteem and reverence, and had no wish but to return the happiness which he was impatient to bestow.

At this time Osmin the caliph was upon the throne of Egypt. The passions of Osmin thou knowest, were impetuous as the torrents of Alared, and fatal as the whirlwind of the desert: to excite and to gratify, was the whole purpose of his mind; but his wish was still unsatisfied, and his life was wretched. His

seraglio was filled with beauty ; but the power of beauty he had exhausted : he became outrageous to revive desire by a new object, which he demanded of Nardic the eunuch, whom he had not only set over his women but his kingdom, with menaces and execration. Nardic, therefore, caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever should produce the most beautiful virgin within two days, should stand in the presence of the Caliph, and be deemed the third in his kingdom.

Caled, the servant who had been beaten by Nouraddin returned with him to Egypt : the sullen ferocity of his temper was increased by the desire of revenge, and the gloom of discontent was deepened by despair : but when he heard the proclamation of Nardic, joy kindled in his aspect like lightning in the darkness of a storm ; the offence which he had committed against Amana, enabled him to revenge the punishment which it produced. He knew that she was yet a virgin, and that her marriage was near : he therefore hastened to the palace, and demanded to be brought before Nardic, who in the midst of magnificence and servility, the flattery of dependent ambition, and the zeal of unlimited obedience, was sitting pale and silent, his brow contracted with anxiety, and his breast throbbing with apprehension.

When Caled was brought into his presence, he fell prostrate before him : ' By the smile of my lord,' said he, ' let another be distinguished from the slaves who mingle in obscurity, and let his favour elevate another from the dust ; but let my service be accepted, and let the desire of Osmin be satisfied with beauty. Amana will shortly be espoused by Nouraddin ; but of Amana the sovereign of Egypt only is worthy. Haste, therefore, to demand her ; she is now with him in the house, to which I will conduct the messenger of thy will.'

Nardic received this intelligence with transports of joy ; a mandate was instantly written to Nouraddin ; it was sealed with the royal signet, and delivered to Caled, who returned with a force sufficient to compel obedience.

On this day the mourning of Nouraddin expired : he had changed his apparel, and perfumed his person ; his features were brightened with the gladness of his heart : he had invited

his friends to the festival of his marriage, and the evening was to accomplish his wishes. The evening also was expected by Amana, with a joy which she did not labour to suppress ; and she was hiding her blushes in the breast of Nouraddin, when Caled arrived with the mandate and the guard.

The domestics were alarmed and terrified ; and Nouraddin, being instantly acquainted with the event, rushed out of the apartment of Amana with disorder and trepidation. When he saw Caled, he was moved with anger and disdain ; but he was intimidated by the appearance of the guard. Caled immediately advanced, and, with looks of insolence and triumph, presented the mandate. Nouraddin seeing the royal signet, kneeled to receive it ; and having gazed a moment at the superscription, pressed it upon his forehead in an agony of suspense and terror. The wretch who had betrayed him enjoyed the anguish which he suffered ; and perceiving that he was fainting, and had not fortitude to read the paper, acquainted him with the contents : at the name of Amana he started, as if he had felt the sting of a scorpion, and immediately fell to the ground.

Caled proceeded to execute his commission without remorse ; he was not to be moved by swooning, expostulation, entreaty, or tears ; but having conducted Amana to the seraglio, presented her to Nardic, with exultation and hope. Nardic, whose wish was flattered by her stature and her shape, lifted up her veil with impatience, timidity, and solicitude : but the moment he beheld her face, his doubts were at an end ; he prostrated himself before her, as a person on whose pleasure his life would from that moment depend. She was conducted to the chamber of the women ; and Caled was the same hour invested with his new dignity ; an apartment was assigned him in the palace, and he was made captain of the guard that kept the gates.

Nouraddin, when he recovered his sensibility, and found that Amana had been conducted to the seraglio, was seized by turns with distraction and stupidity : he passed the night in agitations, by which the powers of nature were exhausted, and in the morning he locked himself into the chamber of Amana, and threw himself on a sofa, determined to admit no comforter, and to receive no sustenance.

No. LXXIII. TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1753.

*—Numinibus vota exaudita malignis.* JUV.*Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour.* DRYDEN.

WHILE Nouraddin was thus abandoned to despair, Nardic's description of Amana had roused Osmin from his apathy. He commanded that she should be prepared to receive him, and soon after went alone into her apartment. Familiar as he was with beauty, and satiated with enjoyment, he could not behold Amana without emotion: he perceived, indeed, that she was in tears, and that his presence covered her with confusion; yet he believed that her terrors would be easily removed, that by kindness she might be soothed to familiarity, and by caresses excited to dalliance; but the moment he approached her, she threw herself at his feet, and entreated to be heard, with an importunity which he chose rather to indulge than resist; he therefore raised her from the ground; and, supporting her in his arms, encouraged her to proceed: 'Let my lord,' said she, 'dismiss a wretch who is not worthy of his presence, and compassionate the distress which is not susceptible of delight. I am the daughter of a shepherd, betrothed to the merchant Nouraddin, from whom my body has been forced by the perfidy of a slave, and to whom my soul is united by indissoluble bonds. O! let not the terrors of thy frown be upon me! Shall the sovereign of Egypt stoop to a reptile of the dust? shall the judge of nations retain the worthless theft of treachery and revenge? or shall he, for whom ten thousand languish with desire, rejoice in the sufferance of one alienated mind?' Osmin, whose breast had by turns been inflamed with desire and indignation, while he gazed upon the beauties of Amana and listened to her voice, now suddenly threw her from him, and departed without reply.

When he was alone, he remained a few moments in suspense: but the passions which eloquence had repressed soon became again predominant; and he commanded Amana to be told, that if within three hours she did not come pre-

pared to gratify his wishes, he would cast the head of the slave for whom he was rejected at her feet.

The eunuch by whom this message was delivered, and the woman who had returned to Amana when the Caliph retired, were touched with pity at her distress, and trembled at her danger: the evils which they could scarce hope to prevent, they were yet solicitous to delay; and therefore advised her to request three days of preparation, that she might sufficiently recover the tranquillity of her mind, to make a just estimate of her own happiness; and with this request to send, as a pledge of her obedience, a bowl of sherbet, in which a pearl had been dissolved, and of which she had first drank herself.

To this advice, after some throbs of desperation, she at length consented, and prepared to put it in execution.

At the time when this resolution was taken, Nouraddin suddenly started from a restless slumber; he was again stung by an instantaneous reflection upon his own misery, and indulged the discontent of his mind in this exclamation: 'If wisdom and goodness do indeed preside over the works of Omnipotence, whence is oppression, injustice, and cruelty? As Nouraddin alone has a right to Amana, why is Amana in the power of Osmin? O that now the justice of Heaven would appear in my behalf! O that from this hour I was Osmin and Osmin Nouraddin!' The moment he had uttered this wish his chamber was darkened as with a thick cloud, which was at length dissipated by a burst of thunder; and a being, whose appearance was more than human, stood before him: 'Nouraddin,' said the vision, 'I am of the region above thee: but my business is with the children of the earth. Thou hast wished to be Osmin; and as far as this wish is possible it shall be accomplished; thou shalt be enabled to assume his appearance, and to exercise his power.'

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Nouraddin, who had been held motionless by astonishment and terror, now recovered his fortitude as in the presence of a friend ; and was about to express his gratitude and joy, when the Genius bound a talisman on his left-arm, and acquainted him with its power : ‘ As often as this bracelet,’ said he, ‘ shall be applied to the region of thy heart, thou shalt be alternately changed in appearance from Nouraddin to Osmin, and from Osmin to Nouraddin.’ The Genius then suddenly disappeared, and Nouraddin, impatient to recover the possession of Amana, instantly applied the stud of the bracelet to his breast, and the next moment found himself alone in an apartment of the seraglio.

During this interval, the Caliph, who was expecting the issue of his message to Amana, became restless and impatient : he quitted his apartment, and went into the gardens, where he walked backward and forward with a violent but interrupted pace ; and at length stood still, frowning and pensive, with his eyes fixed on the clear surface of a fountain in the middle of the walk. The agitation of his mind continued, and at length broke out into this soliloquy : ‘ What is my felicity, and what is my power ? I am wretched by the want of that which the caprice of women has bestowed upon my slave. I can gratify revenge, but not desire ; I can withhold felicity from him, but I cannot procure it to myself. Why have I not power to assume the form in which I might enjoy my wishes ? I will at least enjoy them in thought. If I was Nouraddin, I should be clasped with transport to the bosom of Amana.’ He then resigned himself to the power of imagination, and was again silent : but the moment his wish was uttered, he became subject to the Genius who had just transported Nouraddin to his palace. This wish, therefore, was instantly fulfilled ; and his eyes being still fixed upon the water, he perceived, with sudden wonder and delight, that his figure had been changed in a moment, and that the mirror reflected another image. His fancy had been warmed with the ideal caresses of Amana ; the tumult of his mind was increased by the prodigy ;

and the gratification of his appetite being the only object of his attention, he hastened instantly to the palace, without reflecting that, as he would not be known, he would be refused admittance. At the door, to which he advanced with eagerness and precipitation, he was stopped by a party of the guard, that was now commanded by Caled : a tumult ensued, and Caled being hastily called, believed that Nouraddin, in the phrenzy of desperation, had scaled the walls of the garden to recover Amana ; and rejoicing in an opportunity of revenge that exceeded his hope, instantly stabbed him with his poniard, but at the same time received that of the Caliph in his heart. Thus fell at once the tyrant and the traitor ; the tyrant by the hand which had been armed to support him in oppression, and the traitor by the fury of the appetite which his perfidy had excited.

In the mean time, the man who was believed to be slain, reposed in security upon a sofa ; and Amana, by the direction of her women, had prepared the message and the bowl. They were now dispatched to the Caliph, and received by Nouraddin. He understood by the message that Amana was yet inviolate : in the joy of his heart, therefore, he took the bowl, which having emptied, he returned by the eunuch, and commanded that Amana should be brought into his presence.

In obedience to this command, she was conducted by her women to the door, but she entered alone pale and trembling ; and though her lips were forced into a smile, the characters which grief, dread, and aversion, had written in her countenance, were not effaced. Nouraddin, who beheld her disorder, exulted in the fidelity of her love ; and, springing forward, threw his arms about her in an ecstasy of tenderness and joy ; which was still heightened when he perceived that, in the character of Osmin, those embraces were suffered with reluctance, which in his own were returned with ardour : he therefore retreating backward a few paces, applied the talisman again to his breast, and having recovered his own form, would have rushed again into her arms ; but she started from him in confusion and terror. He smiled at the effect of the prodigy ; and sustaining her on his bosom, repeated some tender incidents which were known to no other ; told her by what means he had inter-

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cepted her message; and urged her immediately to escape, that they might possess all their desires in each other, and leave the incumbrance of royalty to the wretch whose likeness he had been enabled to assume, and was now impatient to renounce. Amana gazed at him with a fixed attention, till her suspicion and doubts were removed; then suddenly turned from him, tore her garment, and looking up to Heaven imprecated curses upon her head, till her voice faltered, and she burst into tears.

Of this agony, which Nouraddin beheld with unutterable distress, the broken exclamations of Amana at length acquainted him with the cause. 'In the bowl,' said she, 'which thou hast intercepted, there was death. I wished, when I took it from my lips, that the draught which remained might be poison: a powder was immediately shaken into it by an invisible hand, and a voice whispered me, that him who drank the potion it would inevitably destroy.'

Nouraddin, to whose heart the fatal malignity had now spread, perceived that his dissolution would be sudden: his legs already trembled, and his eyes became dim: he stretched out his arms towards Amana, and his countenance was distorted by an ineffectual effort to speak; impenetrable darkness came upon him, he groaned and fell backwards. In his fall the talisman again smote his breast; his form was again changed, and the horrors of death were impressed upon the features of Osmin. Amana, who ran to support him, when she perceived the last transformation, rushed out of the apartment with the wild impetuosity of distraction and despair. The seraglio was alarmed in a moment: the body, which was mistaken for that of Osmin, was examined by the physicians; the effects of poison were evident; Amana

was immediately suspected; and by the command of Shomar, who succeeded his father, she was put to death.

'Such,' said the companion of Rhedi, 'was the end of Nouraddin and Amana, of Osmin and Caled, from whose destiny I have withdrawn the veil. Let the world consider it, and be wise. Be thou still the messenger of instruction, and let increase of knowledge cloath thee with humility.'

While mine eye was fixed upon the hoary sage, who had thus vouchsafed me counsel and knowledge, his countenance became bright as the morning, and his robe fleecy like a cloud; he rose like a vapour from the ground, and the next moment I saw him no more.

I then turned towards Rhedi the hermit, chilled with reverence, and dumb with astonishment; but in the countenance of Rhedi was the calm cheerfulness of superior virtue; and I perceived that the sanctity of his life had acquainted him with divine intelligence. 'Hast thou met,' said he, 'the voice which thou hast heard is the voice of Zachis the Genius; by whose power the wonders which he has related were produced. It is the province of Zachis to punish impatience and presumption, by fulfilling the desires of those who wish to interrupt the order of nature, and presume to direct the hand of Providence. Relate what thou hast heard, to preserve others from his power.'

Now, therefore, let Virtue suffer adversity with patience, and Vice dread to incur the misery she would inflict: for by him who repines at the scale of Heaven, his own portion of good is diminished; and he who presumptuously assumes the sword, will turn the point upon his own bosom.

No. LXXIV: SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1753.

*Infantis dum sapientia  
Consultus, erro.*

HOR.

*I mis'd my end, and lost my way,  
By crack brain'd wisdom led astray.*

TO THE ADVENTURER.

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IT has long been charged by one part of mankind upon the other, that they will not take advice; that counsel and instruction

are generally thrown away; and that, in defiance both of admonition and example, all claim the right to chuse their own measures, and to regulate their own lives.

That there is something in advice very



useful and salutary, seems to be equally confessed on all hands; since even those that reject it, allow for the most part that rejection to be wrong; but charge the fault upon the unskilful manner in which it is given; they admit the efficacy of the medicine, but abhor the nauseousness of the vehicle.

Thus mankind have gone on from century to century: some have been advising others how to act, and some have been teaching the advisers how to advise; yet very little alteration has been made in the world. As we must all by the law of nature enter life in ignorance, we must all make our way through it by the light of our experience; and, for any security that advice has been yet able to afford, must endeavour after success at the hazard of miscarriage, and learn to do right by venturing to do wrong.

By advice I would not be understood to mean, the everlasting and invariable principles of moral and religious truth, from which no change of external circumstances can justify any deviation; but such directions as respect merely the prudential part of conduct, and which may be followed or neglected without any violation of essential duties.

It is, indeed, not so frequently to make us good as to make us wise, that our friends employ the officiousness of counsel; and among the rejectors of advice who are mentioned by the grave and sententious with so much acrimony, you will not so often find the vicious and abandoned as the pert and the petulant, the vivacious and the giddy.

As the great end of female education is to get a husband, this likewise is the general subject of female advice; and the dreadful denunciation against those volatile girls, who will not listen patiently to the lectures of wrinkled wisdom, is, that they will die unmarried, or throw themselves away upon some worthless fellow, who will never be able to keep them a coach.

I being naturally of a ductile and easy temper, without strong desires or quick resentments, was always a favourite amongst the elderly ladies, because I never rebelled against seniority, nor could be charged with thinking myself wise before my time; but heard every opinion with submissive silence, professed myself

ready to learn from all who seemed inclined to teach me, paid the same grateful acknowledgments for precepts contradictory to each other, and if any controversy arose, was careful to side with her who presided in the company.

Of this compliance I very early found the advantage; for my aunt Matilda left me a very large addition to my fortune, for this reason chiefly, as she herself declared, because I was not above hearing good counsel, but would sit from morning till night to be instructed, while my sister Sukey, who was a year younger than myself, and was, therefore, in greater want of information, was so much conceited of her own knowledge, that whenever the good lady, in the ardour of benevolence, reproved or instructed her, she would pout or titter, interrupt her with questions, or embarrass her with objections.

I had no design to supplant my sister by this complaisant attention, nor, when the consequence of my obsequiousness came to be known, did Sukey so much envy as despise me: I was, however, very well pleased with my success; and having received, from the concurrent opinion of all mankind, a notion, that to be rich was to be great and happy, I thought I had obtained my advantages at an easy rate, and resolved to continue the same passive attention, since I found myself so powerfully recommended by it to kindness and esteem.

The desire of advising has a very extensive prevalence, and since advice cannot be given but to those that will hear it, a patient listener is necessary to the accommodation of all those who desire to be confirmed in the opinion of their own wisdom: a patient listener, however, is not always to be had; the present age, whatever age is present, is so vitiated and disordered, that young people are readier to talk than to attend, and good counsel is only thrown away upon those who are full of their own perfections.

I was, therefore, in this scarcity of good sense, a general favourite; and seldom saw a day in which some sober matron did not invite me to her house, or take me out in her chariot, for the sake of instructing me how to keep my character in this censorious age, how to conduct myself, in the time of courtship, how to stipulate for a settlement, how

to manage a husband of every character, regulate my family, and educate my children.

We are all naturally credulous in our own favour. Having been so often caressed and applauded for my docility, I was willing to believe myself really enlightened by instruction, and compleatly qualified for the task of life. I did not doubt but I was entering the world with a mind furnished against all exigencies, with expedients to extricate myself from every difficulty, and sagacity to provide against every danger; I was, therefore, in haste to give some specimen of my prudence, and to shew that this liberality of instruction had not been idly lavished upon a mind incapable of improvement.

My purpose, for why should I deny it? was like that of other women, to obtain a husband of rank and fortune superior to my own; and in this I had the concurrence of all those that had assumed the province of directing me. That the woman was undone who married below herself was universally agreed: and though some ventured to assert, that the richer man ought invariably to be preferred, and that money was a sufficient compensation for a defective ancestry; yet the majority declared warmly for a gentleman, and were of opinion that upstarts should not be encouraged.

With regard to other qualifications, I had an irreconcilable variety of instructions. I was sometimes told, that deformity was no defect in a man; and that he who was not encouraged to intrigue by an opinion of his person, was more likely to value the tenderness of his wife: but a grave widow directed me to chuse a man who might imagine himself agreeable to me, for that the deformed were always insupportably vigilant, and apt to sink into sullessness, or burst into rage, if they found their wife's eye wandering for a moment to a good face or a handsome shape.

They were, however, all unanimous in warning me, with repeated cautions, against all thoughts of union with a wit, as a being with whom no happiness could possibly be enjoyed: men of every kind I was taught to govern, but a wit was an animal for whom no arts of taming had been yet discovered: the woman whom he could once get within his power, was considered as lost to all hope of

dominion or of quiet: for he would detect artifice and defeat allurements; and if once he discovered any failure of conduct, would believe his own eyes, in defiance of tears, caresses, and protestations.

In pursuance of these sage principles, I proceeded to form my schemes; and while I was yet in the first bloom of youth, was taken out at an assembly by Mr. Frisk. I am afraid my cheeks glowed and my eyes sparkled; for I observed the looks of all my superintendants fixed anxiously upon me, and I was next day cautioned against him from all hands, as a man of the most dangerous and formidable kind, who had writ verses to one lady, and then forsaken her only because she could not read them, and lampooned another for no other fault than defaming his sister.

Having been hitherto accustomed to obey, I ventured to dismiss Mr. Frisk, who happily did not think me worth the labour of a lampoon. I was then addressed by Mr. Sturdy, and congratulated by all my friends on the manors of which I was shortly to be lady: but Sturdy's conversation was so gross, that after the third visit I could endure him no longer; and incurred, by dismissing him, the censure of all my friends, who declared that my nicety was greater than my prudence, and that they feared it would be my fate at last to be wretched with a wit.

By a wit, however, I was never afterwards attacked, but lovers of every other class, or pretended lovers, I have often had; and, notwithstanding the advice constantly given me, to have no regard in my choice to my own inclinations, I could not forbear to discard some for vice, and some for rudeness. I was once loudly censured for refusing an old gentleman who offered an enormous jointure, and died of the phthisic a year after; and was so baited with incessant importunities, that I should have given my hand to Drone the stock-jobber, had not the reduction of interest made him afraid of the expences of matrimony.

Some, indeed, I was permitted to encourage; but miscarried of the main end, by treating them according to the rules of art which had been prescribed me. Altilis, an old maid, infused into me so much haughtiness and reserve, that

some of my lovers withdrew themselves from my frown, and returned no more; others were driven away by the demands of settlement which the widow Trapland directed me to

make; and I have learned, by many experiments, that to ask advice is to lose opportunity.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

PERDITA.

## NO. LXXV. TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1753.

—*Quid virtus et quid sapientia possit,  
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulysses.*

HOR.

*To shew what piety's wisdom's pow'r can do,  
The poet sets Ulysses in our view.*

FRANCIS.

I HAVE frequently wondered at the common practice of our instructors of youth, in making their pupils far more intimately acquainted with the Iliad than with the Odyssey of Homer. This absurd custom, which seems to arise from the supposed superiority of the former poem, has inclined me to make some reflections on the excellence of the latter; a task I am the more readily induced to undertake, as so little is performed in the dissertation prefixed by Broome to Pope's translation of this work, which one may venture to pronounce is confused, defective, and dull. Those who receive all their opinions in criticism from custom and authority, and never dare to consult the decisions of reason and the voice of nature and truth, must not accuse me of being affectedly paradoxical, if I endeavour to maintain that the Odyssey excels the Iliad in many respects; and that for several reasons young scholars should peruse it early and attentively.

The moral of this poem is more extensively useful than that of the Iliad; which, indeed, by displaying the dire effects of discord among rulers, may rectify the conduct of princes, and may be called the Manual of Monarchs: whereas the patience, the prudence, the wisdom, the temperance and fortitude of Ulysses, afford a pattern, the utility of which is not confined within the compass of courts and palaces, but descends and diffuses its influence over common life and daily practice. If the fairest examples ought to be placed before us in an age prone to imitation, if patriotism be preferable to implacability, if an eager desire to return to one's country and family be more manly and noble than an eager desire to be revenged of an enemy, then should our eyes

rather be fixed on Ulysses than Achilles. Unexperienced minds, too easily captivated with the fire and fury of a gallant general, are apt to prefer courage to constancy, and firmness to humanity. We do not behold the destroyers of peace and the murderers of mankind, with the detestation due to their crimes, because we have been inured almost from our infancy to listen to the praises that have been wantonly lavished on them by the most exquisite poetry: 'The Muses,' to apply the words of an ancient Lyric, 'have concealed and decorated the bloody sword with wreaths of myrtle.' Let the Iliad be ever ranked at the head of human compositions for its spirit and sublimity; but let not the milder, and perhaps more insinuating and attractive, beauties of the Odyssey be despised and overlooked. In the one we are placed amidst the rage of storms and tempests:

Ἦς δ' ἐπὶ λαίλαπι πᾶσα κελαινὴ βέροισι χθονὴν  
ἡματ' ὅπαριν, ὅτε λαοτόκτον χεῖρ ὕδαρ  
Ζεὺς, ὅτε δ' ἤρ' ἀνδρεσσὶ κοτεσσάμεντο  
χαλεπήν.

ILIAD XVI. 384.

And when in autumn Jove his fury pours,  
And earth is loaden with incessant showers;  
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,  
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies.

POPE.

In the other, all is tranquil and sedate, and calmly delightful:

—Οὐτ' ἐστ' ὁ μῶρος,  
Ἄλλ' αἰεὶ Ζεφύροιο λιγυπνείας ἀρήτας  
Ἦκεανός ἀνίσσιν ἀναψύχειν ἀνθρώπους.

ODYSSEY. IV. 566.

Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime;  
The fields are florid with unfading prime:

B b

From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,  
Mold the round hail, or shake the fleecy snow:  
But from the breezy deep, the Blest inhale  
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.

POPE.

Accordingly, to distinguish the very different natures of these poems; it was anciently the practice of those who publicly recited them, to represent the Iliad, in allusion to the bloodshed it described, in a robe of scarlet; and the Odyssey, on account of the voyages it relates, in an azure vestment.

The predominant passion of Ulysses being the love of his country; for the sake of which he even refuses immortality; the poet has taken every occasion to display it in the liveliest and most striking colours. The first time we behold the hero, we find him disconsolately sitting on the solitary shore, sighing to return to Ithaca Νόστον ὀδυρομένην, weeping incessantly, and still casting his eyes upon the sea—

Πόντον ἐν' ἀτρέγγετον δερκίσκῃτο, δάκρυα λείπον.

‘While a goddess,’ says Minerva at the very beginning of the poem, ‘by her power and her allurements, detains him from Ithaca, he is dying with desire to see even so much as the smoke arise from his much-loved island: tarda sunt ingrataque tempora!’ While the luxurious Phæacians were enjoying a delicious banquet, he attended not to their mirth and music, for the time approached when he was to return to Ithaca: they had prepared a ship for him to set sail in the very next morning; and the thoughts of his approaching happiness having engrossed all his soul—

He fate, and ey'd the sun, and wish'd the night—

—Δὴ γὰρ μενέαινε νύσθαι.

To represent his impatience more strongly, the poet adds a most expressive simile, suited to the simplicity of ancient times: ‘The setting of the sun,’ says he, ‘was as welcome and grateful to Ulysses, as it is to a well-laboured plowman, who earnestly waits its decline, that he may return to his supper, Δόξενον ἐπὶ σίτῃσθαι while his weary knees are painful to him as he walks along.

—Βλάσται δὲ τὰ γῆῶτα ἵοντι.

‘Notwithstanding all the pleasures and endearments I received from Calypso, yet,’ says our hero, ‘I perpetually bedewed with my tears the garments which this immortal beauty gave to me.’

—Εἶματα δ' αἶσι

Δάκρυσι δρύσπον' τὰ μοι ἄμωστα δάκν  
Καλυψῶ.

We are presented in every page with fresh instances of this love of his country; and his whole behaviour convinces us—

’Ως ἔδεν γλῶσσει ἥς παλῆδος ἐδὲ τοκῆων.

This generous sentiment runs like a golden vein throughout the whole poem.

If this animating example were duly and deeply inculcated, how strong an impression would it necessarily make upon the yielding minds of youth, when melted and mollified by the warmth of such exalted poetry?

Nor is the Odyssey less excellent and useful, in the amiable pictures it affords of private affections and domestic tenderness—

—And all the charities

Of father, son, and brother—

MILTON.

When Ulysses descends into the infernal regions, it is finely contrived that he should meet his aged mother Anticlea. After his first sorrow and surprize, he eagerly enquires into the causes of her death, and adds—‘Doth my father yet live? does my son yet possess my dominions, or does he groan under the tyranny of some usurper who thinks I shall never return? Is my wife still constant to my bed? or hath some noble Grecian married her?’ These questions are the very voice of nature and affection. Anticlea answers, that she herself died with grief for the loss of Ulysses; that Laertes languishes away life in solitude and sorrow for him; and that Penelope perpetually and inconsolably bewails his absence and sighs for his return.

When the hero, disguised like a stranger, has the first interview with his father, whom he finds diverting his cares with rural amusements

in his little garden, he informs him that he had seen his son on his travels, but now despairs of beholding him again. Upon this the sorrow of Laertes is inexpressible: Ulysses can counterfeit no longer, but exclaims ardently—

I, I am he! O father rise! behold

Thy son!——

And the discovery of himself to Telemachus, in the sixteenth book, in a speech of short and broken exclamations, is equally tender and pathetic.

The duties of universal benevolence, of charity, and of hospitality, that unknown and unpractised virtue, are perpetually inculcated with more emphasis and elegance than in any ancient philosopher, and I wish I could not add than in any modern. Ulysses meets with a friendly reception in all the various nations to which he is driven; who declare their inviolable obligations to protect and cherish the stranger and the wanderer. Above all, how amiable is the behaviour of Eumeus to his unknown master, who asks for his charity. 'It is not lawful for me,' says the Διὸς ἑταῖρος, 'I dare not despise any stranger or indigent man, even if he were much meaner than thou appearest to be; for the poor and strangers are sent to us by Jupiter!' — 'Keep,' says Epistetus, 'continually in thy memory, what Eumeus speaks in Homer to the disguised Ulysses.' I am sensible, that many superficial French critics have endeavoured to ridicule all that passes at the lodge of

Eumeus, as coarse and indelicate, and below the dignity of Epic poetry: but let them attend to the following observation of the greatest genius of their nation: 'Since it is delightful,' says Fenelon, 'to see in one of Titian's land-scapes the goats climbing up a hanging rock, or to behold in one of Tenier's pieces a country feast and rustic dances; it is no wonder, that we are pleased with such natural descriptions as we find in the Odyssey. This simplicity of manners seems to recall the golden age. I am more pleased with honest Eumeus, than with the polite heroes of Clelia or Cleopatra.'

The moral precepts with which every page of the Odyssey is pregnant, are equally noble. Plato's wish is here accomplished; for we behold Virtue personally appearing to the sons of men, in her most awful and most alluring charms.

The remaining reasons, why the Odyssey is equal if not superior to the Iliad, and why it is a poem most peculiarly proper for the perusal of youth, are, because the great variety of events and scenes it contains, interest and engage the attention more than the Iliad; because characters and images drawn from familiar life are more useful to the generality of readers, and are also more difficult to be drawn; and because the conduct of this poem, considered as the most perfect of Epopees, is more artful and judicious than that of the other. The discussion of these beauties will make the subject of some ensuing paper.

Z

No. LXXVI. SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1753.

*Duc me, parens, celsique dominator poli,  
Quocunque placuit; nulla parendi mora est;  
Adsum impiger. Fac nolle; comitabor gemens,  
Malusque patiar, quod bono licuit pati.*

SENECA EX CLEANTHE.

*Conduct me, thou of beings cause divine,  
Where'er I'm destin'd in thy great design!  
Active, I follow on: for should my will  
Resist, I'm impious; but must follow still.*

HARRIS.

**B**OZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of

gladness, when his only son Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treasures with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses,

was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain: he there rolled himself on the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation that Patience offered him to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. 'Can that GOD be benevolent,' he cried, 'who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying imans, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence! He, whom ye pretend reigns in Heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowrets in the garden of Hope; and, like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers of Happiness with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined, and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe. I will continue in it no longer!'

At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which Despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom: when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right-hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said with a majestic smile—'Follow me to the top of this mountain.'

'Look from hence,' said the awful conductor; 'I am Caloc, the angel of Peace. Look from hence into the valley.'

Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure: it was a merchant just perishing with

famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of heaven against the tigers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept, feeble and trembling to an eminence where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a signal to any ship that might happily approach the island.

'Inhabitant of heaven,' cried Bozaldab, 'suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts.'—'Peace,' said the Angel, 'and observe.'

He looked again, and behold a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket? No sooner had this pitiless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

'Will Heaven permit such injustice to be practised?' exclaimed Bozaldab. 'Look again,' said the Angel, 'and behold the very ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the Universe in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became not only abominable, but wretched; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise but abhor: he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless; he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious; he has now

'learnt, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene.'

The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the Rajas of fifty nations, and ambassadors in various habits, and of different complexions; on which sat Aboram, the much-lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than a Houri.

'Gracious ALLA! It is my son,' cried the Caliph—'O let me hold him to my heart!'—'Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision,' replied the Angel: 'I am now shewing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son, had he continued longer on the earth.'—'And why,' returned Bozaldab, was he not permitted to continue? Why was I not suffered to be a witness of so much felicity and power?'—'Consider the sequel,' replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness: it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror: the palace so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with

his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

'Happy,' said Caloc, 'is he whom Providence has by the angel of death snatched from guilt! from whom that power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others.'

'It is enough,' cried Bozaldab; 'I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience! From what dreadful evil has my son been rescued by a death, which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature; a death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies!'

'Cast away the dagger,' replied the heavenly messenger, 'which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down, without giddiness and stupefaction, into the vast abyss of Eternal Wisdom? Can a mind that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can the channels, which thou commandest to be cut to receive the annual inundations of the Nile, contain the waters of the Ocean? Remember, that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature; for perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity.'

The Angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the Empyreum; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

No. LXXVII. TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1753.

*Peccare docentes**Fallax historias monet.*

HOR.

*To taint th' attentive mind she tries**With tales of exemplary vice.*

## TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I SHALL make no apology for the trouble I am about to give you, since I am sure the motives that induce me to give it, will have as much weight with you as they have with me : I shall therefore, without further preface, relate to you the events of a life, which, however insignificant and unentertaining, affords a lesson of the highest importance ; a lesson, the value of which I have experienced, and may therefore recommend.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of good family, who, as he was a younger brother, purchased with the portion that was allotted him a genteel post under the government. My mother died when I was but twelve years old ; and my father, who was excessively fond of me, determined to be himself my preceptor, and to take care that my natural genius, which his partiality made him think above the common rank, should not want the improvements of a liberal education.

He was a man of sense, with a tolerable share of learning. In his youth he had been a free liver, and perhaps for that reason took some pains to become what is called a free-thinker. But whatever fashionable frailties he might formerly have allowed in himself, he was now in advanced life, and had at least worldly wisdom enough to know, that it was necessary his daughter should be restrained from those liberties which he had looked upon as trifling errors in his own conduct. He, therefore, laboured with great application to inculcate in me the love of order, the beauty of moral rectitude, and the happiness and self-reward of virtue ; but at the same time professed it his design to free my mind from vulgar prejudices and superstition, for so he called Revealed Religion. As I was urged to chuse virtue, and reject vice, from motives which had no necessary connection

with immortality, I was not led to consider a future state either with hope or fear : my father, indeed, when I urged him upon that subject, always intimated that the doctrine of immortality, whether true or false, ought not at all to influence my conduct or interrupt my peace ; because the virtue which secured happiness in the present state, would also secure it in a future : a future state, therefore, I wholly disregarded, and, to confess a truth, disbelieved ; for I thought I could plainly discover that it was disbelieved by my father, though he had not thought fit explicitly to declare his sentiments. As I had no very turbulent passions, a ductile and good disposition, and the highest reverence for his understanding, as well as the tenderest affection for him, he found it an easy task to make me adopt every sentiment and opinion which he proposed to me as his own ; especially as he took care to support his principles by the authority and arguments of the best writers against Christianity. At the age of twenty I was called upon to make use of all the philosophy I had been taught, by his death ; which not only deprived me of a parent I most ardently loved, but with him of all the ease and affluence to which I had been accustomed. His income was only for life, and he had rather lived beyond than within it ; consequently, there was nothing left for me but the pride and helplessness of genteel life, a taste for every thing elegant, and a delicacy and sensibility that has doubled all my sufferings. In this distress a brother of my mother's, who was grown rich in trade, received me into his house, and declared he would take the same care of me as if I had been his own child. When the first transports of my grief were abated, I found myself in an easy situation, and from the natural cheerfulness of my temper, I was beginning once more to taste of happiness. My uncle, who was a man of a narrow understanding and illiberal education,



was a little disgusted with me for employing so much of my time in reading; but still more so, when happening to examine my books, he found by the titles that some of them were what he called blasphemy, and tended, as he imagined, to make me an Atheist. I endeavoured to explain my principles, which I thought it beneath the dignity of virtue to disguise or disavow; but as I never could make him conceive any difference between a deist and an atheist, my arguments only served to confirm him in the opinion that I was a wicked wretch, who, in his own phrase, believed neither God nor devil. As he was really a good man, and heartily zealous for the established faith, though more from habit and prejudice than reason, my errors gave him great affliction: I perceived it with the utmost concern; I perceived too, that he looked upon me with a degree of abhorrence mixed with pity, and that I was wholly indebted to his good-nature for that protection which I had flattered myself I should owe to his love. I comforted myself, however, with my own integrity, and even felt a conscious pride in suffering this persecution from ignorance and folly, only because I was superior to vulgar errors and popular superstition; and that Christianity deserved these appellations, I was not more convinced by my father's arguments than my uncle's conduct, who, as his zeal was not according to knowledge, was by no means qualified to 'adorn the doctrine which he professed to believe.'

I had lived a few months under the painful sensibility of receiving continual benefits from a person whose esteem and affection I had lost, when my uncle one day came into my chamber, and after preparing me for some unexpected good fortune, told me he had just had a proposal of marriage for me from a man to whom I could not possibly have any objection. He then named a merchant, with whom I had often been in company at his table. As the man was neither old nor ugly, had a large fortune and a fair character, my uncle thought himself sufficiently authorised to pronounce as he did, that I could not possibly have any objection to him. An objection, however, I had, which I told my uncle was to me insuperable; it was, that the person whom he proposed to me as the companion, the guide and director of

my whole life, to whom I was to vow not only obedience but love, had nothing in him that could ever engage my affection: his understanding was low, his sentiments mean and indelicate, and his manner unpolite and unpleasing. 'What stuff is all this,' interrupted my uncle; 'sentiments indelicate! unpolite! his understanding, forsooth, not equal to your own! Ah, child, if you had less romance, conceit and arrogance, and more true discretion and prudence, it would do you more good than all the fine books you have confounded your poor head with, and what is worse, perhaps, ruined your poor soul. I own, it went a little against my conscience to accept my honest friend's kind offer, and give him such a pagan for his wife. But how know I whether the believing husband may not convert the unbelieving wife?—As to your flighty objections, they are such nonsense, that I wonder you can suppose me fool enough to be deceived by them. No, child; wise as you are, you cannot impose upon a man who has lived as many years in the world as I have. I see your motive; you have some infidel libertine rake in your eye, with whom you would go headlong to perdition. But I shall take care not to have your soul to answer for as well as your person. Either I shall dispose of you to an honest man that may convert you, or you shall dispose yourself how you please for me; for I disclaim all further care or trouble about you: so I leave you to consider, whether or no the kindness I have shewn you, entitles me to some little influence over you, and whether you chuse to seek protection where you can find it, or accept of the happy lot Providence has cut out for you.'

He left me at the close of this fine harangue, and I seriously set myself to consider as he bade me, which of the two states he had set before me I ought to chuse; to submit to a legal sort of prostitution, with the additional weight of perjury on my conscience, or to expose myself to all the distresses of friendless poverty and unprotected youth. After some hours of deliberation, I determined on the latter, and that more from principle than inclination; for though my delicacy would have suffered extremely in accepting a husband, at least indifferent to me; yet as my heart was

perfectly disengaged, and my temper naturally easy, I thought I could have been less unhappy in following my uncle's advice, than I might probably be by rejecting it: but then I must have submitted to an action I could not think justifiable, in order to avoid mere external distresses. This would not have been philosophical. I had always been taught, that virtue was of itself sufficient to happiness; and that those things which are generally esteemed evils could have no power to disturb the felicity of a mind governed by the eternal rule of right, and truly enamoured of the charms of moral beauty. I resolved, therefore, to run all risks, rather than depart from this glorious principle; I felt myself raised by the trial, and exulted in the opportunity of shewing my contempt of the smiles or frowns of fortune, and of proving the power of virtue to sustain the soul under all accidental circumstances of distress.

I communicated my resolution to my uncle, assuring him at the same time of my everlasting gratitude and respect, and that nothing should have induced me to offend or disobey him, but his requiring me to do what my reason and conscience disapproved; that supposing the advantages of riches to be really as great as he believed, yet still those of virtue were greater, and I could not resolve to purchase the one by a violation of the other; that a false vow was certainly criminal; and that it would be doing an act of the highest injustice, to enter into so solemn an engagement without the power of fulfilling it; that my affections did not depend on my own will; and that no man should possess my person, who could not obtain the first place in my heart.

I was surprised that my uncle's impatience had permitted me to go on thus far; but looking in his face, I perceived that passion had kept him silent. At length the gathering storm burst over my head in a torrent of reproaches. My reasons were condemned as romantic absurdities, which I could not myself believe; I was accused of designing to deceive, and to throw myself away on some worthless fellow, whose principles were as bad as my own. It was in vain for me to assert that I had no such design, nor any inclination to marry at all; my uncle could sooner have believed the

grosslest contradiction, than that a young woman could so strenuously refuse one man without being prepossessed in favour of another. As I thought myself injured by his accusations and tyranny, I gave over the attempt to mitigate his anger. He appealed to Heaven for the justice of his resentment, and against my ingratitude and rebellion; and then giving me a note of fifty pounds, which he said would keep me from immediate indigence, he bade me leave his house, and see his face no more. I bowed in sign of obedience; and collecting all my dignity and resolution, I arose, thanked him for his past benefits, and with a low curtsey left the room.

In less than an hour I departed with my little wardrobe to the house of a person who had formerly been my father's servant, and who now kept a shop and let lodgings. From hence I went the next day to visit my father's nephew, who was in possession of the family estate, and had lately married a lady of great fortune. He was a young gentleman of good parts, his principles the same as my father's, though his practice had not been quite agreeable to the strict rules of morality: however, setting aside a few of those vices which are looked upon as genteel accomplishments in young fellows of fortune, I thought him a good sort of man; and as we had always lived in great kindness, I doubted not that I should find him my friend, and meet with approbation and encouragement at least, if not assistance from him. I told him my story, and the reasons that had determined me to the refusal that had incurred my uncle's displeasure. But how was I disappointed, when, instead of the applause I expected for my heroic virtue and unmerited persecutions, I perceived a smile of contempt on his face, when he interrupted me in the following manner: 'And what, in the devil's name, my dear cousin, could make a woman of your sense behave so like an idiot: What! forfeit all your hopes from your uncle, refuse an excellent match, and reduce yourself to beggary, because truly you were not in love? Surely, one might have expected better from you even at fifteen. Who is it pray that marries the person of their choice? For my own part, who have rather a better title to please myself with a good fifteen hundred a year, than you

‘ who have not a shilling, I found it would not do, and that there was something more to be sought after in a wife than a pretty face or a genius? Do you think I cared three farthings for the woman I married? No, faith. But her thirty thousand pounds were worth having; with that I can purchase a seraglio of beauties, and indulge my taste in every kind of pleasure. And pray what is it to me whether my wife has beauty, or wit, or elegance, when her money will supply me with all that in others? You, cousin, had an opportunity of being as happy as I am: the men, believe me, would not like you a bit the worse for being married: on the contrary, you would find, that for one who took notice of you as a single woman, twenty would be your admirers and humble servants when there was no danger of being taken in. Thus you might have gratified all your passions, made an elegant figure in life, and have chosen out some gentle swain as romantic and poetical as you pleased for your Cecisbee. The good

‘ John Trot husband would have been easily managed, and —’ Here my indignation could be contained no longer, and I was leaving the room in disdain, when he caught me by the hand—‘ Nay, prithee, my dear cousin, none of these violent airs. I thought you and I had known one another better. Let the poor souls, who are taught by priests and their nurses to be afraid of hell-fire, and to think they shall go to the devil for following nature and making life agreeable, be as outrageously virtuous as they please: you have too much sense to be frightened at bugbears; you know that the term of your existence is but short; and it is highly reasonable to make it as pleasant as possible.’ I was too angry to attempt confuting his arguments; but, bursting from his hold, told him I would take care not to give him a second opportunity of insulting my distress, and affronting my understanding; and so left his house with a resolution never to enter it again.

Y

No. LXXVIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST, 4, 1753.

—*Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.* JUV.

*Nor quit for life, what gives to life its worth.*

I WENT home mortified and disappointed. My spirits sunk into a dejection, which took from me for many days all inclination to stir out of my lodging, or to see a human face. At length I resolved to try, whether indigence and friendship were really incompatible, and whether I should meet with the same treatment from a female friend, whose affection had been the principal pleasure of my youth. ‘ Surely,’ thought I, ‘ the gentle Amanda, whose heart seems capable of every tender and generous sentiment, will do justice to the innocence and integrity of her unfortunate friend; her tenderness will encourage my virtue and animate my fortitude; her praises and endearments will compensate all my hardships.’ Amanda was a single woman of a moderate independent fortune, which I heard she was going to bestow on a young officer, who had little or nothing besides his commission. I had no doubt

of her approbation of my refusing a mercenary match, since she herself had chosen from motives so opposite to those which are called prudent. She had been in the country some months, so that my misfortunes had not reached her ear till I myself related them to her. She heard me with great attention, and answered me with politeness enough, but with a coldness that chilled my very heart. ‘ You are sensible, my dear Fidelia,’ said she, ‘ that I never pretended to set my understanding in competition with your’s. I knew my own inferiority; and though many of your notions and opinions appeared to me very strange and particular, I never attempted to dispute them with you. To be sure, you know best; but it seems to me a very odd conduct for one in your situation to give offence to so good an uncle; first by maintaining doctrines which may be very true for aught I know, but which are very contrary

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‘to the received opinions we are brought up in, and therefore are apt to shock a common understanding; and secondly, to renounce his protection, and throw yourself into the wide world, rather than marry the man he chose for you; to whom, after all, I do not find you had any real objection, nor any antipathy for his person.’—‘Antipathy, my dear!’ said I; ‘are there not many degrees, between loving and honouring a man preferably to all others, and beholding him with abhorrence and aversion? The first is, in my opinion, the duty of a wife; a duty voluntarily taken upon herself, and engaged in under the most solemn contract. As to the difficulties that may attend my friendless, unprovided state, since they are the consequences of a virtuous action, they cannot really be evils, nor can they disturb that happiness which is the gift of virtue.’—‘I am heartily glad,’ answered she, ‘that you have found the art of making yourself happy by the force of imagination. I wish your enthusiasm may continue; and that you may still be further convinced, by your own experience, of the folly of mankind, in supposing poverty and disgrace to be evils.’

I was cut to the soul by the unkind manner which accompanied this sarcasm, and was going to remonstrate against her unfriendly treatment, when her lover came in with another gentleman, who in spite of my full heart engaged my attention, and for a while made me forget the stings of unkindness. The beauty and gracefulness of his person caught my eye; and the politeness of his address and the elegance of his compliments soon prejudiced me in favour of his understanding. He was introduced by the Captain to Amanda as his most intimate friend, and seemed desirous to give credit to his friend’s judgment by making himself as agreeable as possible. He succeeded so well, that Amanda was wholly engrossed by the pleasure of his conversation, and the care of entertaining her lover and her new guest; her face brightened, and her good humour returned. When I arose to leave her, she pressed me so earnestly to stay dinner, that I could not, without discovering how much I resented her behaviour, refuse. This, however, I should probably have done, as I was naturally disposed to show every sentiment of my heart, had not a secret wish

arose there to know a little more of this agreeable stranger. This inclined me to think it prudent to conceal my resentment, and to accept the civilities of Amanda. The conversation grew more and more pleasing; I took my share in it, and had more than my share of the charming stranger’s notice and attention. As we all grew more and more unreserved, Amanda dropt hints in the course of the conversation relating to my story, my sentiments, and unhappy situation. Sir George Freelove, for that was the young gentleman’s name, listened greedily to all that was said of me, and seemed to eye me with earnest curiosity as well as admiration. We did not part till it was late, and Sir George insisted on attending me to my lodgings: I strongly refused it, not without a sensation which more properly belonged to the female than the philosopher, and which I condemned in myself as arising from dishonest pride. I could not without pain suffer the polite Sir George, upon so short an acquaintance, to discover the meanness of my abode. To avoid this, I sent for a chair; but was confused to find that Sir George and his servants prepared to attend it on foot by way of guard; it was in vain to dispute, he himself walked before, and his servants followed it. I was covered with blushes, when, after all this parade, he handed me in at the little shop door, and took leave with as profound respect as if he had guarded me to a palace. A thousand different thoughts kept me from closing my eyes that night. The behaviour of Amanda wounded me to the soul: I found that I must look on her as no more than a common acquaintance; and that the world did not contain one person whom I could call my friend. My heart felt desolate and forlorn; I knew not what course to take for my future subsistence; the pain which my pride had just given me, convinced me that I was far from having conquered the passions of humanity, and that I should feel too sensibly all the mortifications which attend on poverty.

I determined, however, to subdue this pride, and called to my assistance the examples of ancient sages and philosophers, who despised riches and honours, and felt no inconveniences from the malice of fortune. I had almost reason myself into a contempt for the world,

and fancied myself superior to its smiles or frowns, when the idea of Sir George Freelove rushed upon my mind, and destroyed at once the whole force of my reasoning. I found, that however I might disregard the rest of the world, I could not be indifferent to his opinion; and the thought of being despised by him was insupportable. I recollected that my condition was extremely different from that of an old philosopher, whose rags perhaps were the means of gratifying his pride, by attracting the notice and respect of mankind: at least, the philosopher's schemes and wishes were very different from those which at that time were taking possession of my heart. The looks and behaviour of Sir George left me no doubt that I had made as deep an impression in his favour as he had done in mine. I could not bear to lose the ground I had gained, and to throw myself into a state below his notice. I scorned the thoughts of imposing on him with regard to my circumstances, in case he should really have had favourable intentions for me; yet to disgrace myself for ever in his eye, by submitting to servitude, or any low way of supporting myself, was what I could not bring myself to resolve on.

In the midst of these reflections I was surprised the next morning by a visit from Sir George. He made respectful apologies for the liberty he took; told me he had learnt from my friend, that the unkindness and tyranny of an uncle had cast me into uneasy circumstances; and that he could not know, that so much beauty and merit were so unworthily treated by fortune, without earnestly wishing to be the instrument of doing me more justice. He entreated me to add dignity and value to his life, by making it conducive to the happiness of mine; and was going on with the most fervent offers of service, when I interrupted him by saying that there was nothing in his power that I could with honour accept, by which my life could be made happier, but that respect which was due to me as a woman and a gentlewoman, and which ought to have prevented such offers of service from a stranger, as could only be justified by a long experienced friendship; that I was not in a situation to receive visits, and must decline his acquaintance, which nevertheless in a happier part of my life would have given me pleasure.

He now had recourse to all the arts of his sex, imputing his too great freedom to the force of his passion, protesting the most inviolable respect, and imploring on his knees, and even with tears that I would not punish him so severely as to deny him the liberty of seeing me, and making himself more and more worthy of my esteem. My weak heart was but too much touched by his artifices, and I had only just fortitude enough to persevere in refusing his visits, and to insist on his leaving me, which at last he did; but it was after such a profusion of tenderness, prayers, and protestations, that it was some time before I could recall my reason enough to reflect on the whole of his behaviour, and on my own situation, which compared left me but little doubt of his dishonourable views.

I determined never more to admit him to my presence, and accordingly gave orders to be denied if he came again. My reason applauded, but my heart reproached me, and heavily repined at the rigid determination of prudence. I knew that I acted rightly, and I expected that that consciousness would make me happy: but I found it otherwise; I was wretched beyond what I had ever felt or formed any idea of; I discovered that my heart was entangled in a passion which must for ever be combated, or indulged at the expence of virtue. I now considered riches as truly desirable, since they would have placed me above disgraceful attempts, and given me reasonable hopes of becoming the wife of Sir George Freelove. I was discontented and unhappy, but surprised and disappointed to find myself so, since hitherto I had no one criminal action to reproach myself with; on the contrary, my difficulties were all owing to my regard for virtue.

I resolved, however, to try still farther the power of virtue to confer happiness, to go on in my obedience to her, and patiently wait for the good effects of it. But I had stronger difficulties to go through than any I had yet experienced. Sir George was too much practised in the arts of seduction, to be discouraged by a first repulse: every day produced either some new attempt to see me, or a letter full of the most passionate protestations and entreaties for pardon and favour. It was in vain I gave orders that no more letters should

be taken in from him; he had so many different contrivances to convey them, and directed them in hands so unlike, that I was surprized into reading them contrary to my real intentions. Every time I stirred out he was sure to be in my way, and to employ the most artful tongue that ever ensnared the heart of woman, in blinding my reason and awakening my passions.

My virtue, however, did not yet give way, but my peace of mind was utterly destroyed. Whenever I was with him, I summoned all my fortitude, and constantly repeated my commands that he should avoid me. His disobedience called for my resentment, and, in spite of my melting heart, I armed my eyes with anger, and treated him with as much disdain as I thought his unworthy design deserved. But the moment he left me, all my resolution forsook me. I repined at my fate: I even murmured against the SOVEREIGN RULER of all things, for making me subject to passions which I could not subdue, yet must not indulge: I compared my own situation with that of my libertine cousin, whose pernicious arguments I had heard with horror and detestation, who gave the reins to every desire, whose house was the seat of plenty, mirth, and delight, whose face was covered over with smiles, and whose heart seemed free from sorrow and care. 'Is not this man,' said I, 'happier than I am? And if so, where is the worth of virtue? Have I not sacrificed to her my fortune and my friends? Do I not daily sacrifice to her my darling inclination? Yet what is the compensation she offers me? What are my prospects in this world but poverty, mortification, disappointment, and grief? Every wish of my heart denied, every passion of humanity combated and hurt, though never conquered! Are these the blessings with which Heaven distinguishes its favourites? Can the King of Heaven want power or will to distinguish them? Or does he leave his wretched creatures to be the sport of chance, the prey of wickedness and malice? Surely, no. Yet is not the condition of the virtuous often more miserable than that of the vicious? I myself have experienced that it is. I am very unhappy, and see no likelihood of my being otherwise

in this world—and all beyond the grave is eternal darkness. Yet why do I say, that I have no prospect of happiness? Does not the most engaging of men offer me all the joys that love and fortune can bestow? Will not he protect me from every insult of the proud world that scoffs at indigence? Will not his liberal hand pour forth the means of every pleasure, even of that highest and truest of all pleasures, the power of relieving the sufferings of my fellow-creatures, of changing the tears of distress into tears of joy and gratitude, of communicating my own happiness to all around me? Is not this a state far preferable to that in which virtue has placed me? But what is virtue? Is not happiness the laudable pursuit of reason? Is it not then laudable to pursue it by the most probable means? Have I not been accusing Providence of unkindness, whilst I myself only am in fault for rejecting its offered favours? Surely, I have mistaken the path of virtue: it must be that which leads to happiness. The path which I am in, is full of thorns and briars, and terminates in impenetrable darkness; but I see another that is strewn with flowers, and bright with the sunshine of prosperity: this, surely, is the path of virtue, and the road to happiness. Hither, then, let me turn my weary steps; nor let vain and idle prejudices fright me from felicity. It is surely impossible that I should offend God, by yielding to a temptation which he has given me no motive to resist. He has allotted me a short and precarious existence, and has placed before me good and evil. What is good but pleasure? What is evil but pain? Reason and nature direct me to chuse the first and avoid the last. I sought for happiness in what is called virtue, but I found it not: shall I not try the other experiment, since I think I can hardly be more unhappy by following inclination, than I am by denying it?

Thus had my frail thoughts wandered into a wilderness of error, and thus had I almost reasoned myself out of every principle of morality, by pursuing through all their consequences the doctrines which had been taught me as rules of life and prescriptions for felicity, the talismans of Truth, by which I should

be secured in the storms of adversity, and listen without danger to the syrens of temptation; when in the fatal hour of my presumption, sitting alone in my chamber, collecting arguments on the side of passion, almost distracted with doubts, and plunging deeper and deeper into falsehood, I saw Sir George Free love at my feet, who had gained admittance, contrary to my orders, by corrupting my landlady. It is not necessary to describe to you his arts, or the weak efforts of that virtue which had been graciously implanted in my heart, but when I had taken impious pains to undermine by false reasoning, and which now tottered from the foundation: suffice it that I submitted to the humiliation I have so well deserved; and tell you, that, in all the pride of human reason, I dared to condemn, as the effect of weakness and prejudice, the still voice of conscience which would yet have warned me from ruin; that my innocence, my honour, was the sacrifice to passion and sophistry; that my boasted philosophy, and too much flattered understanding, preserved me not from the lowest depth

of infamy, which the weakest of my sex with humility and religion would have avoided.

I now experienced a new kind of wretchedness. My vile seducer tried in vain to reconcile me to the shameful life to which he had reduced me, by loading me with finery, and lavishing his fortune in procuring me pleasures which I could not taste, and pomp which seemed an insult on my disgrace. In vain did I recollect the arguments which had convinced me of the lawfulness of accepting offered pleasures, and following the dictates of inclination: the light of my understanding was darkened, but the sense of guilt was not lost. My pride and my delicacy, if, criminal as I was, I may dare to call it so, suffered the most intolerable mortification and disgust, every time I reflected on my infamous situation. Every eye seemed to upbraid me, even that of my triumphant seducer. O depth of misery! to be conscious of deserving the contempt of him I loved, and for whose sake I was become contemptible to myself!

Y

## No. LXXIX. TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1753.

*Quisnam igitur liber? sapiens sibi qui imperiosus;  
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent;  
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores  
Fortis, et in seipso totus: teres atque rotundus,  
Externi ne quid valeat per lævæ morari.*

HOR.

*Who then is free?—the wise, who well maintains  
An empire o'er himself: whom neither chains,  
Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire;  
Who boldly answers to his warm desire;  
Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise;  
Firm in himself who on himself relies;  
Polish'd and round who runs his proper course,  
And breaks misfortune with superior force.*

FRANCIS.

**T**HIS was the state of my mind during a year which I passed in Sir George's house. His fondness was unabated for eight months of the time; and as I had no object to share my attention, neither friend nor relation to call off any part of my tenderness, all the love of a heart naturally affectionate centered in him. The first dawns of unkindness were but too visible to my watchful eyes. I had now all the torments of jealousy

to endure, till a cruel certainty put an end to them. I learnt at length, that my false lover was on the brink of marriage with a lady of great fortune. I immediately resolved to leave him; but could not do it without first venting my full heart in complaints and reproaches. This provoked his rage, and drew on me insolence, which though I had deserved, I had not learnt to bear. I returned with scorn, which no longer became me, all the wages of

my sin, and the trappings of my shame, and left his house in the bitterest anguish of resentment and despair.

I returned to my old lodgings; but unable to bear a scene which recalled every circumstance of my undoing, ashamed to look in the face of any creature who had seen me innocent, wretched in myself, and hoping from change of place some abatement of my misery, I put myself into a post-chaise at two in the morning, with orders to the driver to carry me as far from town as he could before the return of night, leaving it to him to choose the road.

My reason and my senses seemed benumbed and stupified during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any design for future life. When night came, my conductor would have stopped at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village. There I alighted at a paucity inn, and dismissed my vehicle, without once considering what I was to do with myself, or why I chose that place for my abode. To say truth, I can give no account of my thoughts at this period of time; they were all confused and distracted. A short frenzy must have filled up those hours, of which my memory retains such imperfect traces. I remember only, that without having pulled off my cloaths, I left the inn as soon as I saw the day, and wandered out of the village.

My unguided feet carried me to a range of willows by a river's side, where after having walked some time, the freshness of the air revived my senses, and awakened my reason. My reason, my memory, anguish and despair, returned together! Every circumstance of my past life was present to my mind: but most the idea of my faithless lover and my criminal love tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which, in spite of all its guilt and all its wrongs, retained the tenderest and most ardent affection for its undoer. This unguarded affection, which was the effect of a gentle and kind nature, heightened the anguish of repentment, and compleated my misery. In vain did I call off my thoughts from this gloomy retrospect, and hope to find a gleam of comfort in my future prospects. They were still more dreadful: poverty, attended by infamy and want, groaning under the cruel hand of oppression and the taunts of insolence, was

before my eyes. I, who had once been the darling and the pride of indulgent parents, who had once been beloved, respected, and admired, was now the outcast of human nature, despised and avoided by all who had ever loved me, by all whom I had most loved! hateful to myself, belonging to no one, exposed to wrongs and insults from all!

I tried to find out the cause of this dismal change, and how far I was myself the occasion of it. My conduct with respect to Sir George, though I spontaneously condemned, yet, upon recollection, I thought the arguments which produced it would justify. But as my principles could not preserve me from vice, neither could they sustain me in adversity: conscience was not to be perverted by the sophistry which had beclouded my reason. And if any, by imputing my conduct to error, should acquit me of guilt, let them remember, it is yet true, that in this uttermost distress, I was neither sustained by the consciousness of innocence, nor the hope of reward: whether I looked backward or forward, all was confusion and anguish, distraction and despair. I accused the Supreme Being of cruelty and injustice, who, though he gave me not sufficient encouragement to resist desire, yet punished me with the consequences of indulgence. 'If there is a GOD,' cried I, 'he must be either tyrannical and cruel, or regardless of his creatures. I will no longer endure a being which is undeservedly miserable either from chance or design, but fly to that annihilation in which all my prospects terminate. Take back,' said I, lifting my eyes to Heaven, 'the hateful gift of existence, and let my dust no more be animated to suffering, and exalted to misery.'

So saying, I ran to the brink of the river, and was going to plunge in, when the cry of some person very near me made me turn my eyes to see whence it came. I was accosted by an elderly clergyman, who with looks of terror, pity, and benevolence, asked what I was about to do. At first I was sullen, and refused to answer him; but by degrees the compassion he showed, and the tenderness with which he treated me, softened my heart, and gave vent to my tears.

'O! Madam,' said he, 'these are gracious



' signs, and unlike those which first drew my attention, and made me watch you unobserved, fearing some fatal purpose in your mind. What must be the thoughts which could make a face like yours appear the picture of horror! I was taking my morning walk, and have seen you a considerable time; sometimes stopping and wringing your hands, sometimes quickening your pace, sometimes walking with your eyes fixed on the ground, till you raised them to heaven, with looks not of supplication and piety, but rather of accusation and defiance. For pity tell me how is it that you have quarrelled with yourself, with life, nay even with Heaven? Recall your reason and your hope, and let this reasonable prevention of your purpose be an earnest to you of good things to come, of God's mercy not yet alienated from you, and stooping from his throne to save your soul from perdition.'

The tears which flowed in rivers from my eyes while he talked, gave me so much relief, that I found myself able to speak, and desirous to express my gratitude for the good man's concern for me. It was so long since I had known the joys of confidence, that I felt surprising pleasure and comfort from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumstance of my story, and every thought of my distracted mind. He shuddered to hear me upbraid the Divine Providence; and stopping me short, told me, he would lead me to one who should preach patience to me, whilst she gave me the example of it.

As we talked, he led me to his own house, and there introduced me to his wife, a middle-aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a cheerful placid countenance who received me with the greatest tenderness and humanity. She saw I was distressed, and her compassion was beforehand with my complaints. Her tears stood ready to accompany mine; her looks and her voice expressed the kindest concern; and her assiduous cares demonstrated that true politeness and hospitality, which is not the effect of art but of inward benevolence. While she obliged me to take some refreshment, her husband gave her a short account of my story, and of the state in which he had found me.

' This poor lady,' said he, ' from the fault of her education and principles, sees every thing through a gloomy medium: she accuses Providence, and hates her existence for those evils which are the common lot of mankind in this short state of trial. You, my dear, who are one of the greatest sufferers I have known, are best qualified to cure her of her faulty impatience, and to convince her, by your own example, that this world is not the place in which virtue is to find its reward. She thinks no one so unhappy as herself; but if she knew all that you have gone through, she would surely be sensible, that if you are happier than she, it is only because your principles are better.'

' Indeed, my dear Madam,' said she, ' that is the only advantage I have over you; but that, indeed, outweighs every thing else. It is now but ten days since I followed to the grave my only son, the survivor of eight children, who were all equally the objects of my fondest love. My heart is no less tender than your own, nor my affections less warm. For a whole year before the death of my last darling, I watched the fatal progress of his disease, and saw him suffer the most amazing pains. Nor was poverty, that dreaded evil to which you could not submit, wanting to my trials. Though my husband is by his profession a gentleman, his income is so small, that I and my children have often wanted necessaries: and though I had always a weakly constitution, I have helped to support my family by the labour of own hands. At this time I am consuming, by daily tortures, with a cancer which must shortly be my death. My pains, perhaps, might be mitigated by proper assistance, though nothing could preserve my life; but I have not the means to obtain that assistance.'—' O hold,' interrupted I, my soul is shocked at the enumeration of such intolerable sufferings. How is it that you support them? Why do I not see you, in despair like mine, renounce your existence, and put yourself out of the reach of torment? But above all, tell me how it is possible for you to preserve, amidst such complicated misery, that appearance of cheerfulness and serene complacency

‘ which shines so remarkably in your countenance, and animates every look and motion?’

‘ That cheerfulness and complacency,’ answered the good woman, ‘ I feel in my heart. My mind is not only serene, but often experiences the highest emotions of joy and exultation, that the brightest hopes can give.’— ‘ And whence,’ said I, ‘ do you derive this astonishing art of extracting joy from misery, and of smiling amidst all the terrors of pain, sorrow, poverty, and death?’ She was silent a moment; then stepping to her closet, reached a Bible, which she put into my hands. ‘ See there,’ said she, ‘ the volume in which I learn this art. Here I am taught that everlasting glory is in store for all who will accept it upon the terms which Infinite Perfection has prescribed; here I am promised consolation, assistance and support, from the **LORD OF LIFE**; and here I am assured that my transient afflictions are only meant to fit me for eternal and unspeakable happiness. This happiness is at hand. The short remainder of my life seems but a point, beyond which opens the glorious prospect of immortality. Thus encouraged, how should I be dejected? Thus supported, how should I sink? With such prospects, such assured hopes, how can I be otherwise than happy?’

While she spoke, her eyes sparkled, and her whole face seemed animated with joy. I was struck with her manner, as well as her words. Every syllable she uttered seemed to sink into my soul, so that I never can forget it. I resolved to examine a religion which was capable of producing such effects as I could not attribute either to chance or error. The good couple pressed me with so much unaffected kindness, to make their little parsonage my asylum till I could better dispose of myself, that I accepted their offer. Here with the assistance of the clergyman, who is a plain, sensible, and truly pious man, I have studied the Holy Scriptures, and the evidences of their authority. But after reading them with candour and attention, I found all the extrinsic arguments of their truth superfluous. The excellency of their precepts, the consistency of their doctrines, and the glorious motives and encouragements to virtue which they propose,

together with the striking example I had before my eyes of their salutary effects, left me no doubt of their divine authority.

During the time of my abode here, I have been witness to the more than heroic, the joyful, the triumphant death of the dear good woman. With as much softness and tenderness as ever I saw in a female character, she shewed more dauntless intrepidity than the sternest philosopher or the proudest hero. No torment could shake the constancy of her soul, or length of pain wear out the strength of her patience. Death was to her an object not of horror but of hope. When I heard her pour forth her last breath in thanksgiving, and saw the smile of ecstasy remain on her pale face when life was fled, I could not help crying out in the beautiful language I had lately learned from the Sacred Writings—‘ O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?’

I am now preparing to leave my excellent benefactor, and get my bread in a service, to which he has recommended me, in a neighbouring family. A state of servitude, to which once I could not resolve to yield, appears no longer dreadful to me; that pride, which would have made it galling, Christianity has subdued, though philosophy attempted it in vain. As a penitent, I should gratefully submit to mortification; but as a Christian, I find myself superior to every mortification, except the sense of guilt. This has humbled me to the dust: but the full assurances that are given me by the Saviour of the World, of the Divine pardon and favour upon sincere repentance, have calmed my troubled spirit, and filled my mind with peace and joy, which the world can neither give nor take away. Thus, without any change for the better in my outward circumstances, I find myself changed from a distracted, poor, despairing wretch, to a contented, happy, grateful being; thankful for, and pleased with my present state of existence, yet exulting in the hope of quitting it for endless glory and happiness.

O! Sir, tell the unthinking mortals, who will not take the pains of inquiring into those truths which most concern them, and who are led by fashion, and the pride of human reason, into a contempt of the Sacred Oracles of God; tell

tell them these amazing effects of the power of Christianity: tell them this truth which experience has taught me, that, 'Though Vice is constantly attended by misery, Virtue itself cannot confer happiness in this

world, except it be animated with the hopes of eternal bliss in the world to come.'

I am, &c.

Y

FIDELIA.

No. LXXX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1753.

*Non desunt crassi quidam, qui studiosus ab hujusmodi libris deterreant, seu poeticis, ut vocant, et ad morum integritatem officientibus. Ego vero dignos censeo quos et omnibus in ludis prælegant adolescentiæ literatores, et sibi legant relegantque senos.*

ERASMUS.

*There are not wanting persons so dull and insensible, as to deter students from reading books of this kind, which, they say, are poetical, and pernicious to the purity of morals: but I am of opinion, that they are not only worthy to be read by the instructors of youth in their schools, but that the old and experienced should again and again peruse them.*

**G**REATNESS, novelty, and beauty, are usually and justly reckoned the three principal sources of the pleasures that strike the imagination. If the Iliad be allowed to abound in objects that may be referred to the first species, yet the Odyssey may boast a greater number of images that are beautiful and uncommon. The vast variety of scenes perpetually shifting before us, the train of unexpected events, and the many sudden turns of fortune in this diversified poem, must more deeply engage the reader, and keep his attention more alive and active, than the martial uniformity of the Iliad. The continual glare of a single colour that unchangeably predominates throughout a whole piece, is apt to dazzle and disgust the eye of the beholder. I will not, indeed, presume to say with Voltaire, that among the greatest admirers of antiquity, there is scarce one to be found who could ever read the Iliad with that eagerness and rapture, which a woman feels when she peruses the novel of Zayde; but will, however, venture to affirm, that the Speciosa Miracula of the Odyssey are better calculated to excite our curiosity and wonder, and to allure us forward with unextinguished impatience to the catastrophe, than the perpetual tumult and terror that reign through the Iliad.

The boundless exuberance of his imagination, his unwearied spirit and fire, ἀνάπαυτον πῦρ, has enabled Homer to diversify the descriptions

of his battles with many circumstances of great variety: sometimes by specifying the different characters, ages, professions, or nations, of his dying heroes; sometimes by describing different kinds of wounds and deaths; and sometimes by tender and pathetic strokes, which remind the reader of the aged parent who is fondly expecting the return of his son just murdered, of the desolate condition of the widows who will now be enslaved, and of the children that will be dashed against the stones. But notwithstanding this delicate art and address in the poet, the subject remains the same; and from this sameness, it will, I fear, grow tedious and insipid to impartial readers; these small modifications and adjuncts are not sufficiently efficacious to give the grace of novelty to repetition, and to make tautology delightful: the battles are, indeed, nobly and variously painted, yet still they are only battles. But when we accompany Ulysses through the manifold perils he underwent by sea and land, and visit with him the strange nations to which the anger of Neptune has driven him, all whose manners and customs are described in the most lively and picturesque terms; when we survey the wondrous monsters he encountered and escaped—

*Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et eum Cyclopæ Charibdin;*  
Antiphates his hideous feast devour,  
Charybdis bark, and Polyphemus roar.

FRANCIS.

when we see him refuse the charms of Calypso, and the cup of Circe; when we descend with him into hell, and hear him converse with all the glorious heroes that assisted at the Trojan war; when, after struggling with ten thousand difficulties unforeseen and almost unsurmountable, he is at last restored to the peaceable possession of his kingdom and his queen; when such objects as these are displayed, so new and so interesting; when all the descriptions, incidents, scenes, and persons, differ so widely from each other; then it is that poetry becomes 'a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,' and a feast of such an exalted nature, as to produce neither satiety nor disgust.

But besides its variety, the *Odyssy* is the most amusing and entertaining of all other poems, on account of the pictures it preserves to us of ancient manners, customs, laws, and politics, and of the domestic life of the heroic ages. The more any nation becomes polished, the more the genuine feelings of nature are disguised, and their manners are consequently less adapted to bear a faithful description. Good-breeding is founded on the dissimulation or suppression of such sentiments, as may probably provoke or offend those with whom we converse. The little forms and ceremonies which have been introduced into civil life by the moderns, are not suited to the dignity and simplicity of the Epic Muse. The coronation feast of an European monarch would not shine half so much in poetry, as the simple supper prepared for Ulysses at the Phæacian court; the gardens of Alcinous are much fitter for description than those of Versailles; and Nausicaa, descending to the river to wash her garments, and dancing afterwards upon the banks with her fellow-virgins, like Diana amidst her nymphs—

Πῆλα δ' ἀριγῶτα πάλισται, καλαὶ δὲ τὲ πῦται,

Though all are fair, she shines above the rest,

is a far more graceful figure than the most glittering lady in the drawing room, with a complexion plaistered to repair the vigils of cards, and a shape violated by a stiff brocade and an immeasurable hoop. The compliment also which Ulysses pays to his innocent unadorned beauty, especially when he compares her to a young palm-tree of Delos, contains more gal-

lanty and elegance than the most applauded sonnet of the politest French marquis that ever rhymed. However indelicate I may be esteemed, I freely confess I had rather sit in the grotto of Calypso, than in the most pompous saloon of Louis XV. The tea and the card-tables can be introduced with propriety and success only in the mock-heroic, as they have been very happily in the *Rape of the Lock*: but the present modes of life must be forgotten when we attempt any thing in the serious or sublime poetry; for heroism disdains the luxurious refinements, the false delicacy and state of modern ages. The primeval, I was about to say patriarchal, simplicity of manners displayed in the *Odyssy*, is a perpetual source of true poetry, is inexpressibly pleasing to all who are uncorrupted by the business and the vanities of life, and may therefore prove equally instructive and captivating to younger readers.

It seems to be a tenet universally received among common critics, as certain and indisputable, that images and characters of peaceful and domestic life are not so difficult to be drawn, as pictures of war and fury. I own myself of a quite contrary opinion; and think the description of Andromache parting with Hector in the *Iliad*, and the tender circumstance of the child Astyanax starting back from his father's helmet, and clinging to the bosom of his nurse, are as great efforts of the imagination of Homer, as the dreadful picture of Achilles fighting with the rivers, or dragging the carcase of Hector at his chariot-wheels: the behaviour of Hecuba, when she points to the breast that had suckled her dear Hector, is as finely conceived as the most gallant exploits of Diomedes and Ajax: the Natural is as strong an evidence of true genius, as the Sublime. It is in such images the *Odyssy* abounds: the superior utility of which, as they more nearly concern and more strongly affect us, need not be pointed out. Let Longinus admire the majesty of Neptune whirling his chariot over the deep, surrounded by sea monsters that gambolled before their king; the description of the dog Argus, creeping to the feet of his master, whom he alone knew in his disguise, and expiring with joy for his return, is so inexpressibly pathetic, that it equals, if not exceeds, any of the magnificent and bolder images which that excellent

critic hath produced in his treatise on the sublime. He justly commends the prayer of Ajax, who, when he was surrounded with a thick darkness that prevented the display of his prowess, begs of Jupiter only to remove the clouds that involved him: 'And then,' says he, 'destroy me if thou wilt in the day-light;' ἢν δὲ φάσι καὶ ὄλεσσαν. But surely the reflections which Ulysses makes to Amphinomus, the most virtuous of the suitors, concerning the misery and vanity of man, will be found to deserve equal commendations, if we consider their propriety, solemnity, and truth. Our hero, in the disguise of a beggar, had just been spurned at and ridiculed by the rest of the riotous lovers, but is kindly relieved by Amphinomus, whose behaviour is finely contrasted to the brutality of his brethren. Upon which Ulysses says—'Hear me, O Amphinomus! and ponder the words I shall speak unto thee. Of all creatures that breathe or creep upon the earth, the most weak and impotent is man. For he never thinks that evils shall befall him at another season while the gods bestow on him strength and happiness. But when the immortal gods afflict him with adversity, he bears it with unwillingness and

'repining. Such is the mind of the inhabitants of earth, that it changes as Jupiter sends happiness or misery. I once numbered myself among the happy, and elated with prosperity and pride, and relying on my family and friends, committed many acts of injustice. But let no man be proud or unjust, but receive whatever gifts the gods bestow on him with humility and silence.' I chose to translate this sententious passage as literally as possible, to preserve the air of its venerable simplicity and striking solemnity. If we recollect the speaker, and the occasion of the speech, we cannot fail of being deeply affected. Can we, therefore, forbear giving our assent to the truth of the title which Alcidas, according to Aristotle, in his rhetoric, bestows on the Odyssey; who calls it 'a beautiful mirror of human life,' καλὸν ἀνθρώπινον βίης ἀντοπίον.

Homer, in the *Iliad*, resembles the River Nile, when it descends in a cataract that deafens and astonishes the neighbouring inhabitants. In the *Odyssey*, he is still like the same Nile, when its genial inundations gently diffuse fertility and fatness over the peaceful plains of Egypt.

Z

No. LXXXI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1753.

*Nil desperandum.* HOR.

*Avaunt despair.*

I HAVE sometimes heard it disputed in conversation, whether it be more laudable or desirable, that a man should think too highly or too meanly of himself: it is on all hands agreed to be best, that he should think rightly: but since a fallible being will always make some deviations from exact rectitude, it is not wholly useless to enquire towards which side it is safer to decline.

The prejudices of mankind seem to favour him who errs by under-rating his own powers; he is considered as a modest and harmless member of society, not likely to break the peace by competition, to endeavour after such splendor of reputation as may dim the lustre of others, or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themselves; he is no man's rival, and therefore may be every man's friend.

The opinion which a man entertains of himself ought to be distinguished, in order to an accurate discussion of this question, as it relates to persons or to things. To think highly of ourselves in comparison with others, to assume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant, must be always invidious and offensive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourselves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in possession of the same abilities, cannot with equal justice provoke censure.

It must be confessed, that self-love may dispose us to decide too hastily in our own favour: but who is hurt by the mistake? If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labour, and ours is the disgrace.

But he that dares to think well of himself, will not always prove to be mistaken; and the good effects of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances: if he should not fully compleat his design, he will at least advance it so far as to leave an easier task for him that succeeds him; and even though he should wholly fail, he will fail with honour.

But from the opposite error, from torpid dependency can come no advantage; it is the frost of the soul, which binds up all its powers, and congeal life in perpetual sterility. He that has no hopes of success will make no attempts; and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

Every man should, therefore, endeavour to maintain in himself a favourable opinion of the powers of the human mind; which are perhaps, in every man, greater than they appear, and might by diligent cultivation be exalted to a degree beyond what their possessor presumes to believe. There is scarce any man but has found himself able, at the instigation of necessity, to do what in a state of leisure and deliberation he would have concluded impossible; and some of our species have signalized themselves by such achievements, as prove that there are few things above human hope.

It has been the policy of all nations to preserve, by some public monuments, the memory of those who have served their country by great exploits; there is the same reason for continuing or reviving the names of those whose extensive abilities have dignified humanity. An honest emulation may be alike excited; and the philosopher's curiosity may be inflamed by a catalogue of the works of Boyle or Bacon, as Themistocles was kept awake by the trophies of Miltiades.

Among the favourites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contraries of excellence, none seems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two centuries ago by the appellation of the Admirable Crichton; of whose history, whatever we may suppose as surpassing credibility, yet we shall, upon incontestible authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

'Virtue,' says Virgil, 'is better accepted when it comes in a pleasing form.' The per-

son of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagonist; and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having studied at St. Andrews's in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-first year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that university to dispute with him on a certain day: offering to his opponents, whoever they should be, the choice of ten languages, and of all the faculties and sciences. On the day appointed three thousand auditors assembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty masters appeared against him; and one of his antagonists confesses that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years passed without food or sleep, would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a disputation of nine hours he was presented by the president and professors with a diamond and a purse of gold, and dismissed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the same challenge, and had in the presence of the pope and cardinals the same success. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city: then visited Padua, where he engaged in another public disputation, beginning his performance with an extemporal poem in praise of the city and the assembly then present, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards published another challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the errors of Aristotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagonists should propose of a hundred different kinds of verse.

These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleasure which youth generally indulges, or by the omission of any accomplishment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel: he practised in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting, he was an eminent performer,

in both vocal and instrumental music, he danced with uncommon gracefulness, and on the day after his disputation at Paris exhibited his skill on horsemanship before the court of France, where, at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled likewise in domestic games of less dignity and reputation; and in the interval between his challenge and disputation at Paris, he spent so much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those that would see this monster of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy, composed by himself, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is said to have personated fifteen different characters; in all which he might succeed without great difficulty, since he had such power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all his variety of tone and gesticulation.

Nor was his skill in arms less than in learning, or his courage inferior to his skill: there was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who travelling about the world, according to the barbarous custom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the most celebrated masters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then resided, had killed three that appeared against him. The duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton, looking on his sanguinary success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and mount the stage against him. The duke, with some reluctance, consented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared: their weapon seems to have been the single rapier which was then newly introduced into Italy. The prize fighter advanced with great violence and fierceness, and Crichton contented himself calmly to ward his passes, and suffered

him to exhaust his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then became the assailant; and pressed upon him with such force and agility, that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire; he then divided the prize he had won among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

The death of this wonderful man I should be willing to conceal, did I not know that every reader will inquire curiously after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however distinguished from each other by nature or by fortune.

The Duke of Mantua having received so many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son Vincentio di Gonzaga, a prince of loose manners and turbulent disposition. On this occasion it was, that he composed the comedy in which he exhibited so many different characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of short continuance; for as he was one night in the time of Carnival rambling about the streets, with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men masked. Neither his courage nor skill in this exigence deserted him; he opposed them with such activity and spirit, that he soon dispersed them, and disarmed their leader, who throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the prince his pupil. Crichton falling on his knees, took his own sword by the point, and presented it to the prince; who immediately seized it, and instigated, as some say, by jealousy, according to others only by drunken fury and brutal resentment, thrust him through the heart.

Thus was the Admirable Crichton brought into that state, in which he could excel the meanest of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory: the court of Mantua testified their esteem by a public mourning; the contemporary wits were profuse of their encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, representing him on horseback with a lance in one hand and a book in the other.

No. LXXXII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1753.

*Nunc scio quid sit amor.*

VIRG.

*Now know I what is love.*

**T**HOUGH the danger of disappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profess to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few; an art by which their predominant passion may be gratified, and their conquests not only extended but secured; 'The art of being Pretty.'

But though my subject may interest the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend those profound moralists who have long since determined, that Beauty ought rather to be despised than desired; that, like strength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of causes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happiness or the distinction of merit.

To these gentlemen I shall remark, that beauty is among those qualities which no effort of human wit could ever bring into contempt: it is, therefore, to be wished at least, that beauty was in some degree dependent upon Sentiment and Manners, that so high a privilege might not be possessed by the unworthy, and that human reason might no longer suffer the mortification of those who are compelled to adore an idol, which differ from a stone or a log only by the skill of the artificer: and if they cannot themselves behold beauty with indifference, they must surely approve an attempt to shew that it merits their regard.

I shall, however, principally consider that species of beauty which is expressed in the countenance; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not less complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requisites to perfect Beauty, which are wholly produced by external causes, colour, and proportion: and it will appear, that even in common estimation these are not the chief, but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without something more.

The finest features, ranged in the most ex-

act symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike: and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but like that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among particular graces, the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is evident; dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency: so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the shape or disposition of the features, or the colour of the skin: he tells you, that it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any part, but diffused over the whole; he calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation which connects beauty with Sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is perhaps possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient sufferance, the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.



This is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmost bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be assumed as a mask to conceal insensibility or malevolence; it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments, or it will impress upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity, Affectation; it will produce the grin, the simper, the stare, the languish, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By some, indeed, this species of hypocrisy has been practised with such skill as to deceive superficial observers, though it can deceive even these but for a moment. Looks which do not correspond with the heart cannot be assumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquish them must, therefore, soon preponderate, and the aspect and apparel of the visit will be laid by together; the smiles and the languishments of art will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

The artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the smear of paint for the blushes of health: it is not only equally transient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghastly, the passions burst out with more violence after restraint, the features become more distorted, and excite more determined aversion.

Beauty, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and consequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant passion may generally be discovered in the countenance; because the muscles by which it is expressed, being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax; so that the expression remains when the passion is suspended: thus an angry, a disdainful, a subtle, and a suspicious temper, is displayed in characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and the softer passions, that they leave their signatures upon the countenance when they cease to act: the prevalence of these passions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon

the aspect, and gives a turn and cast to the features which make a more favourable and forcible impression upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment equally endanger the possessor. 'It is,' to use an eastern metaphor, 'like the towers of a city, not only an ornament, but a defence:' if it excites desire, it at once controuls and refines it; it represses with awe, it softens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reason and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; because this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity: every man finds himself more powerfully restrained from giving pain to goodness than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish; and the purpose immediately appears to be disingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspecting simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue endangered, by the most sordid infidelity, and the breach of the strongest obligations.

But the hope of the hypocrite must perish. When the factitious beauty has laid by her smiles; when the lustre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have lost their influence with their novelty; what remains but a tyrant divested of power, who will never be seen without a mixture of indignation and disdain? The only desire which this object could gratify will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance, but with triumph. As resentment will succeed to disappointment, a desire to mortify will succeed a desire to please; and the husband may be urged to solicit a mistress, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which lasted only till she was known.

Let it, therefore, be remembered, that none can be disciples of the Graces, but in the school of Virtue; and that those who wish to be LOVELY, must learn early to be GOOD.

No. LXXXIII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1753.

*Illic enim debet toto animo a poeta in dissolutionem nodi, agi; eaque præcipua fabulæ pars est quæ requirit plurimum diligentia.*

CICERO.

*The poet ought to exert his whole strength and spirit in the solution of his plot; which is the principal part of the fable, and requires the utmost diligence and care.*

OF the three only perfect Epopees which, in the compass of so many ages, human wit has been able to produce, the conduct and constitution of the *Odyssey* seem to be the most artificial and judicious.

Aristotle observes, that there are two kinds of fables, the simple and the complex. A fable in tragic or epic poetry, is denominated simple, when the events it contains follow each other in a continued and unbroken tenour, without a Recognition or discovery, and without a Peripetie or unexpected change of fortune. A fable is called complex, when it contains both a discovery and a peripetie. And this great critic, whose knowledge of human nature was consummate, determines, that fables of the latter species far excel those of the former, because they more deeply interest and more irresistibly move the reader, by adding surprize and astonishment to every other passion which they excite.

The philosopher, agreeably to this observation, prefers the *Oedipus* of Sophocles, and the *Iphigenia in Tauris*, and *Alcestes* of Euripides; to the *Ajax*, *Philoctetes*, and *Medea*, of the same writers, and to the *Prometheus* of Æschylus: because these last are all uncomplicated fables; that is, the evils and misfortunes that befall the personages represented in these dramas, are unchangeably continued from the beginning to the end of each piece. For the same reasons, the *Athalie* of Racine, and the *Merope*'s of Maffei and Voltaire, are beyond comparison the most affecting stories that have been handled by any modern tragic writer: the discoveries, that Joas is the king of Israel, and that Egisthus is the son of Merope, who had just ordered him to be murdered, are so unexpected, but yet so probable, that they may justly be esteemed very great efforts of judgment and ge-

nus, and contribute to place these two poems at the head of dramatic compositions.

The fable of the *Odyssey* being complex, and containing a discovery and a change in the fortune of its hero, is upon this single consideration, exclusive of its other beauties, if we follow the principles of Aristotle, much superior to the fables of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, which are both simple and unadorned with a peripetie or recognition. The naked story of this poem, stript of all its ornaments, and of the very names of the characters, is exhibited by Aristotle in the following passage, which is almost literally translated.

‘ A man is for several years absent from his home; Neptune continually watches and persecutes him; his retinue being destroyed, he remains alone: but while his estate is wasting by the suitors of his wife, and his son’s life is plotted against, he himself suddenly arrives after many storms at sea, discovers himself to some of his friends, falls on the suitors, establishes himself in safety, and destroys his enemies. This is what is essential to the fable; the episodes make up the rest.

From these observations on the nature of the fables of the *Odyssey* in general, we may proceed to consider it more minutely. The two chief parts of every epic fable are its Intrigue or Plot, and its Solution or Unravelling. The intrigue is formed by a complication of different intereues, which keep the mind of the reader in a pleasing suspense, and fill him with anxious wishes to see the obstacles that oppose the designs of the hero happily removed. The solution consists in removing these difficulties, in satisfying the curiosity of the reader by the completion of the intended action, and in leaving his mind in perfect repose, without expectation of any farther event.

Both of these should arise naturally and easily out of the very essence and subject of the poem itself, should not be deduced from circumstances foreign and extrinsic, and should be at the same time probable yet wonderful.

The anger of Neptune, who resented the punishment which Ulysses had inflicted on his son Polypheme, induces him to prevent the return of the hero to Ithaca, by driving him from country to country by violent tempests; and from this indignation of Neptune is formed the intrigue of the *Odyssæy* in the first part of the poem; that is, in plain prose, 'What more natural and usual obstacle do they encounter who take long voyages, than the violence of winds and storms?' The plot of the second part of the poem is founded on circumstances equally probable and natural; on the unavoidable effects of the long absence of a master, whose return was despaired of, the insolence of his servants, the dangers to which his wife and his son were exposed, the ruin of his estate, and the disorder of his kingdom.

The address and art of Homer in the gradual solution of this plot, by the most probable and easy expedients, are equally worthy our admiration and applause. Ulysses is driven by a tempest to the island of the Phæacians where he is generously and hospitably received. During a banquet which Alcinous the king has prepared for him, the poet most artfully contrives that the bard Demodocus should sing the Destruction of Troy. At the recital of his past labours, and at hearing the names of his old companions, from whom he was now separated, our hero could no longer contain himself, but burst into tears and weeps bitterly. The curiosity of Alcinous being excited by this unaccountable sorrow, he intreats Ulysses to discover who he is, and what he has suffered; which request furnishes a most proper and probable occasion to the hero to relate a long series of adventures in the four following books; an occasion much more natural than that which induces Æneas to communicate his history to Dido. By this judicious conduct, Homer taught his successors the artful manner

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of entering abruptly into the midst of the action; and of making the reader acquainted with the previous circumstances by a narrative from the hero. The Phæacians, a people fond of strange and amusing tales, resolved to fit out a ship for the distressed hero, as a reward for the entertainment he had given them. When he arrives in Ithaca, his absence, his age, and his travels, render him totally unknown to all but his faithful dog Argus: he then puts on a disguise, that he may be the better enabled to surprize and to punish the riotous suitors, and to re-establish the tranquillity of his kingdom. The reader thinks that Ulysses is frequently on the point of being discovered, particularly when he engages in the shooting-match with the suitors, and when he enters into conversation with Penelope in the nineteenth book, and personates a fictitious character; but he is still judiciously disappointed, and the suspense is kept up as long as possible. And at last, when his nurse Euryclea discovers him by the scar in his thigh, it is a circumstance so simple and so natural, that notwithstanding Aristotle places these recognitions, by Signs and Tokens, below those that are effected by Reasoning as in the *Oedipus* and *Iphigenia*: yet ought it ever to be remembered, that Homer was the original from whom this striking method of unravelling a fable, by a discovery and a peripeteia, was manifestly borrowed. The doubts and fears of Penelope lest Ulysses was not in reality her husband, and the tendernefs and endearments that ensue upon her conviction that he is, render the surprize and satisfaction of the reader complete.

Upon the whole, the *Odyssæy* is a poem that exhibits the finest lessons of morality, the most entertaining variety of scenes and events, the most lively and natural pictures of civil and domestic life, the truest representation of the manners and customs of antiquity, and the justest pattern of a legitimate *Epos*: and is, therefore, peculiarly useful to those who are animated by the noble ambition of adorning humanity by living or by writing well.

Z

E e

No. LXXXVI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1753.

Tolle periculum,  
*Jam vaga profiliet frænis natura remotis.*      HOR.

*But take the danger and the shame away,  
 And vagrant nature bounds upon her prey.*      FRANCIS.

## TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT has been observed, I think by Sir William Temple, and after him by almost every other writer, that England affords a greater variety of characters than the rest of the world. This is ascribed to the liberty prevailing amongst us, which gives every man the privilege of being wise or foolish his own way, and preserves him from the necessity of hypocrisy or the servility of imitation.

That the position itself is true, I am not completely satisfied. To be nearly acquainted with the people of different countries can happen to very few; and in life, as in every thing else beheld at a distance, there appears an even uniformity: the petty discriminations which diversify the natural character, are not discoverable but by a close inspection; we, therefore, find them most at home, because there we have most opportunities of remarking them. Much less am I convinced that this peculiar diversification, if it be real, is the consequence of peculiar liberty; for where is the government to be found that superintends individuals with so much vigilance, as not to leave their private conduct without restraint? Can it enter into a reasonable mind to imagine, that men of every other nation are not equally masters of their own time or houses with ourselves, and equally at liberty to be parsimonious or profuse, frolic or sullen, abstinent or luxurious? Liberty is certainly necessary to the full play of predominant humours; but such liberty is to be found alike under the government of the many or the few, in monarchies or in commonwealths.

How readily the predominant passion snatches an interval of liberty, and how fast it expands itself when the weight of restraint is taken away, I had lately an opportunity to discover, as I took a journey into the country in a stage-

coach; which, as every journey is a kind of adventure, may be very properly related to you, though I can display no such extraordinary assembly as Cervantes has collected at Don Quixote's inn.

In a stage-coach the passengers are for the most part wholly unknown to one another, and without expectation of ever meeting again when their journey is at an end; one should therefore, imagine, that it was of little importance to any of them, what conjectures the rest should form concerning him. Yet so it is, that as all think themselves secure from detection, all assume that character of which they are most desirous, and on no occasion is the general ambition of superiority more apparently indulged.

On the day of our departure, in the twilight of the morning, I ascended the vehicle with three men and two women, my fellow-travellers. It was easy to observe the affected elevation of mien with which every one entered; and the supercilious civility with which they paid their compliments to each. When the first ceremony was dispatched, we sat silent for a long time, all employed in collecting importance into our faces, and endeavouring to strike reverence and submission into our companions.

It is always observable that silence propagates itself, and that the longer talk has been suspended, the more difficult it is to find any thing to say. We began now to wish for conversation: but no one seemed inclined to descend from his dignity, or first propose a topic of discourse. At last a corpulent gentleman, who had equipped himself for this expedition with a scarlet furtout and a large hat with a broad lace, drew out his watch, looked on it in silence, and then held it dangling a his finger. This was, I suppose, understood by all the company as an invitation to ask the

time of the day, but nobody appeared to heed his overture; and his desire to be talking so far overcame his resentment, that he let us know of his own accord that it was past five, and that in two hours we should be at breakfast.

His condescension was thrown away; we continued all obdurate; the ladies held up their heads; I amused myself with watching their behaviour; and of the other two, one seemed to employ himself in counting the trees as we drove by them, the other drew his hat over his eyes and counterfeited a slumber. The man of benevolence, to shew that he was not depressed by our neglect, hummed a tune and beat time upon his snuff-box.

Thus universally displeased with one another, and not much delighted with ourselves, we came at last to the little inn appointed for our repast; and all began at once to recompense themselves for the constraint of silence, by innumerable questions and orders to the people that attended us. At last, what every one had called for was got, or declared impossible to be got at that time, and we persuaded to sit round the same table; when the gentleman in the red surtout looked again upon his watch, told us that we had half an hour to spare, but he was sorry to see so little merriment among us; that all fellow-travellers were for the time upon the level, and that it was always his way to make himself one of the company. 'I remember,' says he, 'it was on just such a morning as this, that I and my Lord Mumble and the Duke of Tenterden were out upon a ramble; we called at a little house as it might be this; and my landlady, I warrant you, not suspecting to whom she was talking, was so jocular and facetious, and made so many merry answers to our questions, that we were all ready to burst with the laughter. At last, the good woman happening to hear me whisper the duke and call him by his title, was so surprised and confounded, that we could scarcely get a word from her; and the duke never met me from that day to this, but he talks of the little house, and quarrels with me for terrifying the landlady.'

He had scarcely time to congratulate himself on the veneration which this narrative must

have procured him from the company, when one of the ladies having reached out for a plate on a distant part of the table, began to remark the inconveniencies of travelling, and the difficulty which they who never sat at home without a great number of attendants found in performing for themselves such offices as the road required; but that people of quality often travelled in disguise, and might be generally known from the vulgar by their condescension to poor inn-keepers, and the allowance which they made for any defect in their entertainment; that for her part, while people were civil and meant well, it was never her custom to find fault, for one was not to expect upon a journey all that one enjoyed at one's own house.

A general emulation seemed now to be excited. One of the men, who had hitherto said nothing, called for the last news-paper: and having perused it a while with deep pensiveness—'It is impossible,' says he, 'for any man to guess how to act with regard to the stocks: last week it was the general opinion that they would fall, and I sold out twenty thousand pounds in order to purchase: they have now risen unexpectedly; and I make no doubt but at my return to London I shall risk thirty thousand pounds among them again.'

A young man, who had hitherto distinguished himself only by the vivacity of his looks, and a frequent diversion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this closed his snuff-box, and told us, that he had a hundred times talked with the chancellor and the judges on the subject of the stocks; that for his part he did not pretend to be well acquainted with the principles on which they were established, but had always heard them reckoned pernicious to trade, uncertain in their produce, and unsolid in their foundation; and that he had been advised by three judges, his most intimate friends, never to venture his money in the funds, but to put it out upon land-security till he could light upon an estate in his own country.

It might be expected, that upon these glimpses of latent dignity, we should all have begun to look round us with veneration; and have behaved like the princes of romance, when the enchantment that disguises them is dissolved,

and they discovered the dignity of each other : yet it happened that none of these hints made much impression on the company ; every one was apparently suspected of endeavouring to impose false appearances upon the rest : all continued their haughtiness in hopes to enforce their claims ; and all grew every hour more fullen, because they found their representations of themselves without effect.

Thus we travelled on four days with malevolence perpetually increasing, and without any endeavour but to outvie each other in superciliousness and neglect ; and when any two of us could separate ourselves for a moment, we vented our indignation at the sauciness of the rest.

At length the journey was at an end ; and time and chance, that strip off all disguises, have discovered, that the intimate of lords and dukes is a nobleman's butler, who has furnished a shop with the money he has saved ; the man who deals so largely in the funds, is a clerk of a broker in 'Change-Alley ; the lady who so carefully concealed her quality, keeps a cook-shop behind the Exchange ; and the young man, who is so happy in the friendship of the judges, engrosses and transcribes for bread in a garret of the Temple. Of one of

the women only I could make no disadvantageous detection, because she had assumed no character, but accommodated herself to the scene before her, without any struggle for distinction or superiority.

I could not forbear to reflect on the folly of practising a fraud, which, as the event shewed, had been already practised too often to succeed, and by the success of which no advantage could have been obtained ; of assuming a character which was to end with the day ; and of claiming upon false pretences honours which must perish with the breath that paid them.

But, Mr. Adventurer, let not those who laugh at me and my companions, think this folly confined to a stage coach. Every man in the journey of life takes the same advantage of the ignorance of his fellow-travellers, disguises himself in counterfeited merit, and hears those praises with complacency which his conscience reproaches him for accepting. Every man deceives himself, while he thinks he is deceiving others ; and forgets that the time is at hand when every illusion shall cease, when fictitious excellence shall be torn away, and ALL must be shewn to ALL in their real estate.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,  
T

VIATOR.

No. LXXXV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1753.

*Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,  
Multa tulit fecitque puer.*

HOR.

*The youth, who hopes th' olympic prize to gain,  
All arts must try, and every toil sustain.*

FRANCIS.

IT is observed by Bacon, that 'reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man.'

As Bacon attained to degrees of knowledge scarcely ever reached by any other man, the directions which he gives for study have certainly a just claim to our regard ; for who can teach an art with so great authority, as he that has practised it with undisputed success?

Under the protection of so great a name, I shall, therefore, venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the necessity of reading, the fitness of consulting other understandings than their own, and of considering the sentiments and opinions of those who, how-

ever neglected in the present age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, such reputation for knowledge and acuteness, as will scarcely ever be attained by those that despise them.

An opinion has of late been, I know not how, propagated among us, that libraries are filled only with useless lumber ; that men of parts stand in need of no assistance ; and that to spend life in poring upon books, is only to imbibe prejudices, to obstruct and embarrass the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expence of judgment, and to bury reason under a chaos of indigested learning.

Such is the talk of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be justly suspected of endeavouring to shelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wishing to destroy that reputation which they have no hopes to share. It will, I believe, be found invariably true, that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to those who venture to condemn that which they do not know?

If reason has the power ascribed to it by its advocates, if so much is to be discovered by attention and meditation, it is hard to believe, that so many millions, equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourselves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain: if the wits of the present time expect the regard of posterity, which will then inherit the reason which is now thought superior to instruction, surely they may allow themselves to be instructed by the reason of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares, that he has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his predecessors, and such a declaration has been lately made, nothing but a degree of arrogance unpardonable in the greatest human understanding, can hinder him from perceiving that he is raising prejudices against his own performance; for with what hopes of success can he attempt that in which greater abilities have hitherto miscarried? or with what peculiar force does he suppose himself invigorated, that difficulties hitherto invincible should give way before him?

Of those whom Providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge, the number is extremely small; and what can be added by each single mind, even of this superior class, is very little: the greatest part of mankind must owe all their knowledge, and all must owe far the larger part of it, to the information of others. To understand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their systems, and retain their reasonings, is a task more than equal to common intellects; and he is by no means to be accounted useless or idle, who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others who have less leisure or weaker abilities.

Perfius has justly observed, that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to possess it: to the scholar himself it is nothing with respect either to honour or advantage, for the world cannot reward those qualities which are concealed from it; with respect to others it is nothing, because it affords no help to ignorance or error.

It is with justice, therefore, that in an accomplished character, Horace unites just sentiments with the power of expressing them; and he that has once accumulated learning, is next to consider, how he shall most widely diffuse and most agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by conversation. He that buries himself among his manuscripts 'besprent,' as Pope expresses it, 'with learned dust,' and wears out his days and nights in perpetual research and solitary meditation, is too apt to lose in his elocution what he adds to his wisdom; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his speculations, of adapting himself to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of conversation will present, but will talk to most unintelligibly, and to all unpleasantly.

I was once present at the lectures of a profound philosopher, a man really skilled in the science which he professed, who having occasion to explain the terms *OPACUM* and *PELLUCIDUM*, told us, after some hesitation, that *OPACUM* was, as one might say, *OPAQUE*, and that *PELLUCIDUM* signified *PELLUCID*. Such was the dexterity with which this learned reader facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of science; and so true is it, that a man may know what he cannot teach.

Boerhaave complains, that the writers who have treated of chemistry before him, are useless to the greater part of students, because they presuppose their readers to have such degrees of skill as are not often to be found. Into the same error are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any subject to themselves in solitude: they discourse as if they thought every other man had been employed in the same inquiries; and expect that short hints and obscure allusions will produce in others

the same train of ideas which they excite in themselves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of study suffers from a recluse life. When he meets with an opinion that pleases him, he catches it up with eagerness; looks only after such arguments as tend to his confirmation; or spares himself the trouble of discussion, and adopts it with very little proof; indulges it long without suspicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treasures it up among incontestible truths: but when he comes into the world among men who, arguing upon dissimilar principles, have been led to different conclusions, and being placed in various situations, view the same object on many sides; he finds his darling position attacked, and himself in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the state of a man who having fenced always with the same master, is perplexed and amazed by a new posture of his antagonist; he is entangled in unexpected difficulties, he is harassed by sudden objections, he is unprovided with solutions or replies, his surprize impedes his natural powers of reasoning, his thoughts are scattered and confounded, and he gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an easy victory.

It is difficult, to imagine with what obstinacy truths which one mind perceives almost by intuition, will be rejected by another; and how many artifices must be practised, to procure admission for the most evident propositions into understandings frightened by their novelty, or hardened against them by accidental prejudice; it can scarcely be conceived, how frequently, in these extemporaneous controversies, the dull will be subtle, and the acute absurd; how often stupidity will elude the force of argument, by involving itself in its own gloom; and mistaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reason can scarcely find means to disentangle.

In these encounters the learning of the recluse usually fails him: nothing but long habit and frequent experiments can confer the power of changing a position into various forms, presenting it in different points of view, connecting it with known and granted truths, fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and illustrating it by apt similitudes; and he, there-

fore, that has collected his knowledge in solitude, must learn its application by mixing with mankind.

But while the various opportunities of conversation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our sentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the use of such as are not in themselves strictly defensible: a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the mistakes or ignorance of his adversary, lays hold of concessions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail on his opponent, though he knows himself that they have no force: thus the severity of reason is relaxed, many topics are accumulated, but without just arrangement or distinction; we learn to satisfy ourselves with such ratiocination as silences others; and seldom recal to a close examination that discourse which has gratified our vanity with victory and applause.

Some caution, therefore, must be used, lest copiousness and facility be made less valuable by inaccuracy and confusion. To fix the thoughts by writing, and subject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the best method of enabling the mind to detect its own sophisms, and keep it on guard against the fallacies which it practises on others: in conversation we naturally diffuse our thoughts, and in writing we contract them; method is the excellence of writing, and unconstraint the grace of conversation.

To read, write, and converse in due proportions, is, therefore, the business of a man of letters. For all these there is not often equal opportunity; excellence, therefore, is not often attainable; and most men fail in one or other of the ends proposed, and are full without readiness, or ready without exactness. Some deficiency must be forgiven all, because all are men; and more must be allowed to pass uncensured in the greater part of the world, because none can confer upon himself abilities, and few have the choice of situations proper for the improvement of those which nature has bestowed: it is, however, reasonable, to have Perfection in our eye; that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

T



No. LXXXVI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1753.

*Concubitu prohibere vage—*

HOR.

*The wandering wish of lawless love suppress,*

FRANCIS.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

TO indulge that restless impatience, which every man feels to relate incidents by which the passions have been greatly affected, and communicate ideas that have been forcibly impressed, I have given you some account of my life, which, without farther apology or introduction, may, perhaps, be favourably received in an Adventurer.

My mother died when I was very young; and my father, who was a naval commander, and had, therefore, no opportunity to superintend my conduct, placed me at a grammar school, and afterwards removed me to the university. At school the number of boys was so great, that to regulate our morals was impossible; and at the university even my learning contributed to the dissoluteness of my manners. As I was an only child, my father had always allowed me more money than I knew how to lay out, otherwise than in the gratification of my vices: I had sometimes, indeed, been restrained by a general sense of right and wrong; but I now opposed the remonstrances of conscience by the cavils of sophistry; and having learned of some celebrated philosophers, as well ancient as modern, to prove that nothing is good but pleasure, I became a rake upon principle.

My father died in the same year with Queen Anne, a few months before I became of age, and left me a very considerable fortune in the funds. I immediately quitted the university and came to London, which I considered as the great mart of pleasure; and as I could afford to deal largely, I wisely determined not to endanger my capital. I projected a scheme of life that was most agreeable to my temper, which was rather sedate than volatile, and regulated my expences with the œconomy of a philosopher. I found that my favourite appetites might be gratified with greater convenience and less

scandal, in proportion as my life was more private: instead, therefore, of incumbering myself with a family, I took the first floor of a house which was let into lodgings, hired one servant, and kept a brace of geldings at a livery stable. I constantly frequented the theatres, and found my principles confirmed by almost every piece that was represented, particularly my resolution never to marry. In comedy, indeed, the action terminated in marriage; but it was generally the marriage of a rake, who gave up his liberty with reluctance, as the only expedient to recover a fortune; and the husband and wife of the drama were wretches whose example justified this reluctance, and appeared to be exhibited for no other purpose than to warn mankind, that whatever may be presumed by those whom indigence has made desperate, to marry is to forfeit the quiet, independence, and felicity of life.

In this course I had continued twenty years, without having impaired my constitution, lessened my fortune, or incumbered myself with an illegitimate offspring; when a girl about eighteen, just arrived from the country, was hired as a chambermaid by the person who kept the house in which I lodged: the native beauty of health and simplicity in this young creature had such an effect upon my imagination, that I practised every art to debauch her, and at length succeeded.

I found it convenient for her to continue in the house, and therefore made no proposal of removing her into lodgings; but after a few months she found herself with child, a discovery which interrupted the indolence of my sensuality, and made me repent my indiscretion: however, as I would not incur my own censure by ingratitude or inhumanity, I provided her a lodging and attendants, and she was at length delivered of a daughter. The child I regarded as a new incumbrance; for though I did not consider myself as under parental or conjugal obliga-

tions, yet I could not think myself at liberty wholly to abandon either the mother or the infant. To the mother, indeed, I had still some degree of inclination; though I should have been heartily content never to have seen her again, if I could at once have been freed from any farther trouble about her; but as something was to be done, I was willing to keep her within my reach, at least till she could be subservient to my pleasure no longer: the child, however, I would have sent away; but she intreated me to let her suckle it, with an importunity which I could not resist. After much thinking, I placed her in a little shop in the suburbs, which I furnished, at the expence of about twenty pounds, with chandlery ware, commodities of which she had some knowledge, as her father was a petty shopkeeper in the country: she reported that her husband had been killed in an engagement at sea, and that his pay, which she had been empowered to receive by his will, had purchased her stock. I now thought I had discharged every obligation, as I had enabled her to subsist, at least as well as she could have done by her labour in the station in which I found her; and as often as I had an inclination to see her, I sent for her to a bagnio.

But these interviews did not produce the pleasure which I expected: her affection for me was too tender and delicate: she often wept in spight of all her efforts against it; and could not forbear telling me stories of her little girl with the fond prolixity of a mother, when I wished to regard her only as a mistress. These incidents at once touched me with compunction, and quenched the appetite which I had intended to gratify: my visits, therefore, became less frequent; but she never sent after me when I was absent, nor reproached me, otherwise than by tears of tenderness, when she saw me again.

After the first year I wholly neglected her; and having heard nothing of her during the winter, I went to spend the summer in the country. When I returned, I was prompted rather by curiosity than desire to make some inquiry after her; and soon learnt that she had died some months before of the small-pox, that the goods had been seized for rent, and the child taken by the parish. At this account, so sudden and unexpected, I was sensibly touched; and at first conceived a design to rescue the child

from the hands of a parish nurse, and make some little provision for it when it should be grown up: but this was delayed from day to day, such was the supineness of my disposition, till the event was remembered with less and less sensibility; and at length I congratulated myself upon my deliverance from an engagement which I had always considered as resembling in some degree the shackles of matrimony, I resolved to incur the same embarrassment no more, and contented myself with strolling from one prostitute to another, of whom I had seen many generations perish; and the new faces which I once sought among the masks in the pit, I found with less trouble at Cuper's, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and innumerable other places of public entertainment, which have appeared during the last twenty years of my life.

A few weeks ago I celebrated my sixtieth birth-day with some of my friends at a tavern; and as I was returning to my lodgings, I saw a hackney coach stop at the door of a house which I knew to be of ill repute, though it was private and of the first class. Just as I came up, a girl stepped out of it, who appeared, by the imperfect glimpse I caught of her as she passed, to be very young, and extremely beautiful. As I was warm with wine, I followed her in without hesitation, and was delighted to find her equally charming upon a nearer view. I detained the coach, and proposed that we should go to Haddock's: she hesitated with some appearance of unwillingness and confusion, but at length consented: she soon became more free, and I was not less pleased with her conversation than her person: I observed that she had a softness in her manner, which is quickly worn off by habitual prostitution.

We had drank a bottle of French wine, and were preparing to go to bed, when, to my unspeakable confusion and astonishment, I discovered a mark by which I knew her to be my child: for I remembered, that the poor girl, whom I so cruelly seduced and neglected, had once told me with tears in her eyes, that she had imprinted the two letters of my name under her little Nancy's left breast, which, perhaps, would be the only memorial she would ever have of a father. I was instantly struck with a sense of guilt with which I had not been familiar, and therefore felt all its force.

The poor wretch, whom I was about to hire for the gratification of a brutal appetite, perceived my disorder with surprise and concern: she enquired with an officious solicitude, what sudden illness had seized me; she took my hand, pressed it, and looked eagerly in my face, still inquisitive what could be done to relieve me. I remained some time torpid; but was soon roused by the reflection, that I was receiving caresses of my child, whom I had abandoned to the lowest infamy, to be the slave of drunkenness and lust, and whom I had led to the brink of incest. I suddenly started up; first held her at a distance; then catching her in my arms, strove to speak, but burst into tears. I saw that she was confounded and terrified; and as soon as I could recover my speech, I put an end to her doubts by revealing the secret.

It is impossible to express the effect it had upon her: she stood motionless a few minutes; then clasped her hands together, and looked up in an agony, which not to have seen is not to conceive. The tears at length started from her eyes; she recollected herself, called me Father, threw herself upon her knees, embracing mine, and plunging a new dagger in my heart by asking my blessing.

We sat up together the remainder of the night, which I spent in listening to a story that I may, perhaps, hereafter communicate; and the next day took lodgings for her about six miles from

town. I visit her every day with emotions to which my heart has till now been a stranger, and which are every day more frequent and more strong. I propose to retire with her into some remote part of the country, and to atone for the past by the future: but, alas! of the future a few years only can remain; and of the past not a moment can return. What atonement can I make to those upon whose daughters I have contributed to perpetuate that calamity, from which by miracle I have rescued my own! How can I bear the reflection, that though for my own child I had hitherto expressed less kindness than brutes for their young; yet, perhaps, every other whom I either hired or seduced to prostitution, had been gazed at in the ardour of parental affection, till tears have started to the eye; had been caught to the bosom with transport, in the prattling simplicity of infancy: had been watched in sickness with anxiety that suspended sleep; had been fed by the toil of industrious poverty, and reared to maturity with hope and fear. What a monster is he by whom these fears are verified, and this hope deceived! And yet, so dreadful is the force of habitual guilt, I sometimes regret the restraint which is come upon me; I wish to sink again into the slumber from which I have been roused, and to repeat the crimes which I abhor. My heart is this moment bursting for utterance: but I want words. Farewel. AGAMUS.

## NO. LXXXVII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1753.

*Iracundior est paulo; minus aptus acutis  
Naribus horum hominum; rideri posset, eo quod  
Rusticius tonso toga desuit, et male laxus  
In pede calceus hæret:—at ingenium ingens  
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore——* HOR.

*Your friend is passionate; perhaps unfit  
For the brisk petulance of modern wit:  
His hair ill cut, his robe that awkward flows,  
Or his large shoes, to raillery expose  
The man——  
But underneath this rough uncouth disguise,  
A genius of extensive knowledge lies.* FRANCIS.

THERE are many accomplishments, which though they are comparatively trivial, and may be acquired by small abilities, are yet of great importance in our common

intercourse with men. Of this kind is that general courtesy, which is called Good Breeding; a name by which, as an artificial excellence, it is at once characterized and recommended.

Good-breeding, as it is generally employed in the gratification of vanity, a passion almost universally predominant, is more highly prized by the majority than any other; and he who wants it, though he may be preserved from contempt by incontestable superiority either of virtue or of parts, will yet be regarded with malevolence, and avoided as an enemy with whom it is dangerous to combat.

In some instances, indeed, the enmity of others cannot be avoided without the participation of guilt; but then it is the enmity of those with whom neither virtue nor wisdom can desire to associate: and good-breeding may generally be practised upon more easy and more honourable terms, than acquiescence in the destruction of malice or the adulation of servility, the obscenity of a lecher, or the blasphemy of an infidel. Disagreeable truths may be suppressed; and when they can be suppressed without guilt, they cannot innocently be uttered; the boast of vanity may be suffered without severe reprehension, and the prattle of absurdity may be heard without expressions of contempt.

It happens, indeed, somewhat unfortunately, that the practice of good-breeding, however necessary, is obstructed by the possession of more valuable talents; and that great integrity, delicacy, sensibility, and spirit, exalted genius, and extensive learning, frequently render men ill-bred.

Petrarch relates, that his admirable friend and cotemporary, Dante Alighieri, one of the most exalted and original geniuses that ever appeared, being banished his country, and having retired to the court of a prince which was then the sanctuary of the unfortunate, was held at first in great esteem; but became daily less acceptable to his patron, by the severity of his manners and the freedom of his speech. There were at the same court many players and buffoons, gamesters and debauchees; one of whom, distinguished by his impudence, ribaldry, and obscenity, was greatly caressed by the rest; which the prince suspecting Dante not to be pleased with, ordered the man to be brought before him; and, having highly extolled him, turned to Dante, and said—‘I wonder that this person, who is by some deemed a fool, and by others a madman, should yet be so

generally pleasing, and so generally beloved; when you, who are celebrated for wisdom, are yet heard without pleasure, and commended without friendship.’—‘You would cease to wonder,’ replied Dante, ‘if you considered, that a conformity of character is the source of friendship.’ This sarcasm, which had all the force of truth, and all the keenness of wit, was intolerable, and Dante was immediately disgraced and banished.

But by this answer, though the indignation which produced it was founded on virtue, Dante probably gratified his own vanity, as much as he mortified that of others: it was the petulant reproach of resentment and pride, which is always retorted with rage; and not the still voice of Reason, which is heard with complacency and reverence. If Dante intended reformation, his answer was not wise; if he did not intend reformation, his answer was not good.

Great delicacy, sensibility, and penetration, do not less obstruct the practice of good-breeding than integrity. Persons thus qualified, not only discover proportionably more faults and failing in the characters which they examine, but are more disgusted with faults and failings which they discover: the common topics of conversation are too trivial to engage their attention; the various turns of fortune that have lately happened at a game at Whist, the history of a ball at Tunbridge or Bath, a description of Lady Fanny’s jewels and Lady Kitty’s vapours, the journals of a horse-race or a cock match, and disquisitions on the game act or the scarcity of partridges, are subjects upon which men of delicate taste do not always chuse to declaim, and on which they cannot patiently hear the declamation of others. But they should remember, that their impatience is the impotence of reason and the prevalence of vanity; that if they sit silent and reserved, wrapped up in the contemplation of their own dignity, they will in their turn be despised and hated by those whom they hate and despise; and with better reason, for perverted power ought to be more odious than debility. To hear with patience and to answer with civility, seems to comprehend all the good-breeding of conversation; and in proportion as this is easy, silence and inattention are without excuse.

He who does not practise good-breeding will not find himself considered as the object of good-breeding by others. There is, however, a species of rusticity, which is not less absurd than injurious to treat with contempt: this species of ill-breeding is become almost proverbially the characteristic of a scholar; nor should it be expected, that he who is deeply attentive to an abstruse science, or who employs any of the three great faculties of the soul, the memory, the imagination, or the judgment, in the close pursuit of their several objects, should have studied punctilios of form and ceremony, and be equally able to shine at a rout and in the schools. That the bow of a chronologer, and the compliment of an astronomer, should be improper or uncouth, cannot be thought strange to those who duly consider the narrowness of our faculties, and the impossibility of attaining universal excellence.

Equally excusable, for the same reasons, are that absence of mind, and that forgetfulness of

place and person, to which scholars are so frequently subject. When Lewis XIV. was one day lamenting the death of an old comedian whom he highly extolled—'Yes,' replied Boileau, in the presence of Madam Maintenon, 'he performed tolerably well in the despicable pieces of Scarron, which are now deservedly forgotten even in the provinces.'

As every condition of life, and every turn of mind, has some peculiar temptation and propensity to evil, let not the man of uprightness and honesty be morose and surly in his practice of virtue; let not him, whose delicacy and penetration discern with disgust those imperfections in others from which he himself is not free, indulge perpetual peevishness and discontent; nor let learning and knowledge be pleaded as an excuse for not condescending to the common offices and duties of civil life: for as no man should be Well-bred at the expence of his Virtue, no man should practise virtue so as to deter others from Imitation. Z.

## No. LXXXVIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1753.

—————*Semperque relinqui*  
*Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur*  
*Ire viam*—————

VIRG.

—————*She seems alone,*  
*To wander in her sleep, thro' ways unknown,*  
*Guideless and dark.*—————

DRYDEN.

NEWTON, whose power of investigating nature few will deny to have been superior to their own, confesses, that he cannot account for gravity, the first principle of his system, as a property communicable to matter; or conceive the phenomena supposed to be the effects of such a principle, to be otherwise produced, than by the immediate and perpetual influence of the ALMIGHTY: and, perhaps, those who most attentively consider the phenomena of the moral and natural world, will be most inclined to admit the agency of invisible beings.

In dreams, the mind appears to be wholly passive; for dreams are so far from being the effect of a voluntary effort, that we neither know of what we shall dream, nor whether we shall dream at all,

The human mind does not, indeed, appear to have any power equal to such an effect; for the ideas conceived in dreams without the intervention of sensible objects, are much more perfect and strong than can be formed at other times by the utmost effort of the most lively imagination: and it can scarce be supposed, that the mind is more vigorous when we sleep, than when we are awake; especially if it be true, as I have before remarked, that 'in sleep the power of memory is wholly suspended, and the understanding is employed only about such objects as present themselves, without comparing the past with the present;' except we judge of the soul by a maxim which some deep philosophers have held concerning horses, that when the tail is cut off, the rest of the members become more strong.

In lunacy, as in dreams, ideas are conceived which material objects do not excite; and which the force of imagination exerted by a voluntary effort, cannot form: but the mind of the lunatic, besides being impressed with the images of things that do not fall under the cognizance of his senses, is prevented from receiving corresponding images from those that do. When the visionary monarch looks round upon his cloaths which he has decorated with the spoils of his bed, his mind does not conceive the ideas of rags and straw, but of velvet, embroidery, and gold; and when he gazes at the bounds of his cell, the images impressed upon his mind is not that of a naked wall which incloses an area of ten feet square; but of wainscot, and painting, and tapestry, the bounds of a spacious apartment adorned with magnificent furniture, and crowded with splendid dependants.

Of the lunatic it is also universally true, that his understanding is perverted to evils, which a mere perversion of the understanding does not necessarily imply; he either sits torpid in despair, or is busied in the contrivance or the execution of mischief. But if lunacy is ultimately produced by mere material causes, it is difficult to shew, why misery or malevolence should always be complicated with absurdity, why madness should not sometimes produce instances of frantic and extravagant kindness, of a benevolent purpose formed upon erroneous principles and pursued by ridiculous means, and of an honest and harmless cheerfulness arising from the fancied felicity of others.

A lunatic, is, indeed, sometimes merry; but the merry lunatic is never kind; his sport is always mischief; and mischief is rather aggravated than atoned by wantonness; his disposition is always evil in proportion to the height of his phrenzy: and upon this occasion it may be remarked, that if every approach to madness is a deviation to ill, every deviation to ill may be considered as an approach to madness.

Among other unaccountable phenomena in lunacy, is the invincible absurdity of opinion with respect to some single object, while the mind operates with its full vigour upon every other: it sometimes happens, that when this object is presented to the mind, reason is thrown quite out of her seat, and the perversi-

on of the understanding for a time becomes general; but sometimes it still continues to be perverted but in part, and the absurdity itself is defended with all the force of regular argumentation.

A most extraordinary instance of this kind may now be communicated to the public, without injury to a good man, or a good cause which he successfully maintained.

Mr. Simon Browne, a dissenting teacher of exemplary life and eminent intellectual abilities, after having been some time seized with melancholy, desisted from the duties of his function, and could not be persuaded to join in any act of worship either public or private. His friends often urged him to account for this change in his conduct, at which they expressed the utmost grief and astonishment; and after much importunity he told them, that he had fallen under the sensible displeasure of God, who had caused his rational soul gradually to perish, and left him only an animal life in common with brutes; that it was, therefore, prophane for him to pray, and incongruous to be present at the prayers of others.

In this opinion, however absurd, he was inflexible, at a time when all the powers of his mind subsisted in their full vigour, when his conceptions were clear, and his reasoning strong.

Being once importuned to say grace at the table of a friend, he excused himself many times: but the request being still repeated, and the company kept standing, he discovered evident tokens of distress, and after some irresolute gestures and hesitation, expressed with great fervor this ejaculation: 'Most merciful and Almighty God, let thy Spirit, which moved upon the face of the waters when there was no light, defend upon me; that from this darkness there may rise up a man to praise thee!'

But the most astonishing proof both of his intellectual excellence and defect, is, 'A defence of the Religion of Nature and the Christian Revelation, in answer to Tindal's 'Christianity as old as the Creation,' and his dedication of it to the late queen. The book is universally allowed to be the best which that controversy produced, and the dedication is as follows:

MADAM,

MADAM,

OF all the extraordinary things that have been tendered to your royal hands since your first happy arrival in Britain, it may be boldly said, what now bespeaks your majesty's acceptance is the chief.

Not in itself indeed; it is a trifle unworthy your exalted rank, and what will hardly prove an entertaining amusement to one of your majesty's deep penetration, exact judgment, and fine taste.

But on account of the author, who is the first being of the kind, and yet without a name.

He was once a man; and of some little name; but of no worth, as his present unparalleled case makes but too manifest; for by the immediate hand of an avenging GOD, his very thinking substance has for more than seven years been continually wasting away, till it is wholly perished out of him, if it be not utterly come to nothing. None, no not the least remembrance of its very ruins, remains, not the shadow of an idea is left, nor any sense that, so much as one single one, perfect or imperfect, whole or diminished, ever did appear to a mind within him, or was perceived by it.

Such a present from such a thing, however worthless in itself, may not be wholly unacceptable to your majesty, the author being such as history cannot parallel: and if the fact, which is real and no fiction, nor wrong conceit, obtains credit, it must be recorded as the most memorable, and indeed astonishing, event in the reign of George the Second, that a tract composed by such a thing was presented to the illustrious Caroline; his royal consort needs not be added; fame, if I am not misinformed, will tell that with pleasure to all succeeding times.

He has been informed, that your majesty's piety is as genuine and eminent, as your excellent qualities are great and conspicuous. This can, indeed, be truly known to the great Searcher of hearts only; He alone who can look into them, can discern if they are sincere, and the main intention corresponds with the appearance; and your majesty cannot take it amiss, if such an author hints, that His secret approbation is of infinitely greater value than

the commendation of men, who may be easily mistaken, and are too apt to flatter their superiors.

But if he has been told the truth, such a case as his will certainly strike your majesty with astonishment, and may raise that commiseration in your royal breast which he has in vain endeavoured to excite in those of his friends; who, by the most unreasonable and ill-founded conceit in the world, have imagined that a thinking being could for seven years together live a stranger to its own powers, exercises, operations and state, and to what the great God has been doing in it and to it.

If your majesty, in your most retired address to the KING of kings, should think of so singular a case, you may, perhaps, make it your devout request, that the reign of your beloved sovereign and comfort may be renowned to all posterity by the recovery of a soul now in the utmost ruin, the restoration of one utterly lost at present amongst men.

And should this case affect your royal breast, you will recommend it to the piety and prayers of all the truly devout who have the honour to be known to your majesty: many such doubts there are; though courts are not usually the places where the devout resort, or where devotion reigns. And it is not improbable, that multitudes of the pious throughout the land may take a case to heart, that under your majesty's patronage comes thus recommended.

Could such a favour as this restoration be obtained from Heaven by the prayers of your majesty, with what a transport of gratitude would the recovered being throw himself at your majesty's feet; and, adoring the DIVINE POWER and GRACE, profess himself, Madam,

Your majesty's most obliged

And dutiful servant.

This dedication, which is no where feeble or absurd, but in the places where the object of his phrenzy was immediately before him, his friends found means to suppress; wisely considering, that a book to which it should be prefixed would certainly be condemned without examination; for few would have required stronger evidence of its inutility, than that the author, by his dedication, appeared to be mad.



The copy, however, was preserved, and has been transcribed into the blank leaves before one of the books which is now in the library of a friend to this undertaking, who is not less distinguished

by his merit than his rank, and who recommended it as a literary curiosity, which was in danger of being lost for want of a repository in which it might be preserved.

## No. LXXXIX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1753.

*Præcipua tamen ejus in commo-venda miseratione virtus, ut quidam in hac eum parte omnibus ejusdem operis autoribus præferant.*

QUINTILIAN.

*His great excellence was in moving compassion, with respect to which many give him the first place of all the writers of that kind.*

### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT is usual for scholars to lament, with indiscriminating regret, the devastations committed on ancient libraries, by accident and time, by superstition, ignorance, and gothic-ism: but the loss is very far from being in all cases equally irreparable, as the want of some kinds of books may be much more easily supplied than that of others. By the interruption that sometimes happens in the succession of philosophical opinions, the mind is emancipated from traditionary systems, recovers its native elasticity which had been benumbed by custom, begins to examine with freedom and fresh vigour, and to follow truth instead of authority. The loss of writings, therefore, in which reasoning is concerned, is not, perhaps, so great an evil to mankind, as of those which describe characters and facts.

To be deprived of the last books of Livy, of the satires of Archilochus, and the comedies of Menander, is a greater misfortune to the republic of literature, than if the logic and physics of Aristotle had never descended to posterity.

Two of your predecessors, Mr. Adventurer, of great judgment and genius, very justly thought that they should adorn their lucubrations by publishing, one of them a fragment of Sappho, and the other an old Grecian hymn to the goddess Health: and, indeed, I conceive it to be a very important use of your paper, to bring into common light those beautiful remains of ancient art, which by their present situation are deprived of that universal admiration they so justly deserve, and are only the secret enjoyment of a few curious readers. In imitation, therefore, of the examples I have just mentioned, I shall send you, for the in-

struction and entertainment of your readers, a fragment of Simonides and of Menander.

Simonides was celebrated by the ancients for the sweetness, correctness, and purity of his style, and his irresistible skill in moving the passions. It is a sufficient panegyric that Plato often mentions him with approbation. Dionysius places him among those polished writers, who excel 'in a smooth volubility, and flow on, like plenteous and perennial rivers, in a course of even and uninterrupted harmony.'

It is to this excellent critic that we are indebted for the preservation of the following passage, the tenderness and elegance of which scarcely need be pointed out to those who have taste and sensibility. Danaë, being by her mercilefs father inclosed in a chest and thrown into the sea with her child, the poet proceeds thus far to relate her distress:

“Οτε λάρνακι ἐν δαιδαλία ἄνεμος  
βρέμη πνέων, κινηθεῖσα δὲ λίμνα  
Δείματι ῥέειπεν ἄτ’ ἀδιάνταισι  
Παρειαῖς, ἀμφὶ τὲ Περσεὶ βάλλε  
Φίλαν χεῖρα εἰπὲν τὲ—” ὦ τέκνον,  
Οἷόν ῥ’ ἔχω, πόνον. σὺ δ’ αὖτε γαλαθηνῇ  
ἥτορι κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτέρπετ’ ὄματι,  
Χαλχογόμφῳ δὲ, νυκτιλαμπεῖ,  
Κυανίῳ τὲ διοφῳ. σὺ δ’, αὐαλίαν  
Ἵπερθε τῶν κόμων βαθείαν  
Παρίοντος κύματος ἔκ ἀλγέως  
Οὐδ’ αἶμα φθόγγων, πορφυρέα,  
Κείμενος ἐν χλανίδι, πρόσῳπον καλὸν,  
Εἰ δὲ τοῖ δεινὸν τὸ γε δεινὸν ἦν,  
Καὶ κεν ἡμῶν ῥ’ ἡμάτων λεπτὸν  
Ἵππεύεις ἕας. Κέλωμαι, εὐδὲ βρέφος,  
Εὐδίτῃ δὲ πόλιος, εὐδίτῃ ἀμείρον’ κακὸν.

When the raging wind began to roar, and the waves to beat so violently on the chest as



to threaten to overfet it, ſhe threw her arm fondly around Perſeus, and ſaid, the tears trickling down her cheeks—‘ O my ſon, what ſorrows do I undergo! But thou art wrapt in a deep ſlumber; thou ſleepeſt ſoundly like a ſucking child, in this joyleſs habitation, in this dark and dreadful night, lighted only by the glimmerings of the moon! Covered with thy purple mantle, thou regardeſt not the waves that daſh around thee, nor the whiſtling of the winds. O thou beauteous babe! if thou wert ſenſible of this calamity, thou wouldeſt bend thy tender ears to my complaints. Sleep on, I beſeech thee, O my child! Sleep with him, O ye billows! and ſleep likewiſe my diſtreſs!’

Thoſe who would form a full idea of the delicacy of the Greek, ſhould attentively conſider the following happy imitation of it, which, I have reaſon to believe, is not ſo extenſively known or ſo warmly admired as it ought to be; and which, indeed, far excels the original.

The poet, having pathetically painted a great princeſs taking leave of an affectionate huſband on his death-bed, and endeavouring afterwards to comfort her inconſolable family, adds the following particular.

*His conatibus occupata, ocellos  
Guttis lucidulis adhuc madentes  
Convertit, puerum ſopore vinctum  
Quà nutrix placido ſinû ſovebat:  
‘ Dormis,’ inquit, ‘ O miſelle, nec te  
‘ Vultus exanimis, ſilentiumque  
‘ Per longa atria commovent, nec illo  
‘ Fratrum tangeris, aut meo dolore;  
‘ Nec ſentis patre deſtitutus illo,  
‘ Qui geſtans genibusve brachiove,  
‘ Aut formans lepidam tuam loquelam,  
‘ Tecum mille modis ineptiebat  
‘ Tu dormis, volitantque qui ſolebant  
‘ Riſus, in roſeis tuis labellis.—  
‘ Dormi, parvule! nec mali dolores  
‘ Qui matrem cruciant tuæ quicquid  
‘ Rumpant ſomnia.—Quando, quando, tales  
‘ Redibunt oculis meis ſopores!’*

The contraſt betwixt the inſenſibility of the infant and the agony of the mother: her obſerving that the child is unmoved with what was moſt likely to affect him, the ſorrows of his little brothers, the many mournful countenances, and the diſmal ſilence that reigned throughout the

court; the circumſtances of the father playing with the child on his knees or in his arms, and teaching him to ſpeak; are ſuch delicate maſterſtrokes of nature and parental tendereſs, as ſhew the author is intimately acquainted with the human heart, and with thoſe little touches of paſſion that are beſt calculated to move it. The affectionate wiſh of dormi, parvule!’ is plainly imitated from the fragment of Simonides; but the ſudden exclamation that follows—‘ When, O when ſhall I ſleep like this infant!’ is entirely the property of the author, and worthy of, though not excelled by, any of the ancients. It is making the moſt artful and the moſt ſtriking uſe of the ſlumber of the child, to aggravate and heighten by compariſon the reſtleſſneſs of the mother’s ſorrow; it is the fineſt and ſtrongeſt way of ſaying—‘ My grief will never ceaſe,’ that has ever been uſed. I think it not exaggeration to affirm, that in this little poem are united the pathetic of Euripides and the elegance of Catullus. It affords a judicious example of the manner in which the ancients ought to be imitated; not by uſing their expreſſions and epithets, which is the common method, but by catching a portion of their ſpirit, and adapting their images and ways of thinking to new ſubjects. The generality of thoſe who have propoſed Catullus for their pattern, even the beſt of the modern Latin poets of Italy, ſeem to think they have accompliſhed their deſign, by introducing many florid diminutives, ſuch as ‘ tenellula,’ and ‘ columbula:’ but there is a purity and ſeverity of ſtyle, a temperate and auſtere manner in Catullus, which nearly reſembles that of his cotemporary Lucretius, and is happily copied by the author of the poem which has produced theſe reflections. Whenever, therefore, we ſit down to compoſe, we ſhould aſk ourſelves in the words of Longinus a little altered—‘ How would Homer or Plato, Demotheus or Thucydides, have expreſſed themſelves on this occaſion; allowing for the alteration of our cuſtoms, and the diſſerent idioms of our reſpective languages? This would be following the ancients, without tamely treading in their footſteps; this would be making the ſame glorious uſe of them that Racine has done of Euripides in his Phædra and Iphigenia, and that Milton has done of the Prometheus of Eſchylus in the character of Satan.

If you should happen not to lay aside this paper among the refuse of your correspondence, as the offspring of pedantry and a blind fondness for antiquity; or rather, if your readers can endure the sight of so much Greek,

though ever so Attic; I may, perhaps, trouble you again with a few reflections on the character of Menander.

I am, Mr. Adventurer, yours,  
PALÆOPHILUS.

No. XC. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1753.

*Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit  
Ætherium sensum, atque aurai simplicis ignem.* VIRGIL.

—By length of time,  
The scurf is worn away of each committed crime;  
No speck is left of their habitual stains,  
But the pure æther of the soul remains. DRYDEN.

#### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

NOTHING sooner quells the ridiculous triumph of human vanity, than reading those passages of the greatest writers, in which they seem deprived of that noble spirit that inspires them in other parts; and where, instead of invention and grandeur, we meet with nothing but flatness and insipidity.

The pain I have felt in observing a lofty genius thus sink beneath itself, has often made me wish, that these unworthy stains could be blotted from their works, and leave them perfect and immaculate.

I went to bed a few nights ago, full of these thoughts, and closed the evening, as I frequently do, with reading a few lines in Virgil. I accidentally opened that part of the sixth book, where Anchises recounts to his son the various methods of purgation which the soul undergoes in the next world, to cleanse it from the filth it has contracted by its connection with the body, and to deliver the pure ætherial essence from the vicious tincture of mortality. This was so much like my evening's speculation, that it insensibly mixed and incorporated with it, and as soon as I fell asleep, formed itself into the following dream.

I found myself in an instant in the midst of a temple which was built with all that magnificent simplicity that distinguishes the productions of the ancients. At the east end was raised an altar, on each side of which stood a priest, who seemed preparing to sacrifice. On the altar was kindled a fire, from which arose the brightest flame I had ever beheld. The light which it

dispensed, though remarkably strong and clear, was not quivering and dazzling, but steady and uniform, and diffused a purple radiance through the whole edifice, not unlike the first appearance of the morning.

While I stood fixed in admiration, my attention was awakened by the blast of a trumpet that shook the whole temple; but it carried a certain sweetness in its sound, which mellowed and tempered the natural shrillness of that instrument. After it had sounded thrice, the being who blew it, habited according to the description of Fame by the ancients, issued a proclamation to the following purpose: 'By command of Apollo and the Muses, all who have ever made any pretensions to fame by their writings, are enjoined to sacrifice upon the altar in this temple, those parts of their works which have hitherto been preserved to their infamy, that their names may descend spotless and unsullied to posterity. For this purpose Aristotle and Longinus are appointed chief priests, who are to see that no improper oblations are made, and no proper one concealed; and for the more easy performance of this office, they are allowed to chuse as their assistants whomsoever they shall think worthy of the function.'

As soon as this proclamation was made, I turned my eyes with inexpressible delight towards the two priests; but was soon robbed of the pleasure of looking at them by a crowd of people running up to offer their service. These I found to be a groupe of French critics; but their offers were rejected by both priests with the utmost indignation, and their whole works were thrown on the

altar, and reduced to ashes in an instant. The two priests then looked round, and chose, with a few others, Horace and Quintilian from among the Romans, and Addison from the English, as their principal assistants.

The first who came forward with his offering, by the loftiness of his demeanor, was soon discovered to be Homer. He approached the altar with great majesty, and delivered to Longinus those parts of his *Odyssey* which have been censured as improbable fictions and the ridiculous narratives of old age. Longinus was preparing for the sacrifice, but observing that Aristotle did not seem willing to assist him in the office, he returned them to the venerable old bard with great deference, saying, that they were indeed the tales of old age, but it was the old age of Homer.

Virgil appeared next, and approached the altar with a modest dignity in his gait and countenance peculiar to himself; and, to the surprise of all, committed his whole *Æneid* to the flames. But it was immediately rescued by two Romans, whom I found to be Tucca and Varius, who ran with precipitation to the altar, delivered the poem from destruction, and carried off the author between them, repeating that glorious boast of about forty lines at the beginning of the third *Georgic*—

—*Tentanda via est; qua me quoque possim  
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora,  
Primus ego in patriam mecum, &c.*

After him most of the Greek and Roman authors proceeded to the altar, and surrendered with great modesty and humility the most faulty part of their works. One circumstance was observable, that the sacrifice always increased in proportion as the author had ventured to deviate from a judicious imitation of Homer. The latter Roman authors, who seemed almost to have lost sight of him, made so large offerings, that some of their works, which were before very voluminous, shrunk into the compass of a primer.

It gave me the highest satisfaction to see Philosophy thus cleared from erroneous principles, History purged of falshood, Poetry of fustian, and nothing left in each but Genius, Sense, and Truth.

VOL. II.

I marked with particular attention the several offerings of the most eminent English writers. Chaucer gave up his obscenity, and then delivered his works to Dryden, to clear them from the rubbish that encumbered them. Dryden executed his task with great address, 'and,' as Addison says of Virgil in his *Georgics*, 'tossed about his dung with an air of gracefulness:' he not only repaired the injuries of time, but threw in a thousand new graces. He then advanced towards the altar himself, and delivered up a large packet, which contained many plays, and some poems. The packet had a label affixed to it, which bore this inscription—'To Poverty.'

Shakespeare carried to the altar a long string of puns, marked 'The Taste of the age,' a small parcel of bombast, and a pretty large bundle of incorrectness. Notwithstanding the ingenuous air with which he made this offering, some officiates at the altar accused him of concealing certain pieces, and mentioned the London Prodigal, Sir Thomas Cromwell, The Yorkshire Tragedy, &c. The poet replied, that as those pieces were unworthy to be preserved, he should see them consumed to ashes with great pleasure; but that he was wholly innocent of their original. The two chief priests interposed in this dispute, and dismissed the poet with many compliments; Longinus observing, that the pieces in question could not possibly be his, for that the failings of Shakespeare were like those of Homer, whose genius, whenever it subsided, might be compared to the ebbing of the ocean, which left a mark upon its shores, to shew to what a height it was sometimes carried. Aristotle concurred in this opinion; and added, that although Shakespeare was quite ignorant of that exact œconomy of the stage, which is so remarkable in the Greek writers, yet the mere strength of his genius had in many points carried him infinitely beyond them.

Milton gave up a few errors in his *Paradise Lost*, and the sacrifice was attended with great decency by Addison. Otway and Rowe threw their comedies upon the altar, and Beaumont and Fletcher the two last acts of many of their pieces. They were followed by Tom Durfey, Etherege, Wycherley, and several other dramatic writers, who made such

G g

large contributions, that they set the altar in a blaze.

Among these I was surprised to see an author, with much politeness in his behaviour, and spirit in his countenance, tottering under an unwieldy burden. As he approached I discovered him to be Sir John Vanbrugh; and could not but smile, when, on his committing his heavy load to the flames, it proved to be his Skill in Architecture.

Pope advanced towards Addison, and delivered with great humility those lines written expressly against him, so remarkable for their excellence and their cruelty, repeating this couplet—

Curst be the verse, how well so'er it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe?

The ingenious critic insisted on his taking them again: 'For,' said he, 'my associates at the altar, particularly Horace, would never permit a line of so excellent a satirist to be consumed. The many compliments paid me in other parts of your works, amply compensate for this slight indignity. And be assured that no little pique or misunderstanding shall ever make me a foe to genius.' Pope bowed in some confusion; and promised to substitute a fictitious name at least, which was all that was left in his power. He then retired, after having made a sacrifice of a little packet of Antitheses, and some parts of his Translation of Homer.

During the course of these oblations, I was charmed with the candour, decency, and judgment, with which all the priests discharged their different functions. They behaved with such dignity, that it reminded me of those

ages, when the offices of king and priest centered in the same person. Whenever any of the assistants were at a loss in any particular circumstances, they applied to Aristotle, who settled the whole business in an instant.

But the reflections which this pleasing scene produced, were soon interrupted by a tumultuous noise at the gate of the temple; when suddenly a rude illiterate multitude rushed in, led by Tindal, Morgan, Chubb, and Bolingbroke. The chiefs, whose countenance were impressed with rage which art could not conceal, forced their way to the altar, and amidst the joyful acclamations of their followers threw a large volume into the fire. But the triumph was short, and joy and acclamation gave way to silence and astonishment: the volume lay unhurt in the midst of the fire; and, as the flames played innocently about it, I could discover written in letters of gold, the words, THE BIBLE. At that instant my ears were ravished with the sound of more than mortal music accompanying a hymn sung by invisible beings, of which I well remember the following verses:—

'The words of the LORD are pure words;  
'even as the silver, which in the earth is tried,  
'and purified seven times in the fire.  
'More to be desired are they than gold;  
'yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than  
'honey, and the honey-comb.'

The united melody of instruments and voices, which formed a concert so exquisite, that, as Milton says, 'it might create a soul under the ribs of death,' threw me into such extasies that I was awakened by their violence.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

&

CRITO.

No. XCI. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1753.

—*Fausto pius et sceleratus eodem.*

OVID.

*Thus was the father pious to a crime.*

ADDISON.

IT is contended by those who reject Christianity, that if revelation had been necessary as a rule of life to mankind, it would have been universal; and they are upon this principle compelled to affirm that only to be a rule of life which is universally known.

But no rule of life is universally known, except the dictates of conscience. With respect to particular actions, opinion determines whether they are good or ill; and conscience approves or disapproves, in consequence of this determination, whether it be in favour of truth or false-

hood. Nor can the errors of conscience be always imputed to a criminal neglect of inquiry: those by whom a system of moral truths was discovered through the gloom of paganism, have been considered as prodigies, and regarded by successive ages with astonishment and admiration; and that which immortalized one among many millions, can scarce be thought possible to all. Men do not usually shut their eyes against their immediate interest, however they may be thought to wink against their duty; and so little does either appear to be discoverable by the light of nature, that where the Divine Prescription has either been withheld or corrupted, superstition has rendered piety cruel, and error has armed virtue against herself; misery has been cultivated by those who have not incurred guilt; and though all men had been innocent they might still have been wretched.

In the reign of Yamodin the Magnificent, the kingdom of Golconda was depopulated by a pestilence; and after every other attempt to propitiate the gods had failed, it was believed, according to the superstition of the country, that they required the sacrifice of a virgin of royal blood.

It happened that at this time there was no virgin of the royal blood, but Tamira the daughter of Yamodin, whom he had betrothed to one of the princes of his court, intending that he should succeed to his throne; for Yamodin had no son, and he was not willing that his empire should descend to a woman.

Yamodin considered himself not less the father of his people than of Tamira; and therefore, with whatever reluctance, determined to redeem the life of the public with that of the individual. He prostrated himself in the temple, and invoked his principal idol as the fountain of life: 'From thee, said he, 'I have derived my being, and the life which I have propagated is thine: when I am about to restore it, let me remember with gratitude, that I possessed it by thy bounty; and let thy mercy accept it as a ransom for my people.'

Orders were given for the sacrifice on the next day, and Tamira was permitted to dispose of the interval as she pleased. She received the intimation of her father's pleasure without much surprize; because, as she knew the custom of her country, she scarce hoped that the demand of her life would have been delayed so long: she

fortified herself against the terrors of death by anticipating the honours that would be paid to her memory; and had just triumphed over the desire of life, when, upon perceiving her lover enter the apartment, she lost her fortitude in a moment, and burst into tears.

When they were alone, after his eyes had, like her's, overflowed with silent sorrow, he took her hand, and with a look of inexpressible anxiety and tenderness told her, that one expedient was yet left, by which her life might be preserved; that he had bribed a priest to his interest, by whom the ceremonies of marriage might be immediately performed; that on the morrow, as she would be no longer a virgin, the propitiation of the gods could not be effected by her death; and that her father, though for political purposes he might appear to be displeased, would yet secretly rejoice at an event, which, without his concurrence, had delivered him from the dreadful obligation of sacrificing an only child, through whom he hoped to transmit dominion to his posterity.

To this proposal Tamira, whose attachment to life was now strengthened by love, and in whose bosom the regret of precluded pleasure had succeeded to the hope of glory, at length consented; but she consented with all the timidity, reluctance, and confusion, which are produced by a consciousness of guilt; and the prince himself introduced the man, who was to accomplish the purpose both of his ambition and his love, with apparent tremor and hesitation.

On the morrow, when the priest stood ready at the altar to receive the victim, and the king commanded his daughter to be brought forth, the prince produced her as his wife. Yamodin stood some moments in suspense; and then dismissing the assembly, retired to his palace. After having remained about two hours in private, he sent for the prince. 'The gods,' said he, 'though they continue the pestilence, have yet in mercy rescued my people from the oppression of a tyrant, who appears to consider the life of millions as nothing in comparison with the indulgence of his lust, his avarice, or his ambition.' Yamodin then commanded him to be put to death, and the sentence was executed the same hour.

Tamira now repented in unutterable distress of a crime, by which the pleasures not only of possession but hope were precluded;

her attachment to life was broken, by the very means which she had taken to preserve it; and as an atonement for the forfeit of her virginity, she determined to submit to that law of marriage, from which as a princess only she was exempted, and to throw herself on the pile by which the body of her husband was to be consumed. To this her father consented: their ashes were scattered to the winds, and their names were forbidden to be repeated.

If by these events it is evident, that Yamodin discerned no law which would have justified the preservation of his daughter; and if it is absurd to suppose his integrity to be vicious, because he had less power or opportunity to obtain knowledge than Plato; it will follow, that, by whatever rule the oblation of human sacrifice may be condemned, the conduct of Yamodin which would have produced such sacrifice was morally right, and that of the prince which prevented it was morally wrong; that the consent of Tamira to the marriage was vicious, and that her suicide was heroic virtue, though in her marriage she concurred with a general law of nature, and by her death opposed it: for moral right and wrong are terms that are wholly relative to the agent by whom the action is performed; and not to the action itself considered abstractedly, for abstractedly it can be right or wrong only in a natural sense. It appears, therefore, that Revelation is necessary to the establishment even of natural religion, and that it is more rational to suppose it has been vouchsafed in part than not at all.

It may, perhaps, be asked, of what use then is conscience as a guide of life, since in these instances it appears not to coincide with the Divine Law, but to oppose it; to condemn that which is enjoined, and approve that which is forbidden: but to this question the answer is easy.

The end which conscience approves is always good, though she sometimes mistakes the means: the end which Yamodin proposed

was deliverance from a pestilence; but he did not, nor could know, that this end was not to be obtained by human sacrifice: and the end which conscience condemns is always ill; for the end proposed by the prince was private gain by public loss. By conscience, then, all men are restrained from intentional ill, and directed in their choice of the end though not of the means: it infallibly directs us to avoid guilt, but is not intended to secure us from error; it is not, therefore, either useless as a law to ourselves, nor yet sufficient to regulate our conduct with respect to others; it may sting with remorse, but it cannot cheer us with hope. It is by Revelation alone, that virtue and happiness are connected: by Revelation, 'we are led into all truth;' conscience is directed to effect its purpose, and repentance is encouraged by a hope of pardon. If this sun is risen upon our hemisphere, let us not consider it only as the object of speculation and inquiry; let us rejoice in its influence, and walk by its light; regarding rather with contempt than indignation, those who are only solicitous to discover why its radiance is not farther diffused; and wilfully shut their eyes against it, because they see others stumble to whom it has been denied.

It is not necessary to inquire, what would be determined at the Great Tribunal, concerning a heathen who had in every instance obeyed the dictates of conscience, however erroneous; because it will readily be granted, that no such moral perfection was ever found among men: but it is easy to ascertain the fate of those, 'who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil;' who violate the law that has been written upon the heart, and reject that which has been offered them from ABOVE; who though their sins are as scarlet, cavil at the terms on which they might be white as snow; and though their iniquities have been multiplied without number, revile the hand that would blot them from the Register of Heaven.

No. XCII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22. 1753.

*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*

HOR.

*Bold be the critic, zealous to his trust,**Like the firm judge inexorably just.*

## TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IN the papers of criticism which you have given to the public, I have remarked a spirit of candor and love of truth, equally remote from bigotry and captiousness; a just distribution of praise amongst the ancients and the moderns: a sober deference to reputation long established, without a blind adoration of antiquity; and a willingness to favour later performances, without a light or puerile fondness for novelty.

I shall, therefore, venture to lay before you such observations as have risen to my mind in the consideration of Virgil's Pastorals, without any enquiry how far my sentiments deviate from established rules of common opinions.

If we survey the ten pastorals in a general view, it will be found Virgil can derive from them very little claim to the praise of an inventor. To search into the antiquity of this kind of poetry, is not my present purpose; that it has long subsisted in the east, the Sacred Writings sufficiently inform us; and we may conjecture, with great probability, that it was sometimes the devotion and sometimes the entertainment of the first generations of mankind. Theocritus united elegance with simplicity: and taught his shepherds to sing with so much ease and harmony, that his countrymen, despairing to excel, forbore to imitate him; and the Greeks, however vain or ambitious, left him in quiet possession of the garlands which the wood-nymphs had bestowed upon him.

Virgil, however, taking advantage of another language, ventured to copy or to rival the Sicilian Bard: he has written with greater splendour of diction, and elevation of sentiment: but as the magnificence of his performances was more, the simplicity was less; and, perhaps, where he excels Theocritus, he sometimes obtains his superiority by deviating from

the pastoral character, and performing what Theocritus never attempted.

Yet, though I would willingly pay to Theocritus the honour which is always due to an original author, I am far from intending to depreciate Virgil, of whom Horace justly declares, that the rural muses have appropriated to him their elegance and sweetness, and who, as he copied Theocritus in his design, has resembled him likewise in his success; for, if we except Calphurnius, an obscure author of the lower ages, I know not that a single pastoral was written after him by any poet, till the revival of literature.

But though his general merit has been universally acknowledged, I am far from thinking all the productions of his rural Thalia equally excellent: there is, indeed, in all his pastorals a strain of versification which it is vain to seek in any other poet; but if we except the first and the tenth, they seem liable either wholly or in part to considerable objections.

The second, though we should forget the great charge against it, which I am afraid can never be refuted, might, I think, have perished, without any diminution of the praise of its author; for I know not that it contains one affecting sentiment or pleasing description, or one passage that strikes the imagination or awakens the passions.

The third contains a contest between two shepherds, begun with a quarrel of which some particulars might well be spared, carried on with sprightliness and elegance, and terminated at last in a reconciliation: but, surely, whether the invectives with which they attack each other be true or false, they are too much degraded from the dignity of pastoral innocence; and instead of rejoicing that they are both victorious, I should not have grieved could they have been both defeated.

The poem to Pollio is, indeed, of another



kind : it is filled with images at once splendid and pleasing, and is elevated with a grandeur of language worthy of the first of Roman poets ; but I am not able to reconcile myself to the disproportion between the performance and the occasion that produced it : that the golden age should return because Pollio had a son, appears so wild a fiction, that I am ready to suspect the poet of having written for some other purpose what he took this opportunity of producing to the public.

The fifth contains a celebration of Daphnis, which has stood to all succeeding ages as the model of pastoral elegies. To deny praise to a performance which so many thousands have laboured to imitate, would be to judge with too little deference for the opinion of mankind : yet whoever shall read it with impartiality, will find that most of the images are of the mythological kind, and, therefore, easily invented ; and that there are few sentiments of rational praise or natural lamentation.

In the Silenus he again rises to the dignity of philosophic sentiments and heroic poetry. The address to Varus is eminently beautiful : but since the compliment paid to Gallus fixed the transaction to his own time, the fiction of Silenus seems injudicious : nor has any sufficient reason yet been found to justify his choice of those fables that make the subject of the song.

The seventh exhibits another contest of the tuneful shepherds : and, surely, it is not without some reproach to his inventive powers, that of ten pastorals Virgil has written two upon the same plan. One of the shepherds now gains an acknowledged victory, but without any apparent superiority ; and the reader, when he sees the prize adjudged, is not able to discover how it was deserved.

Of the eighth pastoral, so little is properly the work of Virgil, that he has no claim to other praise or blame than that of a translator.

Of the ninth, it is scarce possible to discover the design or tendency : it is said, I know not upon what authority, to have been composed from fragments of other poems ; and except a few lines in which the author touches upon his own misfortunes ; there is nothing that seems appropriated to any time or place, or of which any other use can be discovered than to fill up the poem.

The first and the tenth pastorals, whatever be determined of the rest, are sufficient to place their author above the reach of rivalry. The complaint of Gallus disappointed in his love, is full of such sentiments as love naturally produces ; his wishes are wild, his resentment is tender, and his purposes are inconsistent. In the genuine language of despair, he soothes himself a while with the pity that shall be paid him after his death :

——*Tamen cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,  
Montibus hec vestris: soli cantare periti  
Arcades. O mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant,  
Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!*

——Yet, O Arcadian swains,  
Ye best artificers of soothing strains!  
Tune your soft reeds, and teach your rocks my  
woes,  
So shall my shade in sweeter rest repose.  
O that your birth and business had been mine;  
To feed the flock, and prune the spreading  
vine!

WARTON.

Discontented with his present condition, and desirous to be any thing but what he is, he wishes himself one of the shepherds. He then catches the idea of rural tranquillity, but soon discovers how much happier he should be in these happy regions, with Lycoris at his side.

*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori:  
Hic nemus; hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.  
Nunc insanus amor duri me Martis in armis;  
Tela inter media, atque adversos detinet hostes.  
Tu procul a patria (nec sit mihi credere) tantum  
Alpinas, ah dura, nives, et frigore Rheni  
Me sine sola vides. Ah te ne frigora ladan!  
Ah tibi ne teneras glacies secet aspera plantas!*

Here cooling fountains roll thro' flow'ry meads,  
Here woods, Lycoris, lift their verdant heads;  
Here could I wear my careless life away,  
And in thy arms insensibly decay.  
Instead of that, me frantic love detains  
'Mid foes, and dreadful darts, and bloody  
plains;

While you—and can my soul the tale believe,  
Far from your country, lonely wand'ring  
leave—  
Me, me your lover, barbarous fugitive!  
Seek the rough Alps where snows eternal  
shine,  
And joyless borders of the frozen Rhine.



Ah! may no cold e'er blast my dearest maid,  
Nor pointed ice thy tender feet invade!

WARTON.

He then turns his thought on every side, in quest of something that may solace or amuse him: he proposes happiness to himself, first in one scene and then in another; and at last finds that nothing will satisfy:

*Jam neque Hamadryades rursum, nec carmina nobis*

*Ipsa placent: ipsæ rursum concedite sylvæ.*

*Non illam nostri possunt mutare labores;*

*Nec si frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,*

*Scithoniaque nives hyemis subeamus aquosæ:*

*Nec si, cum moriens alta liber ariet in ulmo,*

*Æthiopum versemus oves sub fidere Cancræ,*

*Omnia vincit amor; et nos cedamus amori.*

But now again no more the woodland maids,  
Nor pastoral songs, delight—Farewel, ye shades—

No toils of ours the cruel god can change,  
Tho' lost in frozen desarts we should range;  
Tho' we should drink where chilling Hebrus flows,

Endure bleak winter's blasts, and Thracian snows;

Or on hot India's plains our flocks should feed,  
Where the parch'd elm declines his sickening head;

Beneath fierce-glowing Cancer's fiery beams,  
Far from cool breezes and refreshing streams.  
Love over all maintains resistless sway;

And let us love's all-conquering power obey.

WARTON.

But notwithstanding the excellence of the tenth pastoral, I cannot forbear to give the preference to the first, which is equally natural and more diversified. The complaint of the shepherd who saw his old companion at ease in the shade, while himself was driving his little flock he knew not whither, is such as, with variation of circumstances, misery always utters at the sight of prosperity:

*Nos patria fines, et dulcia linguimus arva;*

*Nos patriam fugimus: tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra,*

*Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.*

We leave our country's bounds, our much lov'd plains;

We from our country fly, unhappy swains!

You, Tityrus, in the grove at leisure laid,

Teach Amaryllis' name to every shade.

WARTON.

His account of the difficulties of his journey gives a very tender image of pastoral distress:

———*En ipsæ capellæ*

*Protenus ager ego: hanc etiam vix, Tityre, ducò:*

*Hic inter densas corymbos modo namque gemellos,*

*Spem gregis, ah! siliæ in nuda comixa reliquit.*

And lo! sad partner of the general care,

Weary and faint I drive my goats afar!

While scarcely this my leading hand sustains,

Tir'd with the way, and recent from her pains;

For 'mid yon tangled hazels as we pass,

On the bare flints her hapless twin she casts,

The hopes and promise of my ruin'd fold!

WARTON.

The description of Virgil's happiness in his little farm, combines almost all the images of rural pleasure; and he, therefore, that can read it with indifference, has no sense of pastoral poetry:

*Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt,*

*Et tibi magna satis; quamvis lapis omnia nudus*

*Limosque palus obducatur pascua junco,*

*Non infecta gravi tentabunt pabula factas,*

*Nec mala vicini pecoris contagia ludent.*

*Fortunate senex, his inter flumina nota,*

*Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum.*

*Hinc tibi, quæ semper vicino ab limite sepès,*

*Hyblæis apibus florem depasta saliceti,*

*Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro.*

*Hinc altâ sub rupe canet frondator ad auras;*

*Nec tamen interea rancæ, tua cura, palumbes,*

*Nec gemere aëria cessabit turtur ab ulmo.*

Happy old man! then still thy farms restor'd,  
Enough for thee, shall bless thy frugal board.  
What though rough stones the naked soil o'er-spread,

Or marshy bulrush rear its wat'ry head,

No foreign food thy teeming ewes shall fear,

No touch contagious spread its influence here.

Happy old man! here 'mid th' accusom'd streams

And sacred springs, you'll shun the scorching beams;

While from yon willow-fence, thy pasture's bound,

The bees that suck their flow'ry stores around,

Shall sweetly mingle, with the whispering boughs,

Their lulling murmurs, and invite repose:

While from steep rocks the pruner's song is heard;

Nor the soft-cooing dove, thy fav'rite bird,

Mean while shall cease to breathe her melting strain,

Nor turtles from th' aerial elm to plain.

WARTON.

It may be observed, that these two poems were produced by events that really happened ; and may, therefore, be of use to prove, that we can always feel more than we can imagine,

and that the most artful fiction must give way to truth.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

T

DUBIUS.

## No. XXIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1753.

*Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet  
Ut magus ; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.*

HOR.

*'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,  
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns ;  
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art ;  
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart ;  
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,  
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.*

POPE.

WRITERS of a mixed character, that abound in transcendent beauties and in gross imperfections, are the most proper and most pregnant subjects for criticism. The regularity and correctness of Virgil or Horace, almost confine their commentators to perpetual panegyric, and afford them few opportunities of diversifying their remarks by the detection of latent blemishes. For this reason, I am inclined to think, that a few observations on the writings of Shakespeare will not be deemed useless or unentertaining, because he exhibits more numerous examples of excellencies and faults, of every kind, than are, perhaps, to be discovered in any other author. I shall, therefore, from time to time, examine his merit as a poet, without blind admiration, or wanton invective.

As Shakespeare is sometimes blameable for the conduct of his fables, which have no unity ; and sometimes for his diction, which is obscure and turgid ; so his characteristical excellencies may possibly be reduced to these three general heads : his lively creative imagination ; his strokes of nature and passion ; and his preservation of the consistency of his characters. These excellencies, particularly the last, are of so much importance in the drama, that they amply compensate for his transgressions against the rules of Time and Place, which being of a more mechanical nature, are often strictly observed by a genius of the lowest order ; but to pourtray characters naturally, and to preserve them uniformly, requires such intimate knowledge of the heart of man, and is so rare a

portion of felicity, as to have been enjoyed, perhaps, only by two writers, Homer and Shakespeare.

Of all the plays of Shakespeare, the Tempest is the most striking instance of his creative power. He has there given the reins to his boundless imagination, and has carried the romantic, the wonderful and the wild, to the most pleasing extravagance. The scene is a desolate Island ; and the characters the most new and singular that can be well conceived : a prince who practises magic, an attendant spirit, a monster the son of a witch, and a young lady who had been brought to this solitude in her infancy, and never beheld a man except her father.

As I have affirmed that Shakespeare's chief excellence is the consistency of his characters, I will exemplify the truth of this remark, by pointing out some master-strokes of this nature in the drama before us.

The poet artfully acquaints us that Prospero is a magician, by the very first words which his daughter Miranda speaks to him :

If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them :

which intimate that the tempest described in the preceding scene was the effect of Prospero's power. The manner in which he was driven from his dukedom of Milan, and landed afterwards on this solitary island accompanied only by his daughter, is immediately introduced in a short natural narration.

The officers of his attendant spirit, Ariel, are enumerated with amazing wildness of fancy, and yet with equal propriety: his employment is said to be—

——To tread the ooze  
Of the salt deep;  
To run upon the sharp wind of the north:  
'To do—business in the veins o' th' earth;  
When it is bak'd with frost;  
—to dive into the fire; to ride  
On the curl'd clouds.

In describing the place in which he has concealed the Neapolitan ship, Ariel expresses the secrecy of its situation by the following circumstance, which artfully glances at another of his services—

——In the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the fill-vext Bermudas.

Ariel, being one of those elves or spirits, whose pastime is to make midnight music in rooms, and who rejoice to listen to the solemn curfew; by whose assistance Prospero bedimm'd the sun at noon-tide—

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault,  
Set roaring war—

has a set of ideas and images peculiar to his station and office; a beauty of the same kind with that which is so justly admired in the Adam of Milton, whose manners and sentiments are all paradisiacal. How delightfully and how suitably to his character, are the habitations and pastimes of this invisible being pointed out in the following exquisite song!

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry,  
On the bat's back I do fly,  
After sun set, merrily.  
Merrily merrily shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Mr. Pope, whose imagination has been thought by some the least of his excellencies, has, doubtless, conceived and carried on the machinery in his 'Rape of the Lock,' with vast exuberance of fancy. The images, customs, and employments of his Sylphs, are exactly adapted to their natures, are peculiar and appropriated, are all, if I may be allowed the ex-

pression, Sylphish. The enumeration of the punishments they were to undergo, if they neglect their charge, would, on account of its poetry and propriety, and especially the mixture of oblique satire, be superior to any circumstances in Shakespear's Ariel, if we could suppose Pope to have been unacquainted with the Tempest when he wrote this part of his accomplished poem.

——She did confine thee  
Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years; within which space she dy'd,  
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy  
groans,  
As fast as mill-wheels strike.

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

For this, besure, to-night thou shalt have  
cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up: ur-  
chins  
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee, thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more  
stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.

If thou neglect'st or do'st unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old  
cramps;  
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

SHAKESPEARE.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,  
Forfakes his post or leaves the Fair at large,  
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,  
Be stopp'd in vials; or transfix'd with pins;  
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes i.e,  
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:  
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,  
While clog'd he beats his filken wings in vain,  
Or allum styptics with contracting pow'r,  
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flow'r:  
Or as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel  
The giddy motion of the whirling wheel;  
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,  
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

POPE.

The method which is taken to induce Ferdi-  
nand to believe that his father was drowned

in the late tempest, is exceedingly solemn and striking. He is sitting upon a solitary rock, and weeping over-against the place where he imagined his father was wrecked, when he suddenly hears with astonishment ærial music creep upon the waters, and the Spirit gives him the following information in words not proper for any but a Spirit to utter :

Full fathom five thy father lies :

Of his bones are coral made :

Those are pearls that were his eyes :

Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change,

Into something rich and strange.

And then follows a most lively circumstance—

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.

Hark ! now I hear them—Ding-dong-bell !

This is so truly poetical, that one can scarce forbear exclaiming with Ferdinand—

There is no mortal business, nor no sound

That the earth owns !—

The happy versatility of Shakespeare's genius enables him to excel in lyric as well as in dramatic poetry.

But the poet rises still higher in his management of this character of Ariel, by making a moral use of it, that is, I think, incomparable, and the greatest effort of his art. Ariel informs Prospero, that he has fulfilled his orders, and punished his brother and companions so severely, that if he himself was now to be-

hold their sufferings, he would greatly compassionate them. To which Prospero answers—

—Dost thou think so, Spirit ?

ARIEL. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

PROSPERO. And mine shall.

He then takes occasion, with wonderful dexterity and humanity, to draw an argument from the incorporeality of Ariel, for the justice and necessity of pity and forgiveness :

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions ; and shall not myself, One of their kind, that relish all as sharply, Passion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?

The poet is a more powerful magician than his own Prospero. We are transported into fairy land ; we are rapt in a delicious dream, from which it is misery to be disturbed ; all around is enchantment !

—————The isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments  
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices ;

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again : and then in dreaming,

The clouds, methought, would open and shew riches

Ready to drop upon me :—when I wak'd,  
I cry'd to dream again !

Z

No. XCIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1753.

*Monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare.*

JUV.

—————*What I shew,*

*Thyself may freely on thyself bestow.*

DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOU have somewhat discouraged the hope of idleness by shewing, that whoever compares the number of those who have possessed fortuitous advantages, and of those who have been disappointed in their expectations, will have little reason to register himself in the lucky catalogue.

But as we have seen thousands subscribe to a raffle, of which one only could obtain the prize ; so idleness will still presume to hope, if the advantages, however improbable, are admitted to lie within the bounds of possibility. Let the drone, therefore, be told, that if by the error of fortune he obtains the stores of the bee, he cannot enjoy the felicity ; that the honey which is not gathered by industry will be eaten without relish, if it is not wasted in

riot; and that all who become possessed of the immediate object of their hope, without any efforts of their own, will be disappointed of enjoyment.

No life can be happy but that which is spent in the prosecution of some purpose to which our powers are equal, and which we, therefore, prosecute with success: for this reason it is absurd to dread business, upon pretence that it will leave few intervals to pleasure. Business is that by which industry is seldom disappointed: he who endeavours to arrive at a certain point, which he perceives himself perpetually to approach, enjoys all the happiness which nature has allotted to those hours that are not spent in the immediate gratification of appetites by which our wants are indicated, or of affections by which we are prompted to supply the wants of others. The end proposed by the busy, is various as their temper, constitution, habits, and circumstances: but in the labour itself is the enjoyment, whether it be pursued to supply the necessities or the conveniences of life, whether to cultivate a farm or decorate a palace; for when the palace is decorated, and the barn filled, the pleasure is at an end, till the object of desire is again placed at a distance, and our powers are again employed to obtain it with apparent success. Nor is the value of life less, than if our enjoyment did not thus consist in anticipation; for by anticipation the pleasure which would otherwise be contracted within an hour is diffused through a week; and if the dread which exaggerates future evil is confessed to be an increase of misery, the hope which magnifies future good cannot be denied to be an accession of happiness.

The most numerous class of those who presume to hope for miraculous advantages, is that of gamblers. But by gamblers I do not mean the gentlemen who stake an estate against the cunning of those who have none; for I leave the cure of lunatics to the professors of physic: I mean the dissolute and indigent, who in the common phrase put themselves in fortune's way, and expect from her bounty that which they eagerly desire; and yet believe to be too dearly purchased by diligence and industry; tradesmen who neglect their business, to squander in fashionable follies more than it can produce; and swaggers who rank themselves with

gentlemen, merely because they have no business to pursue.

The gambler of this class will appear to be equally wretched, whether his hope be fulfilled or disappointed; the object of it depends upon a contingency, over which he has no influence; he pursues no purpose with gradual and perceptible success, and therefore cannot enjoy the pleasure which arises from the anticipation of its accomplishment; his mind is perpetually on the rack; he is anxious in proportion to the eagerness of his desire, and his inability to effect it; to the pangs of suspense succeed those of disappointment; and a momentary gain only embitters the loss that follows. Such is the life of him who shuns business because he would secure leisure for enjoyment; except it happens, against the odds of a million to one, that a run of success puts him into the possession of a sum sufficient to sustain him in idleness the remainder of his life: and in this case, the idleness which made him wretched while he waited for the bounty of fortune, will necessarily keep him wretched after it is bestowed: he will find, that in the gratification of his appetites he can fill but a small portion of his time, and that these appetites themselves are weakened by every attempt to increase the enjoyment which they were intended to supply; he will, therefore, either doze away life in a kind of listless indolence, which he despairs to exalt into felicity, or he will imagine that the good he wants is to be obtained by an increase of his wealth, by a larger house, and a more numerous retinue. If with this notion he has again recourse to the altar of fortune, he will either be undeceived by a new series of success, or he will be reduced to original indigence by the loss of that which he knew not how to enjoy: if this happens, of which there is the highest degree of probability, he will instantly become more wretched in proportion as he was rich; though, while he was rich, he was not more happy in proportion as he had been poor. Whatever is won, is reduced by experiment to its intrinsic value; whatever is lost, is heightened by imagination to more. Wealth is no sooner dissipated, than its inanity is forgotten, and it is regretted as the means of happiness which it was not found to afford. The gambler, therefore, of whatever

class, plays against manifest odds; since that which he wins he discovers to be brass, and that which he loses he values as gold. And it should also be remarked, that in this estimate of his life, I have not supposed him to lose a single stake which he had not first won.

But though gaming in general is wisely prohibited by the legislature, as productive not only of private but of public evil; yet there is one species to which all are sometimes invited; which equally encourages the hope of idleness, and relaxes the vigour of industry.

Ned Froth, who had been several years butler in a family of distinction, having saved about four hundred pounds, took a little house in the suburbs, and laid in a stock of liquors for which he paid ready-money, and which were, therefore, the best of the kind. Ned perceived his trade increase; he pursued it with fresh alacrity, he exulted in his success, and the joy of his heart sparkled in his countenance: but it happened that Ned, in the midst of his happiness and prosperity, was prevailed upon to buy a lottery-ticket. The moment his hope was fixed upon an object which industry could not obtain, he determined to be industrious no longer: to draw drink for a dirty and boisterous rabble, was a slavery to which he now submitted with reluctance, and he longed for the moment in which he should be free: instead of telling his story, and cracking his joke for the entertainment of his customers, he received them with indifference, was observed to be silent and sullen, and amused himself by going three or four times a day to search the register of fortune for the success of his ticket.

In this disposition Ned was sitting one morning in the corner of a bench by his fire-side, wholly abstracted in the contemplation of his future fortune; indulging this moment the hope of a mere possibility, and the next shuddering with the dread of losing the felicity

which his fancy had combined with the possession of ten thousand pounds. A man well dressed entered hastily, and enquired for him of his guests, who many times called him aloud by his name, and cursed him for his deafness and stupidity, before Ned started up as from a dream, and asked with a fretful impatience what they wanted. An affected confidence of being well received, and an air of forced jocularity in the stranger, gave Ned some offence; but the next moment he caught him in his arms in a transport of joy, upon receiving his congratulation as proprietor of the fortunate ticket, which had that morning been drawn a prize of the first class.

It was not, however, long before Ned discovered that ten thousand pounds did not bring the felicity which he expected; a discovery which generally produces the dissipation of sudden affluence by prodigality. Ned drank, and whored, and hired fiddlers, and bought fine cloaths; he bred riots at Vauxhall, treated flatterers, and damped plays. But something was still wanting; and he resolved to strike a bold stroke, and attempt to double the remainder of his prize at play, that he might live in a palace and keep an equipage; but in the execution of his project, he lost the produce of his lottery ticket, except five hundred pounds in bank-notes, which when he would have staked he could not find. This sum was more than that which had established him in the trade he had left; and yet, with the power of returning to a station that was once the utmost of his ambition, and of renewing that pursuit which alone had made him happy, such was the pungency of his regret, that in the despair of recovering the money which he knew had produced nothing but riot, disease, and vexation, he threw himself from the Bridge into the Thames.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

CAUTUS.

No. XCV. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1753.

—*Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.* OVID.*And with sweet novelty your soul detain,*

IT is often charged upon writers, that with all their pretensions to genius and discoveries, they do little more than copy one another; and that compositions obtruded upon the world with the pomp of novelty, contain only tedious repetitions of common sentiments, or at best exhibit a transposition of known images, and give a new appearance to truth only by some slight difference of dress and decoration.

The allegation of resemblance between authors, is indisputably true; but the charge of plagiarism, which is raised upon it, is not to be allowed with equal readiness. A coincidence of sentiment may easily happen without any communication, since there are many occasions in which all reasonable men will nearly think alike. Writers of all ages have had the same sentiments, because they have in all ages had the same objects of speculation; the interests and passions, the virtues and vices of mankind, have been diversified in different times, only by unessential and casual varieties; and we must, therefore, expect in the works of all those who attempt to describe them, such a likeness as we find in the pictures of the same person drawn in different periods of his life.

It is necessary therefore, that before an author be charged with plagiarism, one of the most reproachful, though perhaps not the most atrocious, of literary crimes, the subject on which he treats should be carefully considered. We do not wonder; that historians, relating the same facts, agree in their narration; or that authors, delivering the elements of science, advance the same theorems, and lay down the same definitions: yet it is not wholly without use to mankind, that books are multiplied, and that different authors lay out their labours on the same subject; for there will always be some reason why one should on particular occasions, or to particular persons, be preferable to another; some will be clear, where others are obscure; some will please by their style, and others by their

method; some by their embellishments, and others by their simplicity; some by closeness, and others by diffusion.

The same indulgence is to be shewn to the writers of morality: right and wrong are immutable; and those, therefore, who teach us to distinguish them, if they all teach us right, must agree with one another. The relations of social life, and the duties resulting from them, must be the same at all times and in all nations: some petty differences may be, indeed, produced, by forms of government or arbitrary customs; the general doctrine can receive no alteration.

Yet it is not to be desired, that morality should be considered as interdicted to all future writers: men will always be tempted to deviate from their duty, and will, therefore, always want a monitor to recall them; and a new book often seizes the attention of the public, without any other claim than that it is new. There is likewise in composition, as in other things, a perpetual vicissitude of fashion; and truth is recommended at one time to regard, by appearances which at another would expose it to neglect; the author, therefore, who has judgment to discern the taste of his contemporaries, and skill to gratify it, will have always an opportunity to deserve well of mankind, by conveying instruction to them in a grateful vehicle.

There are likewise many modes of composition, by which a moralist may deserve the name of an original writer: he may familiarise his system by dialogues after the manner of the ancients, or subtilize it into a series of syllogistic arguments: he may enforce his doctrine by seriousness and solemnity, or enliven it by sprightliness and gaiety; he may deliver his sentiments in naked precepts, or illustrate them by historical examples; he may detain the studious by the artful concatenation of a continued discourse, or relieve the busy by short strictures, and unconnected essays.

To excel in any of these forms of writing, will require a particular cultivation of the genius; whoever can attain to excellence, will be certain to engage a set of readers, whom no other method would have equally allured; and he that communicates truth with success, must be numbered among the first benefactors to mankind.

The same observation may be extended likewise to the passions: their influence is uniform, and their effects nearly the same in every human breast: a man loves and hates, desires and avoids, exactly like his neighbour; resentment and ambition, avarice and indolence, discover themselves by the same symptoms, in minds distant a thousand years from one another.

Nothing, therefore, can be more unjust, than to charge an author with plagiarism, merely because he assigns to every cause its natural effect; and makes his personage act, as others in like circumstances have always done. There are conceptions in which all men will agree, though each derives them from his own observation: whoever has been in love, will represent a lover impatient of every idea that interrupts his meditations on his mistress, retiring to shades and solitude, that he may muse without disturbance on his approaching happiness, or associating himself with some friend that flatters his passion, and talking away the hours of absence upon his darling subject. Whoever has been so unhappy as to have felt the miseries of long-continued hatred, will, without assistance from ancient volumes, be able to relate how the passions are kept in perpetual agitation, by the recollection of injury and meditations of revenge; how the blood boils at the name of the enemy, and life is worn away in the contrivances of mischief.

Every other passion is alike simple and limited, if it be considered only with regard to the breast which it inhabits; the anatomy of the mind, as that of the body, must perpetually exhibit the same appearances; and though by the continued industry of successive inquirers, new movements will be from time to time discovered, they can affect only the minuter parts, and are commonly of more curiosity than importance.

It will now be natural to inquire, by what arts are the writers of the present and future ages to attract the notice and favour of mankind.

They are to observe the alterations which time is always making in the modes of life, that they may gratify every generation with a picture of themselves. Thus love is uniform, but courtship is perpetually varying: the different arts of gallantry, which beauty has inspired, would of themselves be sufficient to fill a volume; sometimes balls and serenades, sometimes tournaments and adventures have been employed to melt the hearts of ladies, who in another century have been sensible of scarce any other merit than that of riches, and listened only to jointures and pin-money. Thus the ambitious man has at all times been eager of wealth and power; but these hopes have been gratified in some countries, by supplicating the people, and in others by flattering the prince: honour in some states has been only the reward of military achievements, in others it has been gained by noisy turbulence and popular clamours. Avarice has worn a different form, as she actuated the usurper of Rome, and the stock-jobber of England; and idleness itself, how little soever inclined to the trouble of invention, has been forced from time to time to change its amusements, and contrive different methods of wearing out the day.

Here then is the fund, from which those who study mankind may fill their compositions with an inexhaustible variety of images and allusions: and he must be confessed to look with little attention upon scenes thus perpetually changing, who cannot catch some of the figures before they are made vulgar by reiterated descriptions.

It has been discovered by Sir Isaac Newton, that the distinct and primogenial colours are only seven; but every eye can witness, that from various mixtures, in various proportions, infinite diversifications of tints may be produced. In like manner, the passions of the mind, which put the world in motion, and produce all the bustle and eagerness of the busy crowds that swarm upon the earth; the passions, from whence arise all the pleasures and pains that we see and hear of, if we analyse the mind of man, are very few; but those few agitated and combined, as external causes shall happen to operate, and modified by prevailing opinions and accidental caprices, make such frequent alterations on the surface of life, that the show, while we are busied in delineating



it, vanishes from the view, and a new set of objects succeed, doomed to the same shortness of duration with the former: thus curiosity may always find employment, and the busy part of mankind will furnish the contemplative with the materials of speculation to the end of time.

The complaint, therefore, that all topics

are preoccupied, is nothing more than the murmur of ignorance or idleness, by which some discourage others, and some themselves: the mutability of mankind will always furnish writers with new images, and the luxuriance of fancy may always embellish them with new decorations.

T

No. XCVI. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1753.

—*Fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint.*

VIRG.

*O happy, if ye knew your happy state!*

DRYDEN.

IN proportion as the enjoyment and felicity of life depend upon imagination, it is of importance that this power of the mind should be directed in its operations by reason; and, perhaps, imagination is more frequently busy when it can only imbitter disappointment and heighten calamity; and more frequently slumbers when it might increase the triumph of success, or animate insensibility to happiness, than is generally perceived.

An ecclesiastical living of considerable value became vacant, and Evander obtained a recommendation to the patron. His friend had too much modesty to speak with confidence of the success of an application supported chiefly by his interest, and Evander knew that others had solicited before him; as he was not, therefore, much elevated by hope, he believed he should not be greatly depressed by a disappointment. The gentleman to whom he was recommended, received him with great courtesy; but upon reading the letter, he changed countenance, and discovered indubitable tokens of vexation and regret; then taking Evander by the hand—‘Sir,’ said he, ‘I think it scarce less a misfortune to myself than you, that you was not five minutes sooner in your application. The gentleman whose recommendation you bring, I wish more than any other to oblige; but I have just presented the living to the person whom you saw take his leave when you entered the room.’

This declaration was a stroke, which Evander had neither skill to elude, nor force to resist. The strength of his interest, though it

was not known time enough to increase his hope, and his being too late only a few minutes, though he had reason to believe his application had been precluded by as many days, were circumstances which imagination immediately improved to aggravate his disappointment: over these he mused perpetually with inexpressible anguish, he related them to every friend, and lamented them with the most passionate exclamations. And yet, what happened to Evander more than he expected? Nothing that he possessed was diminished, nor was any possibility of advantage cut off. With respect to these and every other reality, he was in the same state as if he had never heard of the vacancy, which he had some chance to fill: but Evander groaned under the tyranny of imagination; and in a fit of causeless fretfulness cast away peace, because time was not stopped in its career, and a miracle did not interpose to secure him a living.

Agenor, on whom the living which Evander solicited was bestowed, never conceived a single doubt that he should fail in his attempt: his character was unexceptionable, and his recommendation such as it was believed no other could counterbalance; he, therefore, received the bounty of his patron without much emotion; he regarded his success as an event produced, like rain and sun-shine, by the common and regular operation of natural causes; and took possession of his rectory with the same temper, that he would have reaped a field he had sown, or received the interest of a sum which he had placed in the funds. But having,

by accident heard the report which had been circulated by the friends of Evander, he was at once struck with a sense of his good fortune; and was so affected by a retrospect on his danger, that he could scarce believe it to be past. 'How providential,' said he, 'was it that I did not stay to drink another dish of tea at breakfast, that I found a hackney-coach at the end of the street, and that I met with no stop by the way!' What an alteration was produced in Agenor's conception of the advantage of his situation, and the means by which it was obtained! and yet at last he gained nothing more than he expected; his danger was not known time enough to alarm his fear; the value of his acquisition was not increased; nor had Providence interposed farther than to exclude chance from the government of the world. But Agenor did not before reflect that any gratitude was due to Providence but for a miracle; he did not enjoy his preferment as a gift, nor estimate his gain but by the probability of loss.

As success and disappointment are under the influence of imagination, so are ease and health; each of which may be considered as a kind of negative good, that may either degenerate into wearisomness and discontent, or be improved into complacency and enjoyment.

About three weeks ago I paid an afternoon visit to Curio. Curio is the proprietor of an estate which produces three thousand pounds a year, and the husband of a lady remarkable for her beauty and her wit; his age is that in which manhood is said to be compleat, his constitution is vigorous, his person graceful, and his understanding strong. I found him in full health, lolling in an easy chair; his countenance was florid, he was gayly dressed, and surrounded with all the means of happiness which wealth well used could bestow. After the first ceremonies had passed, he threw himself again back in his chair upon my having refused it, looked wistfully at his fingers end, crossed his legs, enquired the news of the day, and in the midst of all possible advantages seemed to possess life with a listless indifference, which, if he could have preserved in contrary circumstances, would have invested him with the dignity of a stoic.

It happened that yesterday I paid Curio ano-

ther visit. I found him in his chamber; his head was swathed in flannel, and his countenance was pale. I was alarmed at these appearances of diseases; and enquired with an honest solicitude how he did. The moment he heard my question, he started from his seat, sprang towards me, caught me by the hand, and told me, in an ecstasy, that he was in Heaven.

What difference in Curio's circumstances produced this difference in his sensations and behaviour? What prodigious advantage had now accrued to the man, who before had ease and health, youth, affluence, and beauty? Curio, during the ten days that preceded my last visit, had been tormented with the tooth-ach, and had, within the last hour, been restored to ease, by having the tooth drawn.

And is human reason so impotent, and imagination so perverse, that ease cannot be enjoyed till it has been taken away? Is it not possible to improve negative into positive happiness, by reflection? Can he who possesses ease and health, whose food is tasteful, and whose sleep is sweet, remember, without exultation and delight, the seasons in which he has pined in the languor of inappetence, and counted the watches of the night with restless anxiety.

Is an acquiescence in the dispensations of Unerring Wisdom, by which some advantage appears to be denied, without recalling trivial and accidental circumstances that can only aggravate disappointment, impossible to reasonable beings? And is a sense of the Divine Bounty necessarily languid, in proportion as that bounty appears to be less doubtful and interrupted?

Every man, surely, would blush to admit these suppositions; let every man, therefore, deny them by his life. He who brings imagination under the dominion of reason, will be able to diminish the evil of life, and to increase the good; he will learn to resign with complacency, to receive with gratitude, and possess with cheerfulness: and as in this conduct there is not only wisdom but virtue, he will under every calamity be able to rejoice in hope, and to anticipate the felicity of that state, in which, the Spirits of the Just shall be made PERFECT.

## No. XCVIII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1753.

Ἡ δὲ καὶ ἐν τοῖς ἥθειν ὡσπερ καὶ ἐν τῇ τῶν πραγμάτων συστάσει, αἰεὶ ζητεῖν, ἢ τὸ ἀναγ.  
καίον, ἢ τὸ εἰκός. ARIST. POET.

*As well in the conduct of the manners as in the constitution of the fable, we must always endeavour to produce either what is necessary or what is probable.*

‘**W**HOEVER ventures,’ says Ho-  
‘race, to form a character total-  
‘ly original, let him endeavour to preserve it  
‘with uniformity and consistency; but the for-  
‘mation of an original character is a work of  
‘great difficulty and hazard.’ In this arduous  
and uncommon task, however, Shakespeare has  
wonderfully succeeded in his *Tempest*: the  
monster Caliban is the creature of his own  
imagination, in the formation of which he  
could derive no assistance from observation or  
experience.

Caliban is the son of a witch, begotten by  
a demon: the sorceries of his mother were so  
terrible, that her countrymen banished her into  
this desert island as unfit for human society;  
in conformity, therefore, to this diabolical  
propagation, he is represented as a prodigy of  
cruelty, malice, pride, ignorance, idleness,  
gluttony, and lust. He is introduced with  
great propriety cursing Prospero and Miranda  
whom he had endeavoured to defile; and his  
execrations are artfully contrived to have refer-  
ence to the occupation of his mother—

As wicked dew, as e’er my mother brush’d  
With raven’s feather from unwholesome fen,  
Drop on you both!—

—All the charms

Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

His kindness is afterwards expressed as much  
in character as his hatred, by an enumeration  
of offices that could be of value only in a de-  
solate island, and in the estimation of a savage?

I pr’ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow:  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;  
Shew thee a jay’s nest; and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmazet. I’ll bring thee  
To clust’ring filberds; and some times I’ll get  
thee

Young sea-malls from the rock—

I’ll shew thee the best springs; I’ll pluck thee  
berries;

I’ll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

VOL. II.

Which last is, indeed, a circumstance of great  
use in a place where to be defended from the  
cold was neither easy nor usual; and it has a  
farther peculiar beauty, because the gathering  
wood was the occupation to which Caliban  
was subjected by Prospero, who, therefore,  
deemed it a service of high importance.

The gross ignorance of this monster is re-  
presented with delicate judgment; he knew not  
the names of the sun and moon, which he calls  
the bigger light and the less; and he believes  
that Stephano was the man in the moon, whom  
his mistress had often shewn him: and when  
Prospero reminds him that he first taught him  
to pronounce articulately, his answer is full of  
malevolence and rage;

You taught me language; and my profit o’nt  
Is, I know how to curse:—

the properest return for such a fiend to make  
for such a favour. The spirits whom he sup-  
poses to be employed by Prospero perpetually  
to torment him, and the many forms and dif-  
ferent methods they take for this purpose, are  
described with the utmost liveliness and force  
of fancy:

Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,  
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs which  
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount  
Their prick at my foot-fall; sometimes am I  
All wound with adders, who with cloven  
tongues

Do hiss me into madness.

It is scarcely possible for any speech to be  
more expressive of the manners and sentiments,  
than that in which our poet has painted the  
brutal barbarity and unfeeling savageness of  
this son of Sycorax, by making him enume-  
rate, with a kind of horrible delight, the vari-  
ous ways in which it was possible for the  
drunken sailors to surprize and kill his master:

—There thou may’st brain him,

Having first seiz’d his books; or with a log  
Batter his skull; or paunch him with a stake;  
Or cut his wezand with thy knife—

I i

He adds, in allusion to his own abominable attempt—'Above all, be sure to secure the daughter, whose beauty,' he tells them, 'is incomparable.' The charms of Miranda could not be more exalted than by extorting this testimony from so insensible a monster.

Shakespeare seems to be the only poet who possesses the power of uniting poetry with propriety of character; of which I know not an instance more striking, than the image Caliban makes use of to express silence, which is at once highly poetical, and exactly suited to the wildness of the speaker:

Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole may  
not  
Hear a foot-fall.——

I always lament that our author has not preserved this fierce and implacable spirit in Caliban, to the end of the play; instead of which, he has, I think, injudiciously put into his mouth, words that imply repentance and understanding:

——I'll be wise hereafter,

And seek for grace. What a thrice double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool?

It must not be forgotten, that Shakespeare has artfully taken occasion from this extraordinary character, which is finely contrasted to the mildness and obedience of Ariel, obliquely to satirize the prevailing passion for new and wonderful sights, which has rendered the English so ridiculous. 'Were I in England now,' says Trinculo, on first discovering Caliban, 'and had but this fish painted, not an holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.'

Such is the inexhaustible plenty of our poet's invention, that he has exhibited another character in this play, entirely his own: that of the lovely and innocent Miranda.

When Prospero first gives her a sight of Prince Ferdinand, she eagerly exclaims—

——What is't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, Sir,  
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Her imagining that as he was so beautiful he must necessarily be one of her father's aerial

agents, is a stroke of nature worthy of admiration: as are likewise her intreaties to her father not to use them harshly, by the power of his art—

Why speaks my father so ungently? This  
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first  
That e'er I sigh'd for!——

Here we perceive the beginning of that passion, which Prospero was desirous she should feel for the prince; and which she afterwards more fully expresses upon an occasion which displays at once the tenderness, the innocence, and the simplicity of her character. She discovers her lover employed in the laborious task of carrying wood, which Prospero had enjoined him to perform. 'Would,' says she, 'the lightning had burnt up those logs, that you are enjoined to pile!'

——If you'll sit down,

I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me  
that,

I'll carry't to the pile.——

——You look wearily.

It is by selecting such little and almost imperceptible circumstances that Shakespeare has more truly painted the passions than any other writer: affection is more powerfully expressed by this simple wish and offer of assistance, than by the unnatural eloquence and witticisms of Dryden, or the amorous declamations of Rowe.

The resentment of Prospero for the matchless cruelty and wicked usurpation of his brother; his paternal affection and solicitude for the welfare of his daughter, the heiress of his dukedom; and the awful solemnity of his character, as a skilful magician; are all along preserved with equal consistency, dignity, and decorum. One part of his behaviour deserves to be particularly pointed out: during the exhibition of a mask with which he had ordered Ariel to entertain Ferdinand and Miranda, he starts suddenly from the recollection of the conspiracy of Caliban and his confederates against his life, and dismisses his attendant spirits, who instantly vanish to a hollow and confused noise. He appears to be greatly moved; and suitably to this agitation of mind, which his danger has excited, he takes occasion, from the sudden disappearance of the visionary scene to moralize on the dissolution of all things—

—These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits : and  
Are melted into air, into thin air.  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;  
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind——

To these noble images he adds a short but comprehensive observation on human life, not excelled by any passage of the moral and sententious Euripides—

——We are such stuff

As dreams are made on ; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep !

Thus admirably is an uniformity of charac-

ter, that leading beauty in dramatic poesy, preserved throughout the *Tempest*. And it may be farther remarked, that the unities of action, of place, and of time, are in this play, though almost constantly violated by Shakespeare, exactly observed. The action is one, great, and entire, the restoration of Prospero to his dukedom ; this business is transacted in the compass of a small island, and in or near the cave of Prospero ; though, indeed, it had been more artful and regular to have confined it to this single spot ; and the time which the action takes up, is only equal to that of the representation ; an excellence which ought always to be aimed at in every well-conducted fable, and for the want of which a variety of the most entertaining incidents can scarcely atone.

Z

No. XCVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1753.

*Aude aliquid brevibus gyaris, et carcere dignum,  
Si vis esse aliquis.*

JUV.

*Wou'dst thou to honours and preferments climb ?  
Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime,  
Which dungeons, death, or banishment, deserves.*

DRYDEN,

TO THE ADVENTURER.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE thirst of glory is, I think, allowed, even by the dull dogs who can sit still long enough to write books, to be a noble appetite.

My ambition is to be thought a man of life and spirit, who could conquer the world if he was to set about it, but who has too much vivacity to give the necessary attention to any scheme of length.

I am, in short, one of those heroic Adventurers, who have thought proper to distinguish themselves by the titles of Buck, Blood, and Nerve. When I am in the country, I am always on horseback, and I leap or break every hedge and gate that stands in my way : when I am in town, I am constantly to be seen at some of the public places, at the proper times for making my appearance ; as at Vauxhall, or Marybone, about ten, very drunk : for though I do not love wine, I am obliged to be consumedly drunk five or six nights in the week ; nay sometimes five or six days together, for the sake of my character. Wherever I come, I am sure to make all the confusion, and

do all the mischief I can ; not for the sake of doing mischief, but only out of frolic, you know, to shew my vivacity. If there are women near me, I swear to shew my courage, and talk bawdy to shew my wit. Under the rose, I am a cursed favourite amongst them ; and have had 'bonne fortune,' let me tell you. I do love the little rogues hellishly ; but faith I make love for the good of the public ; and the town is obliged to me for a dozen or two of the finest wenches that were ever brought into its seraglios. One, indeed, I lost, and, poor fond soul ! I pitied her ! but it could not be helped—self-preservation obliged me to leave her—I could not tell her what was the matter with her, rot me if I could ; and so it got to such a head, that the devil himself could not have saved her.

There's one thing vexes me ; I have much ado to avoid having that insignificant character, a good-natured fellow, fixed upon me ; so that I am obliged in my own defence to break the boy's head, and kick my whore down stairs every time I enter a night-house : I pick quarrels when I am not offended, break the windows of men I never saw, demolish lamps,

bilk hackney-coachmen, overturn wheelbarrows, and storm night cellars: I beat the watchman, though he bids me good morrow, abuse the constable, and insult the justice: for these feats I am frequently kicked, beaten, pumped, prosecuted, and imprisoned; but Tim is no flincher; and if he does not get fame, blood! he will deserve it.

I am now writing at a coffee-house, where I am just arrived, after a journey of fifty miles, which I rode in four hours. I knocked up my blockhead's horse two hours ago. The dog whipped and spurred at such a rate, that I dare say you may track him half the way by the blood: but all would not do. The devil take the hindmost, is always my way of travelling. The moment I dismounted, down dropt Dido, by Jove: and here am I all alive and merry, my old boy!

I'll tell thee what; I was a hellish ass to other day. I shot a damn'd clean mare through the head, for jumping out of the road to avoid running over an old woman. But the bitch threw me, and I got a cursed slice on the cheek against a flint, which put me in a passion; who could help it, you know? Rot me! I would not have lost her for five hundred old women, with all their brats to the third generation. She was a sweet creature! I would run her five-and-twenty miles within the hour, for five hundred pounds. But she is gone!—Poor jade! I did love thee, that I did.

✓Now what you shall do for me, old boy, is this—Help to raise my name a little, d'ye mind: write something in praise of us sprightly pretty fellows. I assure you we take a great deal of pains for fame, and it is hard we should be bilkt. I would not trouble you, my dear; but only I fear I have not much time before me to do my own business; for between you and I, both my constitution and my estate are damnably out at elbows. I intend to make them spin out together as evenly as possible; but if my purse should happen to leak fastest, I propose to go with my last half-crown to Ranelagh gardens, and there, if you approve the scheme, I'll mount one of the upper alcoves, and repeat with an heroic air—  
I'll boldly venture on the world unknown;  
It cannot use me worse than this has done.

I'll then shoot myself through the head; and go good by t'ye. Yours, as you serve me.

TIM. WILBOOSE.

I should little deserve the notice of a person so illustrious as the hero who honours me with the name of Brother, if I should cavil at his principles or refuse his request. According to the moral philosophy which is now in fashion, and adopted by many of the 'dull dogs who write books,' the gratification of appetite is virtue; and appetite, therefore, I shall allow to be noble, notwithstanding the objections of those who pretend that, whatever be its subject, it can be good or ill in no other sense than stature or complexion; and that the voluntary effort only is moral by which appetite is directed or restrained, by which it is brought under the government of reason, and rendered subservient to moral purposes.

But with whatever efforts of heroic virtue my correspondent may have laboured to gratify his 'thirst of glory,' I am afraid he will be disappointed. It is, indeed, true, that like the heroes of antiquity, whom successive generations have honoured with statues and panegyric, he has spent his life in doing mischief to others, without procuring any real good to himself: but he has not done mischief enough; he has not sacked a city or fired a temple: he acts only against individuals in a contracted sphere, and is lost among a crowd of competitors, whose merit can only contribute to their mutual obscurity, as the feats which are perpetually performed by innumerable adventurers must soon become too common to confer distinction.

In behalf of some among these candidates for fame, the legislature has, indeed, thought fit to interpose; and their achievements are with great solemnity rehearsed and recorded in a temple, of which I know not the celestial appellation, but on earth, it is called Justice Hall, in the Old Bailey.

As the rest are utterly neglected, I cannot think of any expedient to gratify the noble thirst of my correspondent and his compeers, but that of procuring them admission into this class; an attempt in which I do not despair of success, for I think I can demonstrate their right, and I will not suppose it possible that when this is done they will be excluded.

Upon the most diligent examination of ancient history and modern panegyric, I find that no action has ever been held honourable in so high a degree, as killing men: this, indeed, is one of the

feats which our legislature has thought fit to rescue from oblivion, and reward in Justice Hall: it has also removed an absurd distinction, and, contrary to the practice of pagan antiquity, has comprehended the killers of women among those who deserve the rewards that have been decreed to homicide. Now he may fairly be considered as a killer, who seduces a young beauty from the fondness of a parent, with whom she enjoys health and peace, the protection of the laws, and the smile of society, to the tyranny of a bawd, and the excesses of a brothel, to disease and distraction, stripes, infamy, and imprisonment; calamities which cannot fail to render her days not only evil but few. It may, perhaps, be alleged; that the woman was not wholly passive, but that in some sense she may be considered as *felo de se*. This, however, is mere cavil; for the same may be said of him who fights when he can run away; and yet it has always been deemed more honourable to kill the combatant than the fugitive.

If this claim then of the Blood be admitted, and I do not see how it can be set aside, I propose that after his remains shall have been ref-

cued from dust and worms, and consecrated in the temple of Hygeia, called Surgeons-Hall, his bones shall be purified by proper lustrations, and erected into a statue; that this statue shall be placed in a niche, with the name of the hero of which it is at once the remains and the monument written over it, among many others of the same rank, in the gallery of a spacious building, to be erected by lottery for that purpose: I propose that this gallery be called the BLOOD'S GALLERY; and, to prevent the labour and expence of emblazoning the achievements of every individual, which would be little more than repeating the same words, that an inscription be placed over the door to this effect—'This gallery is sacred to the memory and the remains of the BLOODS; heroes who lived in perpetual hostility against themselves and others; who contracted diseases by excess that precluded enjoyment, and who continually perpetrated mischief not in anger but sport; who purchased this distinction at the expence of life; and whose glory would have been equal to Alexander's, if their power had not been less.'

## No. XCIX. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1753.

———*Magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

OVID.

*But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd.*

ADDISON.

IT has always been the practice of mankind, to judge of actions by the event. The same attempts, conducted in the same manner, but terminated by different success, produce different judgments: they who attain their wishes, never want celebrators of their wisdom and their virtue; and they that miscarry are quickly discovered to have been defective not only in mental but in moral qualities. The world will never be long without some good reason to hate the unhappy: their real faults are immediately detected; and if those are not sufficient to sink them into infamy, an additional weight of calumny will be superadded: he that fails in his endeavours after wealth or power, will not long retain either honesty or courage.

This species of injustice has so long prevailed in universal practice, that it seems likewise to

have infected speculation: so few minds are able to separate the ideas of greatness and prosperity, that even Sir William Temple has determined, that he who can deserve the name of a hero, must not only be virtuous but fortunate.

By this unreasonable distribution of praise and blame, none have suffered oftener than Projectors, whose rapidity of imagination and vastness of design raise such envy in their fellow mortals, that every eye watches for their fall, and every heart exults at their distresses: yet even a Projector may gain favour by success: and the tongue that was prepared to hiss, then endeavours to excel others in loudness of applause.

When Coriolanus, in Shakespeare, deserted to Aufidius, the Volscian servants at first insulted him, even while he stood under the protection of the household gods: but when they

saw that the Project took effect, and the stranger was seated at the head of the table, one of them very judiciously observes, that he always thought there was more in him than he could think.

Machiavel has justly animadverted on the different notice taken by all succeeding times, of the two great projectors Catiline and Cæsar. Both formed the same Project, and intended to raise themselves to power, by subverting the commonwealth: they pursued their design, perhaps, with equal abilities, and with equal virtue; but Catiline perished in the field, and Cæsar returned from Pharsalia with unlimited authority: and from that time, every monarch of the earth has thought himself honoured by a comparison with Cæsar; and Catiline has been never mentioned, but that his name might be applied to traitors and incendiaries.

In an age more remote, Xerxes projected the conquest of Greece, and brought down the power of Asia against it: but after the world had been filled with expectation and terror, his army was beaten, his fleet was destroyed, and Xerxes has been never mentioned without contempt.

A few years afterwards, Greece likewise had her turn of giving birth to a Projector; who invading Asia with a small army, went forward in search of adventures, and by his escape from one danger, gained only more rashness to rush into another: he stormed city after city, over-ran kingdom after kingdom, fought battles only for barren victory, and invaded nations only that he might make his way through them to new invasions: but having been fortunate in the execution of his projects, he died with the name of Alexander the Great.

These are, indeed, events of ancient times; but human nature is always the same, and every age will afford us instances of public censures influenced by events. The great business of the middle centuries was the holy war; which undoubtedly was a noble Project, and was for a long time prosecuted with a spirit equal to that with which it had been contrived: but the ardour of the European heroes only hurried them to destruction; for a long time they could not gain the territories for which they fought, and, when at last gained, they could not keep them: their expeditions, therefore, have been the scoff of idleness and igno-

rance, their understanding and their virtue have been equally vilified, their conduct has been ridiculed, and their cause has been defamed.

When Columbus had engaged King Ferdinand in the discovery of the other hemisphere, the sailors with whom he embarked in the expedition, had so little confidence in their commander, that after having been long at sea, looking for coasts which they expected never to find, they raised a general mutiny, and demanded to return. He found means to soothe them into a permission to continue the same course three days longer, and on the evening of the third day descried land. Had the impatience of his crew denied him a few hours of the time requested, what would have been his fate but to have come back with the infamy of a vain Projector, who had betrayed the king's credulity to useless expences, and risked his life in seeking countries that had no existence? How would those that had rejected his proposals, have triumphed in their acuteness? and when would his name have been mentioned, but with the makers of potable gold and malleable glass?

The last royal Projectors with whom the world has been troubled, were Charles of Sweden and the Czar of Muscovy. Charles, if any judgment may be formed of his designs by his measures and his enquiries, had purposed first to dethrone the Czar, then to lead his army through the pathless deserts into China, thence to make his way by the sword through the whole circuit of Asia, and by the conquest of Turkey to unite Sweden with his new dominions: but this mighty Project was crushed at Pultowa; and Charles has since been considered as a madman by those powers, who sent their ambassadors to solicit his friendship, and their generals 'to learn under him the art of war.'

The Czar found employment sufficient in his own dominions, and amused himself in digging canals, and building cities; murdering his subjects with insufferable fatigues, and transplanting nations from one corner of his dominions to another, without regretting the thousands that perished on the way: but he attained his end, he made his people formidable, and is numbered by fame among the demi-gods.

I am far from intending to vindicate the sanguinary projects of heroes and conquerors,



and would wish rather to diminish the reputation of their success, than the infamy of their miscarriages: for I cannot conceive, why he that has burnt cities, wasted nations, and filled the world with horror and desolation, should be more kindly regarded by mankind than he that died in the rudiments of wickedness; why he that accomplished mischief should be glorious, and he that only endeavoured it should be criminal. I would wish Cæsar and Catiline, Xerxes and Alexander, Charles and Peter huddled together in obscurity or detestation.

But there is another species of Projectors, to whom I would willingly conciliate mankind; whose ends are generally laudable, and whose labours are innocent; who are searching out new powers of nature, or contriving new works of art; but who are yet persecuted with incessant obloquy, and whom the universal contempt with which they are treated often debars from that success which their industry would obtain, if it were permitted to act without opposition.

They who find themselves inclined to censure new undertakings, only because they are new, should consider, that the folly of Projection is very seldom the folly of a fool; it is commonly the ebullition of a capacious mind, crowded with variety of knowledge, and heated with intenseness of thought; it proceeds often from the consciousness of uncommon powers, from the confidence of those who, having already done much, are easily persuaded that they can do more. When Rowley had compleated the Orrery, he attempted the perpetual motion; when Boyle had exhausted the secrets of vulgar chemistry, he turned his thoughts to the work of transmutation.

A Projector generally unites those qualities which have the fairest claim to veneration, extent of knowledge, and greatness of design. It was said of Catiline, '*immoderata, incredibilia, nimis alta semper cupiebat.*' Projectors of all kinds agree in their intellects, though they differ in their morals; they all fail by attempting things beyond their power, by despising vulgar attainments, and aspiring to perform-

ances, to which, perhaps, nature has not proportioned the force of man: when they fail, therefore, they fail not by idleness or timidity, but by rash adventure and fruitless diligence.

That the attempts of such men will often miscarry, we may reasonably expect; yet from such men, and such only, are we to hope for the cultivation of those parts of nature which lie yet waste, and the invention of those arts which are yet wanting to the felicity of life. If they are, therefore, universally discouraged, art and discovery can make no advances. Whatever is attempted without previous certainty of success, may be considered as a Project, and amongst narrow minds may, therefore, expose its author to censure and contempt; and if the liberty of laughing be once indulged, every man will laugh at what he does not understand, every Project will be considered as madness, and every great or new design will be censured as a Project. Men, unaccustomed to reason and researches, think every enterprize impracticable, which is extended beyond common effects, or comprises many intermediate operations. Many that presume to laugh at Projectors, would consider a flight through the air in a winged chariot, and the movement of a mighty engine by the steam of water, as equally the dreams of mechanic lunacy; and would hear, with equal negligence, of the union of the Thames and Severn by a canal, and the scheme of Albuquerque, the viceroy of the Indies, who in the rage of hostility had contrived to make Egypt a barren desert, by turning the Nile into the Red Sea.

Those who have attempted much, have seldom failed to perform more than those who never deviate from the common roads of action: many valuable preparations of chemistry are supposed to have risen from unsuccessful enquiries after the grand elixir: it is therefore just to encourage those who endeavour to enlarge the power of art, since they often succeed beyond expectation; and when they fail, may sometimes benefit the world even by their miscarriages.

T

No. C. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1753.

*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.*— JUV.*No man e'er reach'd the heights of vice at first.* TATE.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THOUGH the characters of men have, perhaps, been essentially the same in all ages, yet their external appearance has changed with other peculiarities of time and place, and they have been distinguished by different names, as new modes of expression have prevailed: a periodical writer, therefore, who catches the picture of evanescent life, and shews the deformity of follies which in a few years will be so changed as not to be known, should be careful to express the character when he describes the appearance, and to connect it with the name by which it then happens to be called. You have frequently used the terms Buck and Blood, and have given some account of the characters which are thus denominated; but you have not considered them as the last stages of a regular progression, nor taken any notice of those which precede them. Their dependance upon each other is indeed so little known, that many suppose them to be distinct and collateral classes, formed by persons of opposite interests, tastes, capacities, and dispositions: the scale, however, consists of eight degrees: Greenhorn, Jemmy, Jessamy, Smart, Honest Fellow, Joyous Spirit, Buck, and Blood. As I have myself passed through the whole series, I shall explain each station by a short account of my life, remarking the periods when my character changed its denomination, and the particular incidents by which the change was produced.

My father was a wealthy farmer in Yorkshire; and when I was near eighteen years of age, he brought me up to London, and put me apprentice to a considerable shopkeeper in the city. There was an awkward modest simplicity in my manner, and a reverence of religion and virtue in my conversation. The novelty of the scene that was now placed before me, in which there were innumerable objects that I never conceived to exist, rendered me attentive and cre-

dulous; peculiarities, which, without a provincial accent, a slouch in my gait, a long lank head of hair, an unfashionable suit of drab coloured cloth, would have denominated me a Greenhorn, or in other words, a country put very green.

Green, then, I continued, even in externals, near two years; and in this state I was the object of universal contempt and derision: but being at length wearied with merriment and insult, I was very sedulous to assume the manners and appearance of those who, in the same station, were better treated. I had already improved greatly in my speech; and my father having allowed me thirty pounds a year for apparel and pocket-money, the greater part of which I had saved, I bespoke a suit of cloaths of an eminent city taylor, with several waistcoats and breeches, and two frocks for a change: I cut off my hair, and procured a brown bob perriwig of Wilding, of the same colour, with a single row of curls just round the bottom, which I wore very nicely combed, and without powder; my hat, which had been cocked with great exactness in an equilateral triangle, I discarded, and purchased one of a more fashionable size, the fore-corner of which projected near two inches farther than those on each side, and was moulded into the shape of a spout: I also furnished myself with a change of white thread stockings, took care that my pumps were varnished every morning with the new German blacking-ball; and when I went out, carried in my hand a little switch, which, as it has been long appendant to the character that I had just assumed, has taken the same name, and is called a Jemmy.

I soon perceived the advantage of this transformation. My manner had not, indeed, kept pace with my dress; I was still modest and diffident, temperate and sober, and consequently still subject to ridicule: but I was now admitted into company from which I had before been excluded by the rusticity of my appearance; I was raillied and en-

couraged by turns; and I was instructed both by precept and example. Some offers were made of carrying me to a house of private entertainment, which then I absolutely refused; but I soon found the way into the play-house, to see the two last acts and the farce: here I learned, that by breaches of chastity no man was thought to incur either guilt or shame; but that, on the contrary, they were essentially necessary to the character of a fine gentleman. I soon copied the original, which I found to be universally admired, in my morals, and made some farther approaches to it in my dress: I suffered my hair to grow long enough to comb back over the foretop of my wig, which, when I sallied forth to my evening amusement, I changed to a queue; I tied the collar of my shirt with half an ell of black ribbon, which appeared under my neckcloth; the fore corner of my hat was considerably elevated and shortened, so that it no longer resembled a spout, but the corner of a minced pye; my waistcoat was edged with a narrow lace, my stockings were silk, and I never appeared without a pair of clean gloves. My address, from its native masculine plainness, was converted to an excess of softness and civility, especially when I spoke to the ladies. I had before made some progress in learning to swear; I had proceeded by fegs, faith, pox, plague, 'pon my life, 'pon my soul, rat it, and zookers, to zauns and the divill. Now I advanced to By Jove, 'fore ged, geds curse it, and demme; but I still uttered these interjections in a tremulous tone, and my pronunciation was feminine and vicious. I was sensible of my defects, and therefore applied with great diligence to remove them. I frequently practised alone; but it was a long time before I could swear so much to my own satisfaction in company, as by myself. My labour, however, was not without its reward; it recommended me to the notice of the ladies, and procured me the gentle appellation of Jessamy.

I now learned among other Grown Gentlemen to dance, which greatly enlarged my acquaintance; I entered into a subscription for country dances once a week at a tavern, where each gentleman engaged to bring a partner: at the same time I made considerable advances in swearing; I could pronounce Damme with a tolerable air and accent, give the vowel its full sound, and look with confidence in the face of

the person to whom I spoke. About this time my father's elder brother died, and left me an estate of near five hundred pounds per annum. I now bought out the remainder of my time; and this sudden accession of wealth and independence gave me immediately an air of greater confidence and freedom. I laid out near one hundred and fifty pounds in cloaths, though I was obliged to go into mourning: I employed a court-taylor to make them up; I exchanged my queue for a bag; I put on a sword, which, in appearance at least, was a Toledo; and in proportion as I knew my dress to be elegant, I was less solicitous to be neat. My acquaintance now increased every hour; I was attended, flattered, and caressed; was often invited to entertainments, supped every night at a tavern, and went home in a chair; was taken notice of in public places, and was universally confessed to be improved into a Smart.

There were some intervals in which I found it necessary to abstain from wenching; and in these, at whatever risque, I applied myself to the bottle: a habit of drinking came insensibly upon me, and I was soon able to walk home with a bottle and a pint. I had learned a sufficient number of fashionable toasts, and got by heart several toping and several bawdy songs, some of which I ventured to roar out with a friend hanging on my arm as we scoured the street after our nocturnal revel. I now laboured with indefatigable industry to increase these acquisitions: I enlarged my stock of healths; made great progress in singing, joking, and story-telling; swore well; could make a company of staunch toppers drunk; always collected the reckoning, and was the last man that departed. My face began to be covered with red pimples, and my eyes to be weak; I became daily more negligent of my dress, and more blunt in my manner; I professed myself a foe to the starters and milkops, declared that there was no enjoyment equal to that of a bottle and a friend, and soon gained the appellation of an Honest Fellow.

By this distinction I was animated to attempt yet greater excellence; I learned several feats of mimicry of the under players, could take off known characters, tell a staring story, and humbug with so much skill as sometimes to take in a knowing one. I was so successful in the practice of these arts, to which, indeed, I ap-

plied myself with unwearied diligence and assiduity, that I kept my company roaring with applause, till their voices sunk by degrees, and they were no longer able to laugh, because they were no longer able either to hear or to see. I had now ascended another scale in the climax; and was acknowledged, by all who knew me, to be a Joyous Spirit.

After all these topics of merriment were exhausted, and I had repeated my tricks, my stories, my jokes, and my songs, till they grew insipid, I became mischievous; and was continually devising and executing Frolics, to the unspeakable delight of my companions, and the injury of others. For many of them I was prosecuted, and frequently obliged to pay large damages: but I bore all these losses with an air of jovial indifference, I pushed on in my career, I was more desperate in proportion as I had less to lose; and being deterred from no mischief by the dread of its consequences, I was said to run at all, and complimented with the name of Buck.

My estate was at length mortgaged for more than it was worth; my creditors were importunate; I became negligent of myself and of others; I made a desperate effort at the gaming-table, and lost the last sum that I could raise; my estate was seized by the mortgagee; I learned to pack cards and to cog a die; became a bully to whores; passed my nights in a brothel, the street, or the watch-house; was utterly insensible of shame, and lived upon the town as a beast of prey in a forest. Thus I reached the summit of modern glory, and had just acquired the distinction of a Blood, when I was arrested for an old debt of three hundred pounds, and thrown into the King's Bench prison.

These characters, Sir, though they are distinct, yet do not all differ, otherwise than as shades of the same colour. And though they are stages of a regular progression, yet the whole progress is not made by every individual: some are so soon initiated into the mysteries of the town, that they are never publicly known in their Greenhorn state; others fix long in their Jemmyhood, others are Jessamies at fourscore, and some stagnate in each of the higher stages for life. But I request that they may never be confounded either by you or your correspondents. Of the Blood, your brother Adventurer, Mr. Wildgoose, though he assumes the character, does not seem to have a just and precise idea as distinct from the Buck, in which class he should be placed, and will probably die; for he seems determined to shoot himself, just at the time when his circumstances will enable him to assume the higher distinction.

But the retrospect upon life, which this letter has made necessary, covers me with confusion, and aggravates despair. I cannot but reflect, that among all these characters I have never assumed that of a Man. Man is a reasonable Being, which he ceases to be, who disguises his body with ridiculous fopperies, or degrades his mind by detestable brutity. These thoughts would have been of great use to me, if they had occurred seven years ago. If they are of use to you, I hope you will send me a small gratuity for my labour, to alleviate the misery of hunger and nakedness! but, dear Sir, let your bounty be speedy, lest I perish before it arrives.

I am your humble servant,

NOMENTANUS.

COMMON-SIDE, KING'S BENCH,

OCT. 18, 1753.

No. CI. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1753,

— *Est ubi peccat.*

HCR.

— *Yet sometimes he mistakes.*

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IF we consider the high rank which Milton has deservedly obtained among our few English classics, we cannot wonder at the multi-

tude of commentaries and criticisms of which he has been the subject. To these I have added some miscellaneous remarks; and if you should at first be inclined to reject them as trifling, you may, perhaps, determine to admit them, when you reflect that they are new.

The description of Eden in the fourth book of the *Paradise Lost*, and the battle of the angels in the sixth, are usually selected as the most striking examples of a florid and vigorous imagination: but it requires much greater strength of mind to form an assemblage of natural objects, and range them with propriety and beauty, than to bring together the greatest variety of the most splendid images, without any regard to their use or congruity; as in painting, he who, by the force of his imagination, can delineate a landscape, is deemed a greater master than he who, by heaping rocks of coral upon tessellated pavements, can only make absurdity splendid, and dispose gaudy colours so as best to set off each other.

'Sapphire fountains that rolling over orient  
'Pearl run Nectar, roses without thorns, trees  
'that bear fruit of Vegetable Gold, and that  
'weep odorous gums and balms,' are easily feigned; but having no relative beauty as pictures of nature, nor any absolute excellence as derived from truth, they can only please those who, when they read, exercise no faculty but fancy, and admire because they do not think.

If I shall not be thought to digress wholly from my subject, I would illustrate this remark, by comparing two passages, written by Milton and Fletcher, on nearly the same subject. The spirit in *Comus* thus pays his address of thanks to the water-nymph Sabrina—

May thy brimmed waves for this,  
Their full tribute never miss,  
From a thousand petty rills,  
That tumble down the snowy hills:  
Summer drought, or singed air,  
Never scorch thy tresses fair;  
Nor wet October's torrent flood  
Thy molten crystal fill with mud.

Thus far the wishes are most proper for the welfare of a river goddess: the circumstance of summer not scorching her tresses, is highly poetical and elegant; but what follows, though it is pompous and majestic, is unnatural and far fetched—

May thy billows roll ashore  
The beryl and the golden ore:  
May thy lofty head be crown'd  
With many a tower and terras round;  
And here and there, thy banks upon,  
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon!

The circumstance in the third and fourth lines is happily fancied; but what idea can the reader have of an English River rolling Gold and the Beryl ashore, or of groves of Cinnamon growing on its banks? The images in the following passage of Fletcher are very simple and real, all appropriated and strictly natural:

For thy kindness to me shown,  
Never from thy banks be blown  
Any tree, with windy force,  
Cross thy stream to stop thy course;  
May no beast that comes to drink,  
With his horns cast down thy brink;  
May none that for thy fish do look,  
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;  
Barefoot may no neighbour wade  
In thy cool streams, wife or maid,  
When the spawn on stones do lie,  
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry.

The glaring picture of Paradise is not, in my opinion, so strong an evidence of Milton's force of imagination, as his representation of Adam and Eve when they left it, and of the passions with which they were agitated on that event.

Against his battle of the Angels, I have the same objections as against his garden of Eden. He has endeavoured to elevate his combatants, by giving the enormous stature of giants in romances, books of which he was known to be fond; and the prowess and behaviour of Michael as much resemble the feats of Ariosto's knight, as his two-handed sword does the weapons of chivalry: I think the sublimity of his genius much more visible in the first appearance of the fallen angels; the debates of the infernal peers; the passage of Satan through the dominions of chaos, and his adventure with Sin and Death; the mission of Raphael to Adam; the conversations between Adam and his wife; the creation; the account which Adam gives of his first sensations, and of the approach of Eve from the hand of her CREATOR; the whole behaviour of Adam and Eve after the first transgression; and the prospect of the various states of the world, and history of man exhibited in a vision to Adam.

In this vision, Milton judiciously represents Adam as ignorant of what disaster had befallen Abel, when he was murdered by his brother; but during his conversation with Ra-

phael, the poet seems to have forgotten this necessary and natural ignorance of the first man. How was it possible for Adam to discern what the Angel meant by 'cubic phalanxes, by planets of aspect malign, by encamping on the foughthen field, by van and rear, by standards and gonfalons and glittering tissues, by the girding sword, by embattled squadrons, chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds?' And although Adam possessed a superior degree of knowledge, yet doubtless he had not skill enough in chemistry to understand Raphael, who informed him, that—

————— Sulphurous and nitrous foam  
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,

Concocted and Adusted, they reduc'd  
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd.

And, surely, the nature of cannon was not much explained to Adam, who neither knew or wanted the use of iron tools, by telling him, that they resembled the hollow bodies of oak or fir—

With branches hopt, in wood or mountain  
fell'd.

He that never beheld the brute creation but in its pastimes and sports, must have greatly wondered, when the Angel expressed the flight of the Satanic host, by saying that they fled—

————— As a herd  
Of goats, or Timorous flock, together throng'd.

But as there are many exuberances in this poem, there appear to be also some defects. As the serpent was the instrument of the temptation, Milton minutely describes its beauty and allurements: and I have frequently wondered, that he did not, for the same reason, give a more elaborate description of the tree of life; especially as he was remarkable for his knowledge and imitation of the Sacred Writings, and as the following passage in the Revelations afforded him a hint, from which his creative fancy might have worked up a striking picture: 'In the midst of the street of it, and of either side of the river, was there the tree of life; which bare twelve manner of fruits,

' and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.'

At the end of the fourth book, suspense and attention are excited to the utmost; a combat between Satan and the guardians of Eden is eagerly expected, and curiosity is impatient for the action and the catastrophe: but this horrid fray is prevented, expectation is cut off, and curiosity is disappointed, by an expedient which, though applauded by Addison and Pope, and imitated from Homer and Virgil, will be deemed frigid and inartificial by all who judge from their own sensations, and are not content to echo the decisions of others. The golden balances are held forth, 'which,' says the poet, 'are yet seen between Aстреa and the Scorpion.' Satan looks up, and perceiving that his scale mounted aloft, departs with the shades of night. To make such a use, at so critical a time, of *Libra*, a mere imaginary sign of the Zodiac, is scarcely justifiable in a poem founded on religious truth.

Among innumerable beauties in the *Paradise Lost*, I think the most transcendent is the speech of Satan at the beginning of the ninth book: in which his unextinguishable pride and fierce indignation against *God*, and his envy towards Man, are so blended with an involuntary approbation of goodness, and disdain of the meanness and baseness of his present undertaking, as to render it, on account of the propriety of its sentiments and its turns of passion, the most natural, most spirited, and truly dramatic speech, that is, perhaps, to be found in any writer whether ancient or modern: and yet Mr. Addison has passed it over unpraised and unnoticed.

If an apology should be deemed necessary, for the freedom here used with our inimitable bard, let me conclude in the words of Longinus: 'Whoever was carefully to collect the blemishes of Homer, Demosthenes, Plautus, and of other celebrated writers of the same rank, would find they bore not the least proportion to the sublimities and excellencies with which their works abound.'

I am, Sir, your humble servant

Z

PALLOPHILUS.

No. CII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1753.

—*Quid tam dextro pede concipis ut te  
Conatus non poeniteat vixique peracti?* JUV.

*What in the conduct of our life appears  
So well design'd, so luckily begun;  
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone.* DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I HAVE been for many years a trader in London. My beginning was narrow, and my stock small; I was, therefore, a long time brow-beaten and despised by those, who having more money, thought they had more merit than myself. I did not however, suffer my resentment to instigate me to any mean arts of supplantation, nor my eagerness of riches to betray me to any indirect methods of gain; I pursued my business with incessant assiduity, supported by the hope of being richer than those who contemned me; and had, upon every annual review of my books, the satisfaction of finding my fortune increased beyond my expectation.

In a few years my industry and probity were fully recompensed, my wealth was really great, and my reputation for wealth still greater. I had large warehouses crowded with goods, and considerable sums in the public funds; I was caressed upon the Exchange by the most eminent merchants; became the oracle of the common-council; was solicited to engage in all commercial undertakings; was flattered with the hopes of becoming in a short time one of the directors of a wealthy company; and, to compleat my mercantile honours, enjoyed the expensive happiness of fining for sheriff.

Riches, you know, easily produce riches: when I had arrived to this degree of wealth, I had no longer any opposition to fear; new acquisitions were hourly brought within my reach, and I continued for some years longer to heap thousands upon thousands.

At last I resolved to compleat the circle of a citizen's prosperity by the purchase of an estate in the country, and to close my life in retirement. From the hour that this design entered my imagination, I found the fatigues of

my employment every day more oppressive, and persuaded myself that I was no longer equal to perpetual attention, and that my health would soon be destroyed by the torment and distraction of extensive business. I could imagine to myself no happiness, but in vacant jollity, and uninterrupted leisure; nor entertain my friends with any other topic, than the vexation and uncertainty of trade, and the happiness of rural privacy.

But, notwithstanding these declarations, I could not at once reconcile myself to the thoughts of ceasing to get money; and though I was every day enquiring for a purchase, I found some reason for rejecting all that were offered me: and, indeed, had accumulated so many beauties and conveniences in my idea of the spot, where I was finally to be happy, that, perhaps, the world might be travelled over, without discovery of a place which would not have been defective in some particular.

Thus I went on still talking of retirement, and still refusing to retire; my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew ashamed to trifle longer with my own inclinations; an estate was at length purchased, I transferred my stock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a spacious manor.

Here for some time I found happiness equal to my expectation. I reformed the old house according to the advice of the best architects, I threw down the walls of the garden, and inclosed it with palisades, planted long avenues of trees, filled a green-house with exotic plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat.

The fame of these expensive improvements brought in all the country to see the shew. I entertained my visitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, shewed them my

apartment, laid before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of some and the envy of others.

I was envied : but how little can one man judge of the condition of another ? The time was now coming, in which affluence and splendor could no longer make me pleased with myself. I had built till the imagination of the architect was exhausted ; I had added one convenience to another, till I knew not what more to wish or to design ; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and compleated my water-works ; and what now remained to be done ? what, but to look up to turrets, of which, when they were once raised, I had no farther use, to range over apartments where time was tarnishing the furniture, to stand by the cascade of which I scarcely now perceived the sound, and to watch the growth of woods that must give their shade to a distant generation.

In this gloomy inactivity is every day begun and ended : the happiness that I have been so long procuring is now at an end, because it has been procured ; I wander from room to room till I am weary of myself ; I ride out to a neighbouring hill in the centre of my estate, from whence all my lands lie in prospect round me ; I see nothing that I have not seen before, and return home disappointed, though I knew that I had nothing to expect.

In my happy days of business I had been accustomed to rise early in the morning ; and remember the time when I grieved that the night came so soon upon me, and obliged me for a few hours to shut out affluence and prosperity. I now seldom see the rising sun, but to ' tell him,' with the fallen angel, ' how I ' hate his beams.' I awake from sleep as to languor or imprisonment, and have no employment for the first hour but to consider by what art to rid myself of the second. I protract the breakfast as long as I can, because when it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can in some degree of decency grow impatient for my dinner. If I could dine all my life, I should be happy ; I eat not because I am hungry, but because I am idle : but, alas ! the time quickly comes when I can eat no longer ; and so ill does my constitution second my inclination, that I cannot bear strong liquors : seven hours must then be endured be-

fore I shall sup ; but supper comes the more welcome as it is in a short time succeeded by sleep.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the happiness, the hope of which seduced me from the duties and pleasures of a mercantile life. I shall be told by those who read my narrative, that there are many means of innocent amusement, and many schemes of useful employment, which I do not appear ever to have known ; and that nature and art have provided pleasures, by which, without the drudgery of settled business, the active may be engaged, the solitary soothed, and the social entertained.

These arts, Sir, I have tried. When first I took possession of my estate, in conformity to the taste of my neighbours, I bought guns and nets, filled my kennel with dogs, and my stable with horses ; but a little experience shewed me, that these instruments of rural felicity would afford me few gratifications. I never shot but to miss the mark ; and, to confess the truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I could discover no music in the cry of the dogs, nor could divest myself of pity for the animal whose peaceful and inoffensive life was sacrificed to our sport. I was not, indeed, always at leisure to reflect upon her danger ; for my horse, who had been used to the chase, did not always regard my choice either of speed or way, but leapt hedges and ditches at his own discretion, and hurried me along with the dogs, to the great diversion of my brother sportsmen. His eagerness of pursuit once incited him to swim a river ; I had leisure to resolve in the water, that I would never hazard my life again for the destruction of a hare.

I then ordered books to be procured, and by the direction of the vicar had in a few weeks a closet elegantly furnished. You will, perhaps, be surprized when I shall tell you, that when once I had ranged them according to their sizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleasure which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myself any curiosity after events which have been long passed, and in which I can, therefore, have no interest : I am utterly unconcerned to know whether Tully or Demosthenes excelled in oratory, whether Hannibal lost Italy by his own negligence or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no skill in controversial learning, nor can conceive why so many volumes



should have been written upon questions which I have lived so long and so happily without understanding. I once resolved to go through the volumes relating to the office of justice of the peace, but found them so crabbed and intricate, that in less than a month I desisted in despair, and resolved to supply my deficiencies by paying a competent salary to a skilful clerk.

I am naturally inclined to hospitality, and for some kept up a constant intercourse of visits with the neighbouring gentlemen: but though they are easily brought about me by better wine than they can find at any other house, I am not much relieved by their conversation; they have no skill in commerce or the stocks, and I have no knowledge of the history of families, or the factions of the country; so that when the first civilities are over, they usually talk to one another, and I am left

alone in the midst of company. Though I cannot drink myself, I am obliged to encourage the circulation of the glass; their mirth grows more turbulent and obstreperous; and before their merriment is at an end, I am sick with disgust, and, perhaps, reproached with my sobriety, or by some sly insinuations insulted as a cit.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the life to which I am condemned by a foolish endeavour to be happy by imitation; such is the happiness to which I pleased myself with approaching, and which I considered as the chief end of my cares and my labours, I toiled year after year with cheerfulness, in expectation of the happy hour in which I might be idle; the privilege of idleness is attained, but has not brought with it the blessing of tranquillity. I am, yours, &c.

MERCATOR.

T

## No. CIII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1753.

*Quid enim ratione timemus,  
Aut cupimus?*

JUV.

*How void of reason are our hopes and fears!* DRYDEN.

IN those remote times when, by the invention of Fairies, men received good and evil, which succeeding generations could expect only from natural causes, Soliman, a mighty prince, reigned over a thousand provinces in the distant regions of the east. It is recorded of Soliman, that he had no favourite; but among the principal nobles of his court was Omaraddin.

Omaraddin had two daughters, Almerine and Shelimah. At the birth of Almerine, the fairy Elfarina had presided; and, in compliance with the importunate and reiterated request of the parents, had endowed her with every natural excellence both of body and mind, and decreed that she should be sought in marriage by a sovereign prince.

When the wife of Omaraddin was pregnant with Shelimah, the fairy Elfarina was again invoked; at which Farimina, another of the aerial kingdom, was offended. Farimina was inexorable and cruel; the number of her votaries, therefore, was few. Elfarina was placable and benevolent; and Fairies of this cha-

rafter were observed to be superior in power, whether because it is the nature of vice to defeat its own purpose, or whether the calm and equal tenor of a virtuous mind prevents those mistakes which are committed in the tumult and precipitation of outrageous malevolence. But Farimina, from whatever cause, resolved that her influence should not be wanting; she therefore, as far as she was able, precluded the influence of Elfarina, by first pronouncing the incantation which determined the fortune of the infant, whom she discovered by divination to be a girl. Farimina, that the innocent object of her malice might be despised by others, and perpetually employed in tormenting herself, decreed, that her person should be rendered hideous by every species of deformity, and that all her wishes should spontaneously produce an opposite effect.

The parents dreaded the birth of the infant under this malediction, with which Elfarina had acquainted them, and which she could not reverse. The moment they beheld it, they were solicitous only to conceal it from

the world; they considered the complicated deformity of unhappy Shelimah, as some reproach to themselves; and as they could not hope to change her appearance, they did not find themselves interested in her felicity. They made no request to Elfarina, that she would by any intellectual endowments alleviate miseries which they should not participate, but seemed content that a being so hideous should suffer perpetual disappointment; and, indeed, they concurred to injure an infant which they could not behold with complacency, by sending her with only one attendant to a remote castle which stood on the confines of a wood.

Elfarina, however, did not thus forsake innocence in distress; but to counterbalance the evils of obscurity, neglect, and ugliness, she decreed, that to the taste of Shelimah the coarsest food should be the most exquisite dainty: that the rags which covered her, should in her estimation be equal to cloth of gold; that she should prize a palace less than a cottage; and that in these circumstances love should be a stranger to her breast. To prevent the vexation which would arise from the continual disappointment of her wishes, appeared at first to be more difficult: but this was at length perfectly effected by endowing her with Content.

While Shelimah was immured in a remote castle, neglected and forgotten, every city in the dominions of Soliman contributed to decorate the person, or cultivate the mind, of Almerine. The house of her father was the resort of all who excelled in learning of whatever class: and as the wit of Almerine was equal to her beauty, her knowledge was soon equal to her wit.

Thus accomplished, she became the object of universal admiration; every heart throbbed at her approach, every tongue was silent when she spoke; at the glance of her eye every cheek was covered with blushes of diffidence or desire, and at her command every foot became swift as that of the roe. But Almerine, whom ambition was thus jealous to obey, who was revered by hoary wisdom, and beloved by youthful beauty, was perhaps the most wretched of her sex. Perpetual adulation had made her haughty and fierce; her penetration and delicacy rendered almost every object offensive; she was disgusted with imperfections which

others could not discover; her breast was corroded by detestation, when others were softened by pity; she lost the sweetness of sleep by the want of exercise, and the relish of food by continual luxury: but her life became yet more wretched, by her sensibility of that passion on which the happiness of life is believed chiefly to depend.

Nourassin, the physician of Soliman, was of noble birth, and celebrated for his skill through all the east. He had just attained the meridian of life; his person was graceful, and his manner soft and insinuating. Among many others, by whom Almerine had been taught to investigate nature, Nourassin had acquainted her with the qualities of trees and herbs. Of him she learned, how an innumerable progeny are contained in the parent plant; how they expand and quicken by degrees; how from the same soil each imbibes a different juice, which rising from the root hardens into branches above, swells into leaves, and flowers, and fruits, infinitely various, in colour, and taste, and smell; of power to repel diseases, or precipitate the stroke of death.

Whether by the caprice which is common to violent passions, or whether by some potion Nourassin found means to administer to his scholar, is not known; but of Nourassin she became enamoured to the most romantic excess. The pleasure with which she had before reflected on the decree of the Fairy, that she should be sought in marriage by a sovereign prince, was now at an end. It was the custom of the nobles to present their daughters to the king, when they entered their eighteenth year; an event which Almerine had often anticipated with impatience and hope, but now wished to prevent with solicitude and terror. The period urged forward, like every thing future, with silent and irresistible rapidity, at length arrived. The curiosity of Soliman had been raised, as well by accidental encomiums, as by the artifices of Omaraddin, who now hastened to gratify it with the utmost anxiety and perturbation: he discovered the confusion of his daughter, and imagined that it was produced like his own, by the uncertainty and importance of an event, which would be determined before the day should be passed. He endeavoured to give her a peaceful confi-

dence in the promise of the Fairy, which he wanted himself; and perceived with regret, that her distress rather increased than diminished: this incident, however, as he had no suspicion of the cause, only rendered him more impatient of delay; and Almerine, covered with ornaments by which art and nature were exhausted, was, however reluctant, introduced to the king.

Soliman was now in his thirtieth year. He had sat ten years upon the throne, and for the steadiness of his virtue had been surnamed the Just. He had hitherto considered the gratification of appetite as a low enjoyment, allotted to weakness and obscurity; and the exercise of heroic virtue, as the superior felicity of eminence and power. He had as yet taken no wife; nor had he immured in his palace a multitude of unhappy beauties, in whom desire had no choice, and affection no object, to be successively forsaken after unresisted violation, and at last sink into the grave without having answered any nobler purpose, than sometimes to have gratified the caprice of a tyrant, whom they saw at no other season, and whose presence could raise no passion more remote from detestation than fear.

Such was Soliman; who, having gazed some moments upon Almerine with silent admirati-

on, rose up, and turning to the princes who stood round him—'To-morrow,' said he, 'I will grant the request which you have so often repeated, and place a beauty upon my throne, by whom I may transmit my dominion to posterity: to-morrow, the daughter of Omaraddin shall be my wife.'

The joy with which Omaraddin heard this declaration, was abated by the effect which it produced upon Almerine: who, after some ineffectual struggles with the passions which agitated her mind, threw herself into the arms of her women, and burst into tears. Soliman immediately dismissed his attendants; and taking her in his arms, enquired the cause of her distress: this, however, was a secret, which neither her pride nor her fear would suffer her to reveal. She continued silent and inconsolable; and Soliman, though he secretly suspected some other attachment, yet appeared to be satisfied with the suggestions of her father, that her emotion was only such as is common to the sex upon any great and unexpected event. He desisted from farther importunity, and commanded that her women should remove her to a private apartment of the palace, and that she should be attended by his physician Nourassin.

## No. CIV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1753.

*semita certe  
Tranquilla per virtutem patet unica vite.*

Juv.

*But only virtue shews the paths of peace.*

NOURASSIN, who had already learned what had happened, found his despair relieved by this opportunity of another interview. The lovers, however, were restrained from condolence and consultation, by the presence of the women, who could not be dismissed; but Nourassin put a small vial into the hand of Almerine as he departed, and told her, that it contained a cordial, which, if administered in time, would infallibly restore the cheerfulness and vigour that she had lost. These words were heard by the attendants, though they were understood only by Almerine; she readily comprehended, that the potion she had received was poison, which would relieve her

from languor and melancholy by removing the cause, if it could be given to the king before her marriage was completed. After Nourassin was gone, she sat ruminating on the infelicity of her situation and the dreadful events of the morrow, till the night was far spent; and then exhausted with perturbation and watching, she sunk down on the sofa, and fell into a deep sleep.

The king, whose rest had been interrupted by the effects which the beauty of Almerine had produced upon his mind, rose at the dawn of the day; and sending for her principal attendant who had been ordered to watch in her chamber, eagerly enquired what had been her be-

haviour, and whether she had recovered from her surprize. He was acquainted, that she had lately fallen asleep; and that a cordial had been left by Nourassin, which he affirmed would, if not too long delayed, suddenly recover her from languor and dejection, and which, notwithstanding, she had neglected to take. Soliman derived new hopes from this intelligence; and that she might meet him at the hour of marriage, with the chearful vivacity which the cordial of Nourassin would inspire, he ordered that it should, without asking her any question, be mixed with whatever she first drank in the morning.

Almerine, in whose blood the long continued tumult of her mind had produced a feverish heat, awaked parched with thirst, and called eagerly for sherbet: her attendant, having first emptied the vial into the bowl, as she had been commanded by the king, presented it to her, and she drank it off. As soon as she had recollected the horrid business of the day, she missed the vial, and in a few moments she learned how it had been applied. The sudden terror which now seized her, hastened the effect of the poison; and she felt already the fire kindled in her veins; by which in a few hours she would be destroyed. Her disorder was now apparent; though the cause was not suspected: Nourassin was again introduced, and acquainted with the mistake; an antidote was immediately prepared and administered; and Almerine waited the event in agonies of body and mind which are not to be described. The internal commotion every instant increased; sudden and intolerable heat and cold succeeded each other; and in less than an hour, she was covered with a leprosy; her hair fell, her head swelled, and every feature in her countenance was distorted. Nourassin, who was doubtful of the event, had withdrawn to conceal his confusion; and Almerine, not knowing that these dreadful appearances were the presages of recovery, and renewed that the fatal effects of the poison were expelled from the citadel of life, conceived her dissolution to be near, and in the agony of remorse and terror, earnestly requested to see the king. Soliman hastily entered her apartment, and beheld the ruins of her beauty with astonishment, which every moment increased, while she discovered the mischief

which had been intended against him, and which had now fallen upon her own head.

Soliman, after he had recovered from his astonishment, retired to his own apartment; and in this interval of recollection, he soon discovered that the desire of beauty had seduced him from the path of justice, and that he ought to have dismissed the person whose affections he believed to have another object. He did not, therefore, take away the life of Nourassin for a crime, to which he himself had furnished the temptation; but as some punishment was necessary as a sanction to the laws, he condemned him to perpetual banishment. He commanded that Almerine should be sent back to her father, that her life might be a memorial of his folly; and he determined, if possible, to atone by a second marriage for the errors of the first. He considered, how he might enforce and illustrate some general precept; which would contribute more to the felicity of his people, than his leaving them a sovereign of his own blood; and at length he determined to publish this proclamation, throughout all the provinces of his empire: 'Soliman, whose judgment has been perverted, and whose life endangered, by the influence and the treachery of unrivaled beauty, is now resolved to place equal deformity upon his throne; that, when this event is recorded, the world may know, that by Vice beauty became yet more odious than ugliness; and learn, like Soliman, to despise that excellence, which, without Virtue, is only a specious evil, the reproach of the possessor, and the snare of others.'

Shelimah, during these events, experienced a very different fortune. She remained, till she was thirteen years of age, in the castle; and it happened that, about this time, the person to whose care she had been committed, after a short sickness, died. Shelimah imagined that she slept; but perceiving that all attempts to awaken her were ineffectual, and her stock of provisions being exhausted, she found means to open the wicket, and wander alone into the wood. She satisfied her hunger with sitch berries and wild fruits as she found; and at night not being able to find her way back, she lay down under a thicket and slept. Here she was awaked early in the morning by a peasant, whose compassion happened to be proof against

deformity. The man asked her many questions; but her answers rather increasing than gratifying his curiosity, he set her before him on his beast, and carried her to his house in the next village, at the distance of about six leagues. In his family she was the jest of some, and the pity of others; she was employed in the meanest offices; and her figure procured her the name of Goblin. But amidst all the disadvantages of her situation, she enjoyed the utmost felicity of food and rest; as she formed no wishes, she suffered no disappointment; her body was healthful, and her mind at peace.

In this station she had continued four years, when the heralds appeared in the village with the proclamation of Soliman. Shelimah ran out with others to gaze at the parade: she listened to the proclamation with great attention; and, when it was ended, she perceived that the eyes of the multitude were fixed upon her. One of the horsemen at the same time alighted, and with great ceremony intreated her to enter a chariot which was in the retinue, telling her, that she was without doubt the person whom Nature and Soliman had destined to be their queen. Shelimah replied with a smile, that she had no desire to be great; 'But,' said she, 'if your proclamation be true, I should rejoice to be the instrument of such admonition to mankind; and, upon this condition, I wish that I were indeed the most deformed of my species.' The moment this wish was uttered, the spell of Farimina produced the contrary effect: her skin, which was scaly and yellow, became smooth and white, her stature was perceived gradually to increase, her neck rose like a pillar of ivory, her bosom expanded, and her waist became less; her hair, which before was thin and of a dirty red, was now black as the feathers of the raven, and flowed in large ringlets on her shoulders; the most exquisite sensibility now sparkled in her eye, her cheeks were tinged with the blushes of the morning, and her lips moistened with the dew; every limb was perfect, and every motion was graceful. A white robe was thrown over her by an invisible hand: the crowd fell back in astonishment, and gazed with insatiable curiosity upon such beauty as before they had never seen. Shelimah was not less astonished than the crowd: she stood a while with her eyes fixed upon the ground; and finding her confusion increase, would have

retired in silence; but she was prevented by the heralds, who having with much importunity prevailed upon her to enter the chariot, returned with her to the metropolis, presented her to Soliman, and related the prodigy.

Soliman looked round upon the assembly, in doubt whether to prosecute or relinquish his purpose; when Abbaran, a hoary sage, who had presided in the council of his father, came forward, and placing his forehead on the footstool of the throne—'Let the king,' said he, 'accept the reward of virtue, and take Shelimah to his bed. In what age, and in what nation, shall not the beauty of Shelimah be honoured? To whom will it be transmitted alone? Will not the story of the wife of Soliman descend with her name? Will it not be known, that thy desire of beauty was not gratified, till it had been subdued? That by an iniquitous purpose beauty became hideous, and by a virtuous wish deformity became fair?'

Soliman, who had fixed his eyes upon Shelimah, discovered a mixture of joy and confusion in her countenance, which determined his choice, and was an earnest of his felicity; for at that moment, Love, who, during her state of deformity, had been excluded by the fairy Elfarina's interdiction, took possession of her breast.

The nuptial ceremony was not long delayed, and Elfarina honoured it with her presence. When she departed, she bestowed on both her benediction; and put into the hand of Shelimah a scroll of vellum, on which was this inscription in letters of gold:

'Remember, Shelimah, the fate of Almerine, who still lives the reproach of parental folly, of degraded beauty, and perverted sense. Remember Almerine; and let her example and thy own experience teach thee, that wit and beauty, learning, affluence, and honour, are not essential to human felicity; with these she was wretched, and without them thou wast happy. The advantages which I have hitherto bestowed, must now be obtained by an effort of thy own: that which gives relish to the coarsest food, is Temperance; the apparel and the dwelling of a peasant and a prince, are equal in the estimation of Humility; and the torment of uneffectual desires is prevented, by the religion of Piety to the will of Heaven; ad-

'vantages which are in the power of every wretch who repines at the unequal distribution of good and evil, and imputes to Nature the effects of his own folly.'

The king, to whom Shelimah communicated these precepts of the fairy, caused them to be transcribed, and with an account of

the events which had produced them distributed over all his dominions: Precepts which were thus enforced, had an immediate and an extensive influence; and the happiness of Soliman and of Shelimah was thus communicated to the multitudes whom they governed.

## No. CV. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1753.

*Novam comicam Menandrus, aequalesque ejus ætatis magis quam operis, Philamonas Diphilus, et invenere intra paucissimos annos, neque imitandam reliquere.*

VELL. PATERCUL.

*Menander, together with Philemon and Diphilus, who must be named with him rather as his contemporaries than his equals, invented within the compass of a few years a new kind of comedy, and left it beyond the reach of imitation.*

### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

**M**ORALITY, taste, and literature; scarcely ever suffered more irreparably, than by the loss of the comedies of Menander; some of whose fragments, agreeable to my promise, I am now going to lay before you, which I should imagine would be as highly prized by the curious, as was the Coan Venus which Apelles left imperfect and unfinished.

Menander was celebrated for the sweetness, brevity, and sententiousness of his style. 'He was fond of Euripides,' says Quintilian, 'and nearly imitated the manner of this tragic writer, though in a different kind of work. He is a complete pattern of oratorical excellence: ita omnem vitæ imaginem expressit, tanta in eo inveniendi copia, et eloquendi facultas; ita est omnibus rebus, personis, affectibus, accommodatus: so various and so just are all his pictures of life; so copious is his invention, so masterly his elocution; so wonderfully is he adapted to all kinds of subjects, persons, and passions.' This panegyric reflects equal honour on the critic, and on the comedian. Quintilian has here painted Menander with as lively and expressive strokes, as Menander had characterized the Athenians.

Boileau, in his celebrated eighth satire, has not represented the misery and folly of man, so forcibly or humorously as Menander:

Ἀπαντὰ τὰ ζῶ' ἐσι μακάριότερα,  
καὶ τοῖσι πολλοῖσι μᾶλλον ἀνθρώποις πολὺ.

Τὸν ὄνον ὅρα' ἔχεις πρῶτα τυττόνι,  
Οὗτος κακοδαίμων ἐστὶν ὁμολογούμενος.  
Τάτηρ κακὸν δὲ αὐτὸν ἢ δὲν γίγνεται,  
Α δὲ φύσις δίδωκεν αὐτῷ ταυτ' ἔχει.  
Ἡμεῖς δὲ χωρὶς τῶν ἀναγκαίων κακῶν.  
Αὐτοὶ παρ' αὐτῶν ἔτερα προσορξόμεν.  
Λύπόμεθ', ὡν πλῆρη τίς. ἂν εἴπῃ κακῶς,  
'Ορξίζομεθ'. ἂν ἰδῇ τίς ἐννέπιον, σφιδρα  
Φοβόμεθ'. ἂν γλαυῶ ἀνακράγῃ δεδοικαμέν.  
'Αγωνίαι, δόξαι, φιλοτιμίαι, κόμοι,  
'Απαντὰ ταῦτ' ἐπιθετα τῇ φύσει κακᾶ.

All animals are more happy, and have more understanding, than man. Look, for instance, on yonder ass; all allow him to be miserable: his evils, however, are not brought on him by himself and his own fault; he feels only those which nature has inflicted. We, on the contrary, besides our necessary ills, draw upon ourselves a multitude of others. We are melancholy, if any person happen to sneeze; we are angry, if any speak reproachfully of us; one man is affrighted with an unlucky dream, another at the hooting of an owl. Our contentions; our anxieties, our opinions, our ambition, our laws, are all evils, which we ourselves have superadded to nature.

Comparisons betwixt the conditions of the brutal and human species have been frequently drawn; but this of Menander, as it probably was the first, so it is the best I have ever seen.

If this passage is admirable for the vivacity and severity of its satire, the following cer-

tainly deserves deeper attention for weight of sentiment, and sublimity and purity of moral.

Εἰ τις δὲ θυσίαν προσφύρον, ὦ Πάμφιλε,  
 Τάυρων τὲ πλεῖστον ἢ ἐρίφων, ἢ, νη Δία,  
 Ἐτέρων τοιούτων, ἢ κατασκευάσματα  
 Χρυσᾶς ποιήσας χλαμυδῶ ἢ πορφύρας,  
 Ἡ δὲ ἐρίφωτος, ἢ σμαράγδων ζῶδια;  
 Εὖνευ νομίζει τὸν Θεὸν καθίσταται,  
 Πλανατ' ἐκείνῳ, καὶ φρένας, κύφας ἔχει.  
 Δεῖ γὰρ τὸν ἄνδρα χρῆσιμον πεφύκεναι,  
 Μὴ παρθένας φθείραντα, μὴ μοιχώμενον.  
 Κλέπτοντα, καὶ σφάλλοντα, χρημάτων χάριν.  
 Μὴδὲ βελόνης ἑταίμ' ἐπιθυμῆς Πάμφιλε,  
 Ὅ γὰρ Θεὸς βλέπει σὲ πλοσίον παρῶν.

He that offers in sacrifice, O Pamphilus, a multitude of bulls and of goats, of golden vestments, or purple garments, of figures of ivory, or precious gems; and imagines by this to conciliate the favour of GOD, is grossly mistaken, and has no solid understanding. For he that would sacrifice with success, ought to be chaste and charitable, no corrupter of virgins, no adulterer, no robber or murderer for the sake of lucre. Covet not, O Pamphilus, even the thread of another man's needle; for GOD, who is near thee, perpetually beholds thy actions.

Temperance, and justice, and purity, are here inculcated in the strongest manner, and upon the most powerful motive, the Omniscience of the DEITY, at the same time superstition and the idolatry of the heathen are artfully ridiculed. I know not among the ancients any passage that contains such exalted and spiritualized thoughts of religion. Yet if these refined sentiments were to be inserted in a modern comedy, I fear they would be rejected with disdain and disapprobation. The Athenians could endure to hear GOD and Virtue mentioned in the theatre; while an English and a Christian audience can laugh at adultery as a jest, think obscenity wit, and debauchery amiable. The murderer, if a duellist, is a man of honour, the gamester understands the art of living, the knave has penetration and knows mankind, the spendthrift is a fellow of fine spirit, the rake has only robbed a fresh country girl of her innocence and honour, the jilt and the coquet have a great deal of vivacity and fire; but a faithful husband is a dupe and a cuckold,

and a plain country gentleman a novice and a fool. The wretch that dared to ridicule Socrates abounds not in so much false satire, ribaldry, obscenity, and blasphemy, as our witty and wicked triumvirate, Wycherly, Congreve, and Vanbrugh.

Menander has another very remarkable reflection, worthy even that divine religion, which the last-mentioned writers so impotently endeavoured to deride. It relates to the forgiveness of enemies, a precept not totally unknown to the ancient sages, as hath rashly been affirmed; though never inculcated with such frequency, fervor and cogency, and on motives so weighty and efficacious, as by the founder of the Christian System.

Οὗτ' ἄρα κράτιστος ἐστ' ἀνὴρ, ὦ Γοργία,  
 Οὗσις ἀδικεῖσθαι πλεῖς ἐπίσταται βροτῶν.

He, O Gorgias, is the most virtuous man, who best knows among mortals how to bear injuries with patience.

It may not be improper to alleviate the seriousness of these moral reflections by the addition of a passage of a more light and sprightly turn.

Ὁ μὲν Ἐπιχάρμῳ τὰς Θεὰς εἶναι λέγει,  
 Ἀνέμους, ὕδωρ, γῆν, πῦρ, ἥλιον, ἄστρους  
 Ἐγὼ δ' ὑπὸ λαῶν χρησίμους εἶναι Θεὸς  
 Τ' ἀργυρίου ἡμῶν καὶ τὸ χρυσίου μόνον.  
 Ἰδρυσάμεν' ἑτέρε, γὰρ οἷς τὴν οἰκίαν  
 Εὐξαι τὶ βαλεῖ, πάντα σοὶ γινησεται,  
 Ἀγρός, οἰκίαι, θηράποντες, ἀργυροκόματα,  
 Φίλοι, δικασαί, μάγιστρος—

Epicharmus, indeed, calls the winds, the water, the earth, the sun, the fire, and the stars, gods. But I am of opinion, that gold and silver are our only powerful and propitious deities. For when once you have introduced these into your house, wish for what you will, you shall quickly obtain it; an estate, a habitation, servants, plate, friends, judges, witnesses.

From these short specimens, we may in some measure be enabled to judge of Menander's way of thinking and of writing; remembering always how much his elegance is injured by a plain prosaic translation, and by considering

the passages singly and separately, without knowing the characters of the personages that spoke them, and the aptness and propriety with which they were introduced.

The delicacy and decorum observed constantly by Menander, rendered him the darling writer of the Athenians, at a time when the Athenians were arrived at the height of prosperity and politeness, and could no longer relish the coarse railleries, the brutal mirth, and illiberal wit, of an indecent Aristophanes. 'Menander,' says Plutarch, 'abounds in a precious Attic salt, which seems to have been taken from the same sea whence Venus herself arose. But the salt of Aristophanes is bitter, disgusting, and corrosive.'

There are two circumstances that may justly give us a mean opinion of the taste of the Ro-

mans for comic entertainments: that in the Augustan age itself, notwithstanding the censure of Horace, they preferred the low buffoonery and drollery of Plautus to the delicacy and civility of Terence, the faithful copier of Menander; and that Terence, to gratify an audience unacquainted with the real excellencies of the drama, found himself obliged to violate the simplicity of Menander's plots, and work up two stories into one in each of his comedies, except the excellent and exact Hecyra. But this duplicity of fable abounding in various turns of fortune, necessarily draws off the attention from what ought to be its chief object in a legitimate comedy, Character and Humour. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

Z

PALÆOPHILUS.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.



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THE  
ADVENTURER.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

No. CVI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1753.

*Quo moriture ruis?—*

VIRG.

*Why wilt thou rush to death?—*

DRYDEN.

I HAVE before remarked that human wit has never been able to render courage contemptible by ridicule: though courage, as it is sometimes a proof of exalted virtue, is also frequently an indication of enormous vice; for if he who effects a good purpose at the risk of life, is allowed to have the strongest propensity to good, it must be granted, that he who at the risk of life effects an evil purpose, has an equal propensity to evil. But as ridicule has not distinguished courage into virtue and vice, neither has it yet distinguished insensibility from courage.

Every passion becomes weak in proportion as it is familiar with its object. Evil must be considered as the object of fear; but the passion is excited only when the evil becomes probable, or, in other words, when we are in danger. As the same evil may become probable many ways, there are several species of danger: that danger to which men are continually exposed, soon becomes familiar, and fear is no longer excited. This, however, must not be considered as an example of courage; for equal danger of any other kind will still produce the same degree of fear in the same mind.

Mechanical causes therefore may produce insensibility of danger; but it is absurd to suppose that they can produce courage, for courage is an effort of the mind, by which a sense of danger is surmounted; and it cannot be said, without the utmost perversion of language,

that a man is courageous, merely because he discovers no fear when he is sensible of no danger.

It is, indeed, true, that insensibility and courage produce the same effect; and when we see another unconcerned and chearful in a situation which would make us tremble, it is not strange that we should impute his tranquility to the strength of his mind, and honour his want of fear with the name of courage. And yet when a mason whistles at his work on a plank of a foot broad and an inch thick, which is suspended by a rafter and a cord over a precipice, from which if he would fall he would inevitably perish, he is only reconciled by habit to a situation, in which more danger is generally apprehended than exists; he has acquired no strength of mind, by which a sense of danger is surmounted; nor has he with respect to courage any advantage over him who, though he would tremble on the scaffold, would yet stand under it without apprehension; for the danger in both situations is nearly equal, and depends upon the same incidents.

But the same insensibility is often substituted for courage by habit, even when the danger is real, and in those minds which every other occasion would shew to be destitute of fortitude. The inhabitants of Sicily live without terror upon the declivity of a volcano, which the stranger ascends with an interrupted pace, looking round at every step, doubting whether

to go forward or retire, and dreading the caprice of the flames which he hears roar beneath him, and sees issue at the summit: but let a woman, who is thus become insensible to the terrors of an earthquake, be carried to the mouth of the mines in Sweden, she will look down into the abyss with terror, she will shudder at the thought of defending it, and tremble lest the brink should give way.

Against insensibility of real danger we should not be less watchful than against unreasonable fear. Fear, when it is justly proportioned to its object, and not too strong to be governed by reason, is not only blameless but honourable; it is essential to the perfection of human nature, and the mind would be as defective without it as the body without a limb. Man is a being exposed to perpetual evil; every moment liable to destruction by innumerable accidents, which yet, if he foresees, he cannot frequently prevent: fear, therefore, was implanted in his breast for his preservation; to warn him when danger approaches, and to prevent his being precipitated upon it either by wantonness or inattention. But those evils which, without fear, we should not have foreseen, when fear becomes excessive we are unable to shun; for cowardice and presumption are equally fatal, and are frequently found in the same mind.

A peasant in the north of England had two sons, Thomas and John. Tom was taken to sea when he was very young, by the master of a small vessel who lived at Hull; and Jack continued to work with his father till he was near thirty. Tom, who was now become master of a smack himself, took his brother on board for London, and promised to procure him some employment among the shipping on the water-side. After they had been some hours under sail, the wind became contrary, and blew very fresh; the waves began immediately to swell, dashing with violence against the prow, whitened into foam. The vessel, which now plied to windward, lay so much on one side, that the edge was frequently under water; and Jack, who expected it to upset every moment, was seized with terror which he could not conceal. He earnestly requested of Tom, that the sails might be taken in; and lamented the folly that had exposed him to the violence of a tempest, from which he could not without

a miracle escape. Tom, with a sovereign contempt of his pusillanimity, derided his distress; and Jack on the contrary, admired the bravery of Tom and his crew, from whose countenances and behaviour he at length derived some hope; he believed he had deserved the reproach which he suffered, and despised himself for the fear which he could not shake off. In the mean time the gale increased, and in less than an hour it blew a storm. Jack, who watched every countenance with the utmost attention and solicitude, thought that his fears were now justified by the looks of the sailors: he therefore renewed his complaint, and perceiving his brother still unconcerned, again intreated him to take every possible precaution, and not increase their danger by presumption. In answer to these remonstrances he received such consolation as one lord of the creation frequently administers to another in the depth of his distress; 'Pshaw, damme, you fool,' says Tom, 'don't be dead hearted: the more sail we carry, the sooner we shall be out of the weather.' Jack's fear had indeed been alarmed before he was in danger; but Tom was insensible of the danger when it arrived: he, therefore continued his course exulting in the superiority of his courage, and anticipating in the triumph of his vanity when they should come on shore. But the sails being still spread, a sudden gust bore away the mast, which in its fall so much injured the helm, that it became impossible to steer, and in a very short time afterwards the vessel struck. The first moment in which Tom became sensible of danger, he was seen to be totally destitute of courage. When the vessel struck, Jack, who had been ordered under hatches, came up, and found the hero, whom he had so lately regarded with humility and admiration, sitting on the quarter deck, wringing his hands, and uttering incoherent and clamorous exclamations. Jack now appeared more calm than before, and asked, if any thing could yet be done to save their lives. Tom replied in a frantic tone, that they might possibly float to land on some parts of the wreck; and catching up an axe, instead of attempting to disengage the mast, he began to stave the boat. Jack, whose reason was still predominant, though he had been afraid too soon, saw that Tom in his frenzy was about to cut off their last hope; he therefore

caught hold of his arm, took away the axe by force, assisted the sailors in getting the boat into the water, persuaded his brother to quit the vessel, and in about four hours they got safe on shore.

If the vessel had weathered the storm, Tom would have been deemed a hero, and Jack a coward: but I hope that none, whom I have led into this train of thought, will, for the future, regard insensibility of danger as an indication of courage; or impute cowardice to those whose fear is not inadequate to its object, or too violent to answer its purpose.

There is one evil of which multitudes are in perpetual danger; an evil, to which, every other is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance; and yet of this danger the greater part appear to be totally insensible.

Every man who wastes in negligence the day of salvation, stands on the brink not only of the grave but of hell. That the danger of all is imminent, appears by the terms that Infinite Wisdom has chosen, to express the conduct by which alone it can be escaped; it is called 'a race, a watch, a work to be wrought with

'fear and trembling, a strife unto blood, and a combat with whatever can seduce or terrify, with the pleasures of sense and the power of angels.' The moment in which we shall be snatched from the brink of this gulph, or plunged to the bottom, no power can either avert or retard; it approaches silent, indeed, as the flight of time, but rapid and irresistible as the course of a comet. That dreadful evil, which, with equal force is called the Second Death, should not, surely, be disregarded, merely because it has been long impending; and as there is no equivalent for which a man can reasonably determine to suffer, it cannot be considered as the object of courage. How it may be borne, should not be the enquiry, but how it may be shunned. And if in this daring age it is impossible to prepare for eternity, without giving up the character of a hero, no reasonable being, surely, will be deterred by this consideration from the attempt; for who but an infant, or an idiot, would give up his paternal inheritance for a feather, or renounce the acclamations of a triumph for the tinkling of a rattle?

## NO. CVII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1753.

*Sub judice lis est.*

HOR.

*And of their vain disputings find no end.*

FRANCIS.

IT has been sometimes asked by those who find the appearance of wisdom more easily attained by questions than solutions, how it comes to pass that the world is divided by such difference of opinion; and why men, equally reasonable, and equally lovers of truth, do not always think in the same manner?

With regard to simple propositions, where the terms are understood, and the whole subject is comprehended at once, there is such an uniformity of sentiment among all human beings, that, for many ages, a very numerous set of notions were supposed to be innate, or necessarily co-existent with the faculty of reason; it being imagined, that universal agreement could proceed only from the invariable dictates of the universal parent.

In questions diffuse and compounded, this

similarity of determination is no longer to be expected. At our first sally into the intellectual world, we all march together along one straight and open road; but as we proceed, further and wider prospects open to our view, every eye fixes upon a different scene; we divide into various paths, and, as we move forward, are still at a greater distance from each other. As a question becomes more complicated and involved, and extends to a greater number of relations, disagreement of opinion will always be multiplied; not because we are irrational, but because we are finite beings, furnished with different kinds of knowledge, exerting different degrees of attention, one discovering consequences which escape another, none taking in the whole concatenation of causes and effects, and most comprehending but a very small part,

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each comparing what he observes with a different criterion, and each referring it to a different purpose.

Where then is the wonder, that they who see only a small part, should judge erroneously of the whole? or that they who see different and dissimilar parts, should judge differently from each other?

Whatever has various respects, must have various appearances of good and evil, beauty or deformity; thus the gardener tears up as a weed the plant which the physician gathers as a medicine; and 'a general,' says Sir Kenelm Digby, 'will look with pleasure over a plain, as a fit place on which the fate of empires might be decided in battle, which the farmer will despise as bleak and barren, neither fruitful of pasturage, nor fit for tillage.'

Two men examining the same question, proceed commonly like the physician and gardener in selecting herbs; or the farmer and hero looking on the plain: they bring minds impressed with different notions, and direct their inquiries to different ends; they form, therefore, contrary conclusions, and each wonders at the other's absurdity.

We have less reason to be surprized or offended when we find others differ from us in opinion, because we very often differ from ourselves. How often we alter our minds, we do not always remark; because the change is sometimes made imperceptibly and gradually, and the last conviction effaces all memory of the former: yet every man, accustomed from time to time to take a survey of his own notions, will, by a slight retrospection, be able to discover that his mind has suffered many revolutions; that the same things have in the several parts of his life been condemned and approved, pursued and shunned; and that on many occasions, even when his practice has been steady, his mind has been wavering, and he has persisted in a scheme of action, rather because he feared the censure of inconstancy, than because he was always pleased with his own choice.

Of the different faces shewn by the same objects as they are viewed on opposite sides, and of the different inclinations which they must constantly raise in him that contemplates them, a more striking example cannot easily be found than two Greek epigrammatists will afford us in their accounts of human life,

which I shall lay before the reader in English prose.

Posidippus, a comic poet, utters this complaint: 'Through which of the paths of life is it eligible to pass? In public assemblies are debates and troublesome affairs; domestic privacies are haunted with anxieties; in the country is labour; on the sea is terror: in a foreign country he that has money must live in fear, he that wants it must pine in distress. Are you married? you are troubled with suspicions. Are you single? you languish in solitude. Children occasion toil, and a childless life is a state of destitution; the time of youth is a time of folly; and grey hairs are loaded with infirmity. This choice only, therefore, can be made, either never to receive being, or immediately to lose it.'

Such and so gloomy is the prospect which Posidippus has laid before us. But we are not to acquiesce too hastily in his determination against the value of existence: for Metrodorus, a philosopher of Athens, has shewn, that life has pleasures as well as pains; and having exhibited the present state of man in brighter colours, draws, with equal appearance of reason, a contrary conclusion.

'You may pass well through any of the paths of life. In public assemblies are honours and transactions of wisdom; in domestic privacy is stillness and quiet; in the country are the beauties of nature; on the sea is the hope of gain; in a foreign land, he that is rich is honoured; he that is poor may keep his poverty secret. Are you married? you have a cheerful house. Are you single? you are unincumbered: children are objects of affection; to be without children is to be without care; the time of youth is the time of vigour, and gray hairs are made venerable by piety. It will, therefore, never be a wise man's choice, either not to obtain existence, or to lose it; for every state of life has its felicity.'

In these epigrams are included most of the questions which have engaged the speculations of the enquirers after happiness; and though they will not much assist our determinations, they may, perhaps, equally promote our quiet, by shewing that no absolute determination ever can be formed.

Whether a public station, or private life, be desirable, has always been debated. We

see here both the allurements and discouragements of civil employments: on one side there is trouble, on the other honour: the management of affairs is vexatious and difficult, but it is the only duty in which wisdom can be conspicuously displayed: it must then still be left to every man to chuse either ease or glory; nor can any general precept be given, since no man can be happy by the prescription of another.

Thus, what is said of children by Posidippus, 'that they are occasions of fatigue;' and by Metrodorus, 'that they are objects of affection;' is equally certain; but whether they will give most pain or pleasure, must depend on their future conduct and dispositions, on many causes over which the parent can have little influence: there is, therefore, room for all the caprices of imagination, and desire must be proportioned to the hope or fear that shall happen to predominate.

Such is the uncertainty in which we are always likely to remain with regard to questions wherein we have most interest, and which every day affords us fresh opportunity to examine: we may examine, indeed, but we never can decide, because our faculties are unequal to the subject: we see a little, and form an opinion; we see more, and change it.

This inconstancy and unsteadiness, to which we must so often find ourselves liable, ought certainly to teach us moderation and forbearance towards those who cannot accommodate themselves to our sentiments: if they are deceived, we have no right to attribute their mistake to obstinacy or negligence, because we likewise have been mistaken; we may, perhaps, again change our own opinion; and what excuse

shall we be able to find for aversion and malignity conceived against him, whom we shall then find to have committed no fault, and who offended us only by refusing to follow us into error?

It may likewise contribute to soften that resentment which pride naturally raises against opposition, if we consider, that he who differs from us, does not always contradict us; he has one view of an object, and we have another; each describes what he sees with equal fidelity, and each regulates his steps by his own eyes: one man with Posidippus, looks on celibacy as a state of gloomy solitude, without a partner in joy or a comforter in sorrow; the other considers it, with Metrodorus, as a state free from incumbrances, in which a man is at liberty to chuse his own gratifications, to remove from place to place in quest of pleasure, and to think of nothing but merriment and diversion: full of these notions one hastens to chuse a wife, and the other laughs at his rashness, or pities his ignorance: yet it is possible that each is right, but that each is right only for himself.

Life is not the object of science: we see a little, very little; and what is beyond we only can conjecture. If we enquire of those who have gone before us, we receive small satisfaction; some have travelled life without observation, and some willingly mislead us. The only thought, therefore, on which we can repose with comfort, is that which presents to us the care of Providence, whose eye takes in the whole of things, and under whose direction all involuntary errors will terminate in happiness.

T

## No. CVIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1753.

*Nobis, cum simul occidit brevis lux,  
Nox est perpetuo una dormienda.*

CATULLUS.

*When once the short-lived mortal dies,  
A night eternal seals his eyes.*

ADDISON.

IT may have been observed by every reader, that there are certain topics which never are exhausted. Of some images and sentiments the mind of man may be said to be enamoured; it meets them, however often they occur, with the same ardour which a lover feels at the sight of his mistress, and parts from

them with the same regret when they can no longer be enjoyed.

Of this kind are many descriptions which the poets have transcribed from each other, and their successors will probably copy to the end of time; which will continue to engage, or, as the French term it, to flatter the imagination,

tion, as long as human nature shall remain the same.

When a poet mentions the spring, we know that the zephyrs are about to whisper, that the groves are to recover their verdure, the linnets to warble forth their notes of love, and the flocks and herds to frisk over vales painted with flowers: yet who is there so insensible of the beauties of nature, so little delighted with the renovation of the world, as not to feel his heart bound at the mention of the spring?

When night overshadows a romantic scene, all is stillness, silence, and quiet; the poets of the grove cease their melody, the moon towers over the world in gentle majesty, men forget their labours and their cares, and every passion and pursuit is for a while suspended. All this we know already, yet we hear it repeated without weariness; because such is generally the life of man, that he is pleased to think on the time when he shall pause from a sense of his condition.

When a poetical grove invites us to its covert, we know that we shall find what we have already seen, a limpid brook murmuring over pebbles, a bank diversified with flowers, a green arch that excludes the sun, and a natural grot shaded with myrtles; yet who can forbear to enter the pleasing gloom, to enjoy coolness and privacy, and gratify himself once more by scenes with which nature has formed him to be delighted?

Many moral sentiments likewise are so adapted to our state, that we find approbation whenever they solicit it, and are seldom read without exciting a gentle emotion in the mind: such is the comparison of the life of man with the duration of a flower, a thought which, perhaps, every nation has heard warbled in its own language, from the Inspired Poets of the Hebrews to our own times: yet this comparison must always please, because every heart feels its justness, and every hour confirms it by example.

Such likewise is the precept that directs us to use the present hour, and refer nothing to a distant time, which we are uncertain whether we shall reach: this every moralist may venture to inculcate, because it will always be approved, and because it is always forgotten.

This rule is, indeed, every day enforced, by arguments more powerful than the dissertations

of moralists: we see men pleasing themselves with future happiness, fixing a certain hour for the completion of their wishes, and perishing some at a greater and some at a less distance from the happy time; all complaining of their disappointment, and lamenting that they had suffered the years which Heaven allowed them to pass without improvement, and deferred the principal purpose of their lives to the time when life itself was to forsake them.

It is not only uncertain whether through all the casualties and dangers which beset the life of man, we shall be able to reach the time appointed for happiness or wisdom; but it is likely, that whatever now hinders us from doing that which our reason and conscience declare necessary to be done, will equally obstruct us in times to come. It is easy for the imagination, operating on things not yet existing, to please itself with scenes of unmingled felicity, or plan out courses of uniform virtue: but good and evil are in real life inseparably united; habits grow stronger by indulgence; and reason loses her dignity, in proportion as she has oftner yielded to temptation: 'He that cannot live well to-day,' says Marshal, 'will be less qualified to live well to-morrow.'

Of the uncertainty of every human good, every human being seems to be convinced; yet this uncertainty is voluntarily increased by unnecessary delay, whether we respect external causes, or consider the nature of our own minds. He that now feels a desire to do right, and wishes to regulate his life according to his reason, is not sure that, at any future time assignable, he shall be able to rekindle the same ardour; he that has now an opportunity offered him of breaking loose from vice and folly, cannot know but that he shall hereafter be more entangled, and struggle for freedom without obtaining it.

We are so unwilling to believe any thing to our own disadvantage, that we will always imagine the perspicacity of our judgment and the strength of our resolution more likely to increase than to grow less by time; and therefore conclude, that the will to pursue laudable purposes will be always seconded by the power.

But however we may be deceived in calculating the strength of our faculties, we cannot doubt the uncertainty of that life in which they must be employed: we see every day the

unexpected death of our friends and our enemies, we see new graves hourly opened for men older and younger than ourselves, for the cautious and the careless, the dissolute and the temperate, for men who like us were providing to enjoy or improve hours now irreversibly cut off; we see all this, and yet, instead of living, let year glide after year in preparations to live.

Men are so frequently cut off in the midst of their projects, that sudden death causes little emotion in them that behold it, unless it be impressed upon the attention by uncommon circumstances. I, like every other man, have seen ambition sink in its triumphs, and beauty perish in its bloom; but have been seldom so much affected as by the fate of Euryalus, whom I lately lost as I began to love him.

Euryalus had for some time flourished in a lucrative profession; but having suffered his imagination to be fired by an unextinguishable curiosity, he grew weary of the same dull round of life, resolved to harass himself no longer with the drudgery of getting money, but to quit his business and his profit, and enjoy for a few years the pleasures of travel. His friends heard him proclaim his resolution without suspecting that he intended to pursue it; but he was constant to his purpose, and with great expedition closed his accounts and sold his moveables, passed a few days in bidding farewell to his companions, and, with all the eagerness of romantic chivalry, crossed the sea in search of happiness. Whatever place was renowned in ancient or modern history, whatever art or nature had distinguished, he determined to visit: full of design and hope, he landed on the continent; his friends expected accounts from him of the new scenes that opened in his progress, but were informed in a few days that Euryalus was dead.

Such was the end of Euryalus. He is entered that state, whence none ever shall return;

and can now only benefit his friends, by remaining in their memories a permanent and efficacious instance of the blindness of desire, and the uncertainty of all terrestrial good. But, perhaps, every man has like me lost an Euryalus, has known a friend die with happiness in his grasp; and yet every man continues to think himself secure of life, and defers to some future time of leisure what he knows it will be fatal to have finally omitted.

It is, indeed, with this as with other frailties inherent in our nature; the desire of deferring to another time, what cannot be done without endurance of some pain, or forbearance of some pleasure, will, perhaps, never be totally overcome or suppressed; there will always be something that we shall wish to have finished, and be nevertheless unwilling to begin: but against this unwillingness it is our duty to struggle, and every conquest over our passions will make way for an easier conquest; custom is equally forcible to bad and good; nature will always be at variance with reason, but will rebel more feebly as she is oftner subdued.

The common neglect of the present hour is shameful and criminal, as no man is betrayed to it by error, but admits it by negligence. Of the instability of life, the weakest understanding never thinks wrong, though the strongest often omits to think justly: reason and experience are always ready to inform us of our real state; but we refuse to listen to their suggestions, because we feel our hearts unwilling to obey them: but surely nothing is more unworthy of a reasonable being, than to shut his eyes, when he sees the road which he is commanded to travel, that he may deviate with fewer reproaches from himself; nor could any motive to tenderness, except the consciousness that we have all been guilty of the same fault, dispose us to pity those who thus consign themselves to voluntary ruin.



No. CIX. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1753.

*Insanire putas solennia me, neque rides.* HOR.*You think me but as mad as all mankind.*

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

MONTESQUIEU wittily observes, that by building professed mad-houses men tacitly insinuate, that all who are out of their senses are to be found only in those places. This remark having made some impression on my mind, produced last night the following vision,

I imagined that Bedlam had been ordered to be rebuilt upon a more extensive plan by act of parliament; and that Dean Swift, calling at my lodgings, offered to accompany me to see the new erected edifice, which, he observed, was not half capacious enough before to contain the various species of madness that are to be found in this kingdom. As we walked through the galleries, he gave me the following account of the several inhabitants.

The lady in the first apartment had prevailed upon her husband, a man of study and economy, to indulge her with a route twice a week at her own house. This soon multiplied her obligations to the company she kept, and in a fortnight she insisted upon two more. His lordship venturing to oppose her demand with steady resolution, but with equal tenderness, the lady complained, that the rights of quality and fortune were invaded; that her credit was lost with the fashionable world, and that ignorance and brutality had robbed her of the pleasures of a reasonable being, and rendered her the most unhappy wife in Great Britain. The cause of her complaints, however, still subsisted, and by perpetually brooding over it she at length turned her brain.

Next to her is a dramatic writer, whose comedy having been justly damned, he began to vent his spleen against the public, by weekly abuses of the present age; but as neither the play nor his defences of it were read, his imagination continually increased, till at length it terminated in madness.

He on the right-hand is a philosopher, who has lost his reason in a fruitless attempt to discover the cause of electricity.

He on the left is a celebrated jockey of noble birth, whose favourite mare, that had enjoyed three triumphs in former seasons, was distanced a few days ago at Newmarket.

Yonder meagre man has bewildered his understanding by closely studying the doctrine of chances, in order to qualify himself for a professorship, which will be shortly established and amply endowed at an eminent chocolate-house, where lectures on this important subject are constantly to be read.

An unforeseen accident turned the head of the next unfortunate prisoner. She had for a long time passed for fifteen years younger than she was, and her lively behaviour and airy dress concurred to help forward the imposition; till one evening, being animated with an extraordinary flow of spirits, she danced out seven of her artificial teeth, which were immediately picked up, and delivered to her with great ceremony by her partner.

The merchant in the neighbouring cell had resolved to gain a plumb. He was possessed of seventy thousand pounds, and eagerly expected a ship that was to compleat his wishes. But the ship was cast away in the channel, and the merchant is distracted for his loss.

That disconsolate lady had for many years assiduously attended an old gouty uncle, had assented to all his absurdities, and humoured all his follies, in full expectation of being made his executrix; when happening one day to affirm that his gruel had sack enough in it, contrary to his opinion, he altered his will immediately, and left all to her brother; which affords her no consolation, for avarice is able to subdue the tenderness of nature.

Behold the beautiful and virtuous Theodora! Her fondness for an ungrateful husband was unparalleled. She detected him in the arms of a disagreeable and affected prostitute, and was driven to distraction.



Is my old friend the commentator here like-wife? Alas! he has lost his wits in enquiring whether or no the ancients wore perukes: as did his neighbour Cynthio, by receiving a frown from his patron at the last levee.

The fat lady, upon whom you look so earnestly, is a grocer's wife in the city. Her disorder was occasioned by her seeing at court, last Twelfth-night, the daughter of Mr. Alderman Squeeze, oil-man, in a *saque* far richer and more elegant than her own.

The next chamber contains an adventurer who purchased thirty tickets in the last lottery. As he was a person of a sanguine complexion and lively, he was sure of gaining the ten thousand pounds by the number of his chances. He spent a month in surveying the counties that lie in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, before he could find out an agreeable site for the fine house he intended to build. He next fixed his eye on a most blooming and beautiful girl, whom he designed to honour as his bride. He bespoke a magnificent coach, and the ornaments of his harness were to be of his own invention. Mr. Degagé, the taylor, was ordered to send to Paris for the lace with which his wedding cloaths were to be adorned. But in the midst of these preparations for prosperity, all his tickets were drawn blanks; and instead of his villa on the banks of the Thames, you now see him in these melancholy lodgings.

His neighbour in the next apartment was an honest footman, who was persuaded likewise to try his fortune in the same lottery; and who, obtaining a very large and unexpected sum, could not stand the shock of such sudden good fortune, but grew mad with excess of joy.

You wonder to see that cell beautified with Chinese vases and urns. It is inhabited by that famous virtuoso lady Harriet Brittle, whose opinion was formerly decisive at all auctions, where she was usually appealed to about the genuineness of porcelain. She purchased at an exorbitant price a Mandarin and a Jos, that were the envy of all the female connoisseurs, and were allowed to be inestimable.

They were to be placed at the upper end of a little rock-work temple of Chinese architecture, in which neither propriety, proportion, nor true beauty, were considered, and were carefully packed up in different boxes; but the brutish waggoner happening to overturn his carriage, they were crushed to pieces. The poor lady's understanding could not survive so irreparable a loss; and her relations, to soothe her passion, had provided those Chelsea urns with which she has decorated her chamber, and which she believes to be the true Nanquin.

Yonder miserable youth, being engaged in a hot contention at a fashionable brothel, about a celebrated courtesan, killed a sea officer with whose face he was not acquainted; but who proved upon enquiry to be his own brother, who had been ten years absent in the Indies.

Look attentively into the next cell; you will there discover a lady of great worth and fine accomplishments, whose father condemned her to the arms of a right honourable debauchee, when he knew she had fixed her affections irrevocably on another, who possessed an uncumbered estate, but wanted the ornament of a title. She submitted to the order of a stern father with patience, obedience, and a breaking heart. Her husband treated her with that contempt which he thought due to a citizen's daughter; and besides communicated to her an infamous distemper, which her natural modesty forbade her to discover in time; and the violent medicines which were afterwards administered by an unskilful surgeon, threw her into a delirious fever, from which she could never be recovered.

Here the Dean paused; and looking upon me with great earnestness, and grasping my hand closely, spoke with an emphasis that awaked me—'Think me not so insensible a monster, as to deride the lamentable lot of the wretches we have now surveyed. If we laugh at the follies, let us at the same time pity the manifold miseries of man.'

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

Z

SOPHRON.

No. CX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1753.

*Mens immota manet, lachrymæ voluntur inanes.* VIRG.*Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains;  
But the firm purpose of his heart remains.* DRYDEN.

PITY has been generally considered as the passion of gentle, benevolent, and virtuous minds; although it is acknowledged to produce only such a participation of the calamity of others, as upon the whole is pleasing to ourselves.

As a tender participation of foreign distress, it has been urged to prove, that man is endowed with social affections, which, however forcible, are wholly disinterested; and as a pleasing sensation, it has been deemed an example of unmixed selfishness and malignity. It has been resolved into that power of imagination, by which we apply the misfortunes of others to ourselves: we have been said to pity no longer than we fancy ourselves to suffer, and to be pleased only by reflecting that our sufferings are not real; thus indulging a dream of distress, from which we can awake whenever we please, to exult in our security, and enjoy the comparison of the fiction with truth.

I shall not perplex my readers with the subtilties of a debate, in which human nature has, with equal zeal and plausibility, been exalted and degraded. It is sufficient for my purpose to remark, that Pity is generally understood to be that passion, which is excited by the sufferings of persons with whom we have no tender connection, and with whose welfare the stronger passions have not united our felicity; for no man would call the anguish of a mother, whose infant was torn from her breast and left to be devoured in a desert, by the name of Pity; although the sentiment of a stranger, who should drop a silent tear at the relation, which yet might the next hour be forgotten, could not otherwise be justly denominated.

If Pity, therefore, is absorbed in another passion, when our love of those that suffer is strong; Pity is rather an evidence of the weakness than the strength of that general philanthropy,

for which some have so eagerly contended, with which they have flattered the pride and veiled the vices of mankind, and which they have affirmed to be alone sufficient to recommend them to the favour of Heaven, to atone for the indulgence of every appetite and the neglect of every duty.

If human benevolence was absolutely pure and social, it would not be necessary to relate the ravages of a pestilence or a famine with minute and discriminating circumstances to rouse our sensibility: we should certainly deplore irremediable calamity, and participate temporary distress, without any mixture of delight: that deceitful sorrow, in which pleasure is so well known to be predominant, that invention has been busied for ages in contriving tales of fictitious sufferance for no other end than to excite it, would be changed into honest commiseration, in which pain would be unmixed, and which therefore we should wish to lose.

Soon after the fatal battle of Fontenoy, a young gentleman, who came over with the officer that brought the express, being expected at the house of a friend, a numerous company of gentlemen and ladies were assembled to hear an account of the action from an eye-witness.

The gentleman, as every man is flattered by commanding attention, was easily prevailed upon to gratify the company, as soon as they were seated, and the first ceremonies past. He described the march of many thousands of their countrymen into a field, where batteries had been concealed on each side, which in a moment strewed the ground with mangled limbs, and carcases that almost floated in blood, and obstructed the path of those who followed to the slaughter. He related, how often the decreasing multitude returned to the mouth of the cannon; how suddenly they were rallied, and how suddenly

broken; he repeated the list of officers who had fallen undistinguished in the carnage, men whose eminence rendered their names universally known, their influence extensive, and their attachments numerous; and he hinted the fatal effects which this defeat might produce to the nation, by turning the success of the war against us. But the company, however amused by the relation, appeared not to be affected by the event: they were still attentive to every trifling punctilio of ceremony, usual among well-bred persons; they bowed with a graceful simper to a lady who sneezed, mutually presented each other with snuff, shook their heads and changed their posture at proper intervals; asked some questions which tended to produce a more minute detail of such circumstances of horror as had been lightly touched; and having at last remarked that the Roman patriot regretted the brave could die but once, the conversation soon became general, and a motion was made to divide into parties at whist. But just as they were about to comply, the gentleman again engaged their attention.

**I** FORGOT, said he, to relate one particular, which, however, deserves to be remembered. The captain of a company, whose name I cannot now recollect, had, just before his corps was ordered to embark, married a young lady to whom he had been long tenderly attached, and who, contrary to the advice of all her friends, and the expostulations, persuasion, and entreaty of her husband, insisted to go abroad with him, and share his fortune at all events. If he should be wounded, she said that she might hasten his recovery, and alleviate his pain, by such attendance as strangers cannot be hired to pay; if he should be taken prisoner, she might, perhaps, be permitted to shorten the tedious hours of captivity which solitude would protract; and if he should die, that it would be better for her to know it with certainty and speed, than to wait at a distance with anxiety and suspense, tormented by doubtful and contradictory reports, and at last believing it possible, that if she had been present, her assiduity and tenderness might have preserved his life. The captain, though he was not convinced by her reasoning, was yet overcome by the importunate eloquence of

her love; he consented to her request, and they embarked together.

The head-quarters of the Duke of Cumberland were at Brussel, from whence they removed the evening before the battle to Monbray, a village within musquet-shot of the enemy's lines, where the captain who commanded in the left wing, was encamped.

Their parting in the morning was short. She looked after him, till he could no longer be distinguished from others, and as soon as the firing began, she went back pale and trembling, and sat down expecting the event in an agony of impatience, anxiety, and terror. She soon learned from stragglers and fugitives, that the slaughter was dreadful, and the victory hopeless. She did not, however, yet despair; she hoped, that the captain might return among the few that might remain: but soon after the retreat this hope was cut off, and she was informed that he fell in the first charge, and was left among the dead. She was restrained by those about her from rushing in the phrenzy of desperation to the field of battle, of which the enemy was still possessed: but the tumult of her mind having abated, and her grief become more calm during the night, she ordered the servant to attend her at break of day; and as leave had been given to bury the dead, she went herself to seek the remains of her husband, that she might honour them with the last rites, and pour the tears of conjugal affection upon his grave. They wandered about the dying and the dead, gazing on every distorted countenance, and looking round with irresolution and amazement on a scene, which those who stripped had left tenfold more a sight of horror than those who had slain. From this sight she was at last turning with confusion and despair; but was stopped by the cries of a favourite spaniel, who had followed her without being perceived. He was standing at some distance in the field; and the moment she saw him, she conceived the strongest assurance that he had found his master. She hastened instantly to the place without regarding any other object; and stopping over the corpse by which he stood, she found it so disfigured with wounds, and besmeared with blood, that the features were not to be known: but as she was weeping in the anguish of sus-

pence, she discovered hanging on the wrist the remains of a ruffle, round which there was a slight border of her own work. Thus suddenly to have discovered, and in such dreadful circumstances, that which she had sought, quite overwhelmed her, and she sunk down on the body. By the assistance of the servant she was recovered to sensibility, but not to reason; she was seized at once with convulsions and madness; and a few hours after she was carried back to the village she expired.

Those, who had heard the fate of whole battalions without pity, and the loss of a battle, by which their country would probably suffer irreparable damage, without concern, listened to a tale of private distress with uninterrupted attention. All regard to each other was for a while suspended; tears by degrees overflowed every eye, and every bosom became susceptible of Pity: but the whole circle paused with evident regret, when the narrative was at an end; and would have been glad, that such another could have been told to continue their entertainment. Such was the Benevolence of Pity! But a lady who had taken the opportunity of a very slight acquaintance to satisfy her curiosity, was touched with much deeper distress; and fainting in the struggle to conceal the emotions of her mind, fell back in her chair: an accident which was not sooner discovered, because every eye had been fixed upon

the speaker, and all attention monopolized by the story. Every one, however, was ready to afford her assistance; and it was soon discovered, that she was mother to the lady whose distress had afforded so much virtuous pleasure to the company. It was not possible to tell another story, which would revive the same sensations; and if it had, the world could not have bribed her to have heard it. Her affection to the sufferer was too strong to permit her, on this occasion, too enjoy the luxury of Pity, and applaud her benevolence for sensations which shewed its defects. It would, indeed, be happy for us, if we were to exist only in this state of imperfection; that a greater share of sensibility is not allowed us: but if the mole in the kindness of Unerring Wisdom, is permitted scarce to distinguish light from darkness, the mole should not, surely, be praised for the perspicacity of its sight.

Let us distinguish the malignity, which others confound with Benevolence, and applaud as Virtue; let that imperfection of nature, which is adapted to an imperfect state, teach us humility; and fix our dependence upon Him, who has promised to 'create in us 'a new heart and a right spirit;' and to receive us to that place, where love of others, however ardent, can only increase our felicity; because in that place there will be no object, but such as Perfect Benevolence can contemplate with delight.

No. CXI. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER, 27, 1753.

— *Quæ non fecimus ipsi,  
Vix ea nostra voco.*

OVID.

*The deeds of long descended ancestors  
Are but by grace of imputation ours.* DRYDEN.

THE evils inseparably annexed to the present condition of man, are so numerous and afflictive, that it has been, from age to age, the task of some to bewail, and of others to solace them; and he, therefore, will be in danger of seeing a common enemy, who shall attempt to depreciate the few pleasures and felicities which nature has allowed us.

Yet I will confess, that I have sometimes employed my thoughts in examining the pre-

tensions that are made to happiness, by the splendid and envied condition of life; and have not thought the hour unprofitably spent, when I have detected the imposture of counterfeited advantages, and found disquiet lurking under false appearances of gaiety and greatness.

It is asserted by a tragical poet, that 'est miser nemo nisi comparatus—No man is miserable, but as he is compared with others

'happier than himself.' This position is not strictly and philosophically true. He might have said, with rigorous propriety, that no man is happy but as he is compared with the miserable; for such is the state of this world, that we find in it absolute misery, but happiness only comparative; we may incur as much pain as we can possibly endure, though we can never obtain as much happiness as we might possibly enjoy.

Yet it is certain likewise, that many of our miseries are merely comparative: we are often made unhappy, not by the presence of any real evil, but by the absence of some fictitious good; of something which is not required by any real want of nature, which has not in itself any power of gratification, and which neither reason nor fancy would have prompted us to wish, did we not see it in the possession of others.

For a mind diseased with vain longings after unattainable advantages, no medicine can be prescribed, but an impartial enquiry into the real worth of that which is so ardently desired. It is well known how much the mind, as well as the eye, is deceived by distance; and, perhaps, it will be found, that of many imagined blessings it may be doubted, whether he that wants or possesses them has more reason to be satisfied with his lot.

The dignity of high birth and long extraction, no man to whom nature has denied it, can confer upon himself; and therefore it deserves to be considered, whether the want of that which can never be gained, may not easily be endured. It is true, that if we consider the triumph and delight with which most of those recount their ancestors who have ancestors to recount, and the artifices by which some who have risen to unexpected fortune endeavour to insert themselves into an honourable stem, we shall be inclined to fancy that wisdom or virtue may be had by inheritance, or that all the excellencies of a line of progenitors are accumulated on their descendant. Reason, indeed, will soon inform us, that our estimation of birth is arbitrary and capricious, and that dead ancestors can have no influence but upon imagination: let it then be examined, whether one dream may not operate in the place of another; whether he that owes nothing to fore-fathers, may not receive equal

pleasure from the consciousness of owing all to himself; whether he may not, with a little meditation, find it more honourable to found than to continue a family, and to gain dignity than transmit it: whether, if he receives no dignity from the virtues of his family, he does not likewise escape the danger of being disgraced by their crimes; and whether he that brings a new name into the world, has not the convenience of playing the game of life without a stake, an opportunity of winning much though he has nothing to lose.

There is another opinion concerning happiness, which approaches much more nearly to universality, but which may, perhaps, with equal reason be disputed. The pretensions to ancestral honours many of the sons of earth easily see to be ill-grounded; but all agree to celebrate the advantage of hereditary riches, and to consider those of the minions of fortune, who are wealthy from their cradles, whose estate is '*res non parva labore sed relicta*—The acquisition of another, not of themselves;' and whom a father's industry has dispensed from a laborious attention to arts or commerce, and left at liberty to dispose of life as fancy shall direct them.

If every man were wise and virtuous, capable to discern the best use of time, and resolute to practise it; it might be granted, I think, without hesitation, that total liberty would be a blessing; and that it would be desirable to be left at large to the exercise of religious and social duties, without the interruption of importunate avocations.

But since felicity is relative, and that which is the means of happiness to one man may be to another the cause of misery, we are to consider, what state is best adapted to human nature in its present degeneracy and frailty. And, surely, to the far greater number it is highly expedient, that they should by some settled scheme of duties be rescued from the tyranny of caprice, that they should be driven on by necessity through the paths of life with their attention confined to a stated task, that they may be less at leisure to deviate into mischief at the call of folly.

When we observe the lives of those whom an ample inheritance has let loose to their own direction, what do we discover that can excite our envy? Their time seems not to pass with

much applause from others, or satisfaction to themselves : many squander their exuberance of fortune in luxury and debauchery, and have no other use of money than to inflame their passions, and riot in a wider range of licentiousness ; others, less criminal indeed, but, surely, not much to be praised, lie down to sleep, and rise up to trifle, are employed every morning in finding expedients to rid themselves of the day ; chase pleasure through all the places of public resort, fly from London to Bath and from Bath to London, without any other reason for changing place, but that they go in quest of company as idle and as vagrant as themselves, always endeavouring to raise some new desire that they may have something to pursue, to rekindle some hope which they know will be disappointed, changing one amusement for another which a few months will make equally insipid, or sinking into languor and disease for want of something to actuate their bodies or exhilarate their minds.

Whoever has frequented those places, where idlers assemble to escape from solitude, knows that this is generally the state of the wealthy ; and from this state it is no great hardship to be debarred. No man can be happy in total idleness ; he that should be condemned to lie torpid and motionless, ' would fly for recreation,' says South, ' to the mines and the galleys ;' and it is well, when nature or fortune find employment for those who would not have known how to procure it for themselves.

He, whose mind is engaged by the acquisition or improvement of a fortune, not only escapes the insipidity of indifference, and the tediousness of inactivity, but gains enjoyments wholly unknown to those who live lazily on the toil of others ; for life affords no higher pleasure, than that of surmounting difficulties, passing from one step of success to another, forming new wishes, and seeing them gratified. He that labours in any great or laudable undertaking, has his fatigues first supported by hope, and afterwards rewarded by joy ; he is always moving to a certain end, and when he has attained it, an end more distant invites him to a new pursuit.

It does not, indeed, always happen, that

diligence is fortunate ; the wisest schemes are broken by unexpected accidents ; the most constant perseverance sometimes toils through life without a recompence : but labour, though unsuccessful, is still more eligible than idleness ; he that prosecutes a lawful purpose by lawful means, acts always with the approbation of his own reason ; he is animated through the course of his endeavours by an expectation which, though not certain, he knows to be just ; and is at last comforted in his disappointment, by the consciousness that he has not failed by his own fault.

That kind of life is most happy which affords us most opportunities of gaining our own esteem ; and what can any man infer in his own favour from a condition to which, however prosperous, he contributed nothing, and which the vilest and weakest of the species would have obtained by the same right, had he happened to be the son of the same father ?

To strive with difficulties, and to conquer them, is the highest human felicity ; the next, is to strive, and deserve to conquer : but he whose life has passed without a contest, and who can boast neither success nor merit, can survey himself only as a useless filler of existence ; and if he is content with his own character, must owe his satisfaction to insensibility.

Thus it appears that the satirist advised rightly, when he directed us to resign ourselves to the hands of Heaven, and to leave to superior powers the determination of our lot :

*Permitte ipsi expendere Numinibus, quid  
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris :  
Carior est illis homo quam sibi.*

Intrust thy fortune to the pow'rs above :  
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant  
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want,  
In goodness as in greatness they excel :

Ah ! that we lov'd ourselves but half so well.

DRYDEN.

What state of life admits most happiness, is uncertain ; but that uncertainty ought to repress the petulance of comparison, and silence the murmurs of discontent.

T

No. CXII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1753.

—*Has poenas garrula lingua dedit.* OVID.*Such was the fate of vain loquacity.*

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

TO be courteous to all, but familiar with few, is a maxim which I once despised, as originally proceeding from a mean and contracted mind, the frigid caution of weakness and timidity. A tame and indiscriminate civility I imputed to a dread of the contempt or the petulance of others, to fears from which the wit and the gentleman are exempted by a consciousness of their own dignity, by their power to repress insolence and silence ridicule; and a general shyness and reserve I considered as the reproach of our country, as the effect of an illiberal education, by which neither a polite address, an easy confidence, or a general acquaintance with public life, is to be acquired. This opinion, which continued to flatter the levity and pride that produced it, was strengthened by the example of those whose manner in the diffidence of youth I wished to imitate, who entered a mixed company with an air of serene familiarity, accosted every man like an old acquaintance, and thought only of making sport for the rest of any with whom their caprice should happen to be offended, without regard to their age, character, or condition.

But I now wish, that I had regulated my conduct by the maxim which I despised, for I should then have escaped a misfortune which I can never retrieve; and the sense of which I am now endeavouring to suspend, by relating it to you as a lesson to others, and considering my loss of happiness as an acquisition of wisdom.

While I was in France with a travelling tutor, I received a letter which acquainted me that my father, who had been long declining, was dead; and that it was necessary I should immediately return to England to take possession of his estate, which was not inconsiderable, though there were mortgages upon it to near half its value.

When I arrived, I found a letter which the

old gentleman had written and directed to me with his own hand. It contained some general rules for my conduct, and some animadversions upon his own. He took notice of the incumbency under which he left me the paternal inheritance, which had descended through many generations, and expressed the most earnest desire, that it might be transmitted entire to posterity: with this view, he said he had negotiated a marriage between me and the only daughter of his old friend, Sir George Homestead of the North, an amiable young lady, whose alliance would be an honour to my family, and whose fortune would much more than redeem my estate.

He had given the knight a faithful account of his affairs, who, after having taken some time to consider the proposal and consult his friends, had consented to the match, upon condition that his daughter and I should be agreeable to each other, and my behaviour should confirm the character which had been given of me. My father added, that he hoped to have lived till this alliance had taken place; but as Providence had otherwise determined, he intreated, as his last request, that as soon as my affairs should be settled, and decency would permit, I would make Sir George a visit, and neglect nothing to accomplish his purpose.

I was touched with the zeal and tenderness of parental affection, which was then directing me to happiness, after the heart that felt it had ceased to beat, and the hand that expressed it was mouldering in the dust. I had also seen the lady, not indeed since we were children; but I remember that her person was agreeable, and her temper sweet: I did not therefore hesitate a moment, whether my father's injunction should be obeyed. I proceeded to settle his affairs; I took an account of his debts and credits, visited the tenants, recovered my usual gaiety, and at the end of about nine months set out for Sir George's seat in the north; having before opened an epistolary correspondence,



and expressed my impatience to possess the happiness which my father had so kindly secured.

I was better pleased to be well mounted, than to loll in a chariot, or be jumbled in a post-chaise; and I knew that Sir George was an old sportsman, a plain hearty blade, who would like me better in a pair of buckskin breeches on the back of a good hunter, than in a trimmed suit and a gaudy equipage: I therefore set out on horseback with only one servant, and reached Stilton the first night.

In the morning, as I was mounting, a gentleman, who had just got on horseback before me, ordered his servant to make some enquiry about the road, which I happened to overhear, and told him with great familiarity, that I was going the same way, and if he pleased we would travel together: to this he consented, with as much frankness, and as little ceremony; and I set forward, greatly delighted that chance had afforded me a companion.

We immediately entered into conversation, and I soon found that he had been abroad: we extolled the roads and the policy of France, the cities, the palaces, and the villas; entered into a critical examination of the most celebrated seats in England, the peculiarities of the building and situation, cross ways, and market towns, the imposition of innkeepers, and the sports of the field; topics by which we mutually recommended ourselves to each other, as we had both opportunities to discover equal knowledge, and to display truth with such evidence as prevented diversity of opinions.

After we had rode about two hours, we overtook another gentleman, whom we accosted with the same familiarity that we had used to each other; we asked him how far he was going and which way, at what rate he travelled, where he put up, and many other questions of the same kind. The gentleman, who appeared to be near fifty, received our address with great coolness, returned short and indirect answers to our enquiries, and, often looking with great attention on us both, sometimes put forward that he might get before us, and sometimes checked his horse that he might remain behind. But we were resolved to disappoint him; and, finding that his reserve increased, and he was visibly displeased, we winked at each other, and determined the old put should afford us

some sport. After we had rode together upon very ill terms more than half an hour, my companion, with an air of ceremonious gravity, asked him if he knew any house upon the road where he might be accommodated with a wench. The gentleman, who was, I believe, afraid of giving us a pretence to quarrel, did not resent this insult any otherwise than by making no reply. I then began to talk to my companion as if we had been old acquaintance, reminding him that the gentleman extremely resembled a person, from whom we had taken a girl that he was carrying to a bagnio, and, indeed, that his present reserve made me suspect him to be the same: but that as we were willing to ask his pardon, we hoped it would be forgot, and that we should still have the pleasure of dining together at the next inn. The gentleman was still silent; but as his perplexity and resentment visibly increased, he proportionably increased our entertainment, which did not however last long, for he suddenly turned down a lane; upon which we set up a horse laugh, that continued till he was out of hearing, and then pursuing our journey, we talked of our adventure, which afforded us conversation and merriment for the rest of the day.

The next morning we parted, and in the evening I arrived at Homestead Hall. The old knight received me with great affection, and immediately introduced me to his daughter, whom I now thought the finest woman I had ever seen. I could easily discover, that I was not welcome merely upon her father's recommendation, and I enjoyed by anticipation the felicity which I considered as within my grasp. But the pleasing scene in which I had suffered my imagination to wander, suddenly disappeared as by the power of enchantment; without any visible motive, the behaviour of the whole family was changed, my assiduities to the lady were repressed, she was never to be found alone, the knight treated me with a cold civility, I was no longer a party in their visits, nor was I willingly attended even by their servants. I made many attempts to discover the cause of this misfortune, but without success; and one morning, when I had drawn Sir George into the garden by himself, and was about to urge him upon the subject, he prevented me by saying, that his promise to



my father, for whom he had the highest regard, as I well knew, was conditional; that he had always resolved to leave his daughter a free choice, and that she had requested him to acquaint me, that her affections were otherwise engaged, and to intreat that I would therefore discontinue my addresses. My surprize and concern at this declaration were such as left me no power to reply; and I saw Sir George turn from me and go into the house, without making any attempt to stop him, or to obtain a further explanation. Afterwards, indeed, I frequently expostulated, intreated, and complained; but perceiving that all was ineffectual, I took my leave, and determined that I would still solicit by letter; for the lady had taken such possession of my heart, that I would joyfully have married her, though I had been sure that her father would immediately have left all his fortune to a stranger.

I meditated on my epistolary project all the way to London, and before I had been three days in town, I wrote a long letter to Sir George, in which I conjured him, in the strongest terms, to account for the change in his behaviour; and insisted, that, on this occasion, to conceal the truth, was in the highest degree dishonourable to himself, and injurious to me.

To this letter, after about ten days, I received the following answer:

SIR,

IT is with great reluctance that I reveal the motives of my conduct, because they are much to your disadvantage. The inclosed is a letter which I received from a worthy gentleman in this county, and contains a full answer to your enquiries; which I had rather you should receive in any hand than in mine.

I am your humble servant,

GEO. HOMESTEAD.

I immediately opened the paper inclosed, in which, with the utmost impatience, I read as follows:

SIR,

I SAW a person with your family yesterday at the races, to whom, as I was soon after informed, you intended to give your daughter. Upon this occasion, it is my indispensable duty

to acquaint you, that if his character is to be determined by his company, will be inevitably entail diseases and beggary upon his posterity, whatever be the merit of his wife, or the affluence of his fortune. He overtook me on the road from London a few weeks ago, in company with a wretch, who by their discourse appeared to be his old and familiar acquaintance, and whom I well remember to have been brought before my friend Justice Worth, when I was accidentally at his house, as the keeper of a brothel in Covent Garden. He since won a considerable sum with false dice at the masquerade, for which he was obliged to leave the kingdom, and is still liable to a prosecution. Be assured that I have perfect knowledge of both; for some incidents, which it is not necessary to mention, kept me near them so long on the road, that it is impossible I should be mistaken.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

JAMES TRUEMAN.

The moment I had read this letter, the ridicule was solved. I knew Mr. Trueman to be the gentleman whom I had concurred with a stranger, picked up by accident, to insult without provocation on the road. I was in a moment covered with confusion; and though I was alone, could not help hiding my face with my hands. I abhorred my folly, which appeared yet more erroneous every time it was reviewed.

I courted the society of a stranger, and a stranger I persecuted with insult; thus I associated with infamy, and thus my associate became known. I hoped, however, to convince Sir George, that I had no knowledge of the wretch whose infamy I had shared, except that which I acquired from the letter of his friend. But before I had taken proper measures for my justification, I had the mortification to hear that the lady was married to a neighbouring gentleman, who had long made his addresses, and whom Sir George had before rejected, in the ardour of his friendship for my father.

How narrow, Mr. Adventurer, is the path of rectitude, and how much may be lost by the slightest deviation!

I am your humble servant,

ÆVLUS.

No. CXIII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1753.

*Ad humum moerore gravit deducit et angit.*

HOR.

*Wings the sad soul, and bends it down to earth.*

FRANCIS.

ONE of the most remarkable differences betwixt ancient and modern tragedy, arises from the prevailing custom of describing only those distresses that are occasioned by the passion of love; a passion which, from the universality of its dominion, may doubtless justly claim a large share in representations of human life; but which, by totally engrossing the theatre, had contributed to degrade that noble school of virtue into an academy of effeminacy.

When Racine persuaded the celebrated Arnauld to read his *Phædra*—‘Why,’ said that severe critic to his friend, ‘have you falsified the manners of Hippolitus, and represented him in love?’—‘Alas!’ replied the poet, ‘without that circumstance, how would the ladies and the beaux have received my piece?’ And it may well be imagined, that to gratify so considerable and important a part of his audience, was the powerful motive that induced Corneille to enervate even the matchless and affecting story of Oedipus, by the frigid and impertinent episode of Theseus’s passion for Dirce.

Shakespeare has shewn us, by his *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Cæsar*, and, above all, by his *Lear*, that very interesting tragedies may be written, that are not founded on gallantry and love; and that Boileau was mistaken, when he affirmed—

—*de l’amour la sensible peinture,  
Est pour aller au cœur la route la plus sûre.*

Those tender scenes that pictur’d love impart,  
Insure success and best engage the heart.

The distresses in this tragedy are of a very uncommon nature, and are not touched upon by any other dramatic author. They are occasioned by a rash resolution of an aged monarch, of strong passions and quick sensibility, to resign his crown, and to divide his kingdom among his three daughters; the youngest of whom, who was his favourite, not answering his sanguine expectations in expressions of affection to him, he for ever banishes, and endows

her sisters with her allotted share. Their unnatural ingratitude, the intolerable affronts, indignities, and cruelties, he suffers from them, and the remorse he feels from his imprudent resignation of his power, at first inflame him with the most violent rage, and by degrees drive him to madness and death. This is the outline of the fable.

I shall confine myself at present to consider singly the judgment and art of the poet, in describing the origin and progress of the distraction of *Lear*; in which, I think, he has succeeded better than any other writer; even than Euripides himself, whom Longinus so highly commends for his representation of the madness of *Orestes*.

It is well contrived, that the first affront that is offered to *Lear*, should be a proposal from Gonerill, his eldest daughter, to lessen the number of his knights, which must needs affect and irritate a person so jealous of his rank and the respect due to it. He is at first astonished at the complicated impudence and ingratitude of this design; but quickly kindles into rage, and resolves to depart instantly.

————Darkness and devils!——  
Saddle my horses, call my train together——  
Degen’rate bastard! I’ll not trouble thee.

This is followed by a severe reflection upon his own folly for resigning his crown; and a solemn invocation to Nature to heap the most horrible curses on the head of Gonerill, that her own offspring may prove equally cruel and unnatural——

————that she may feel,  
How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is,  
To have a thankless child!

When Albany demands the cause of this passion, *Lear* answers—‘I’ll tell thee!’ but immediately cries out to Gonerill——

——Life and death! I am ashamed  
That thou hast power to shake my manhood  
thus.

—Blasts and fogs upon thee!  
Th' untented woundings of a father's curse  
Pierce every sense about thee!

He stops a little and reflects:

Ha! is it come to this?  
Let it be so! I have another daughter,  
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable.  
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails  
She'll flea thy wolfish visage—

He was, however, mistaken; for the first object  
he encounters in the castle of the Earl of Gloucester, whither he fled to meet his other daughter, was his servant in the stocks; from whence he may easily conjecture what reception he is to meet with:

—Death on my state! Wherefore  
Should he sit here?

He adds immediately afterwards—

O me, my heart! my rising heart!—but down.  
By which single line, the inexpressible anguish  
of his mind, and the dreadful conflict of opposite passions with which it is agitated, are more forcibly expressed, than by the long and laboured speech, enumerating the causes of his anguish, that Rowe and other modern tragic writers would certainly have put into his mouth. But Nature, Sophocles, and Shakespeare, represent the feelings of the heart in a different manner; by a broken hint, a short exclamation, a word, or a look:

They mingle not, 'mid deep-felt sighs and groans,

Descriptions gay, or quaint comparisons,  
No flowery far-fetch'd thoughts their scenes admit;

'Till suits conceit with passion, woe with wit.  
Here passion prompts each short, expressive speech;

Or silence paints what words can never reach.

J. W.

When Jocasta, in Sophocles, has discovered that Oedipus was the murderer of her husband, she immediately leaves the stage; but in Corneille and Dryden she continues on it during a whole scene, to bewail her destiny in set speeches. I should be guilty of insensibility and injustice, if I did not take this occasion to acknowledge, that I have been more moved and delighted, by hearing this single line spoken by

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the only actor of the age who understands and relishes these little touches of nature, and therefore the only one qualified to personate this most difficult character of Lear, than by the most pompous declaimer of the most pompous speeches in Cato or Tamerlane.

In the next scene the old king appears in a very distressful situation. He informs Regan, whom he believes to be still actuated by filial tenderness, of the cruelties he had suffered from her sister Gonerill, in very pathetic terms:

—Beloved Regan,  
Thy sister's naught—O Regan! she hath tied  
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.  
I scarce can speak to thee—thou'lt not believe  
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

It is a stroke of wonderful art in the poet to represent him intapable of specifying the particular ill usage he has received, and breaking off thus abruptly as if his voice was choaked by tenderness and resentment.

When Regan counsels him to ask her sister forgiveness, he falls on his knees with a very striking kind of irony, and asks her how such supplicating language as this becometh him:

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;  
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg,  
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

But being again exhorted to sue for reconciliation, the advice wounds him to the quick, and forces him into execrations against Gonerill, which, though they chill the soul with horror, are yet well suited to the impetuosity of his temper:

She hath abated me of half my train;  
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,

Most serpent like, upon the very heart—  
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall  
On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,  
Ye taking airs, with lameness!—  
Ye nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames  
Into her scornful eyes!—

The wretched king, little imagining that he is to be outcast from Regan also, adds very movingly—

—'Tis not in thee  
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,  
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes.—

O o

——Thou better knew'st  
The offices of nature, bond of childhood—  
Thy half o' th' kingdom thou hast not forgot,  
Wherein I thee endow'd——

That the hopes he had conceived of tender  
usage from Regan should be deceived, heightens  
his distress to a great degree. Yet it is still  
aggravated and increased by the sudden appear-  
ance of Gonerill; upon the unexpected sight  
of whom he exclaims—

——Who comes here? O heavens!  
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway  
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,  
Make it your cause; send down and take my part.

This address is surely pathetic beyond expres-  
sion; it is scarce enough to speak of it in the  
cold terms of criticism. There follows a ques-  
tion to Gonerill, that I have never read  
without tears:

Ar't not ashamed to look upon this beard?

This scene abounds with many noble turns  
of passion, or rather consists of very different  
passions. The inhuman daughters urge him in  
vain, by all the sophistical and unfilial argu-  
ments they were mistresses of, to diminish the  
number of his train. He answers them by  
only four poignant words:

I gave you all!

When Regan at last consents to receive him,  
but without any attendants, for that he might  
be served by her own domestics, he can no longer  
contain his disappointment and rage. First

he appeals to the heavens, and points out to  
them a spectacle that is indeed inimitably af-  
fecting—

You see me here, ye Gods! a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age, wretched in both:  
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts  
Against their father, fool me not so much  
To bear it tamely!

Then suddenly he addresses Gonerill and Regan  
in the severest terms and with the bitterest threats:

——No, you unnatural hags!  
I will have such revenges on you both—  
That all the world shall——I will do such  
things——  
What they are yet, I know not——

Nothing occurs to his mind severe enough for  
them to suffer, or him to inflict. His passion  
rises to a height that deprives him of articula-  
tion. He tells them that he will subdue his  
sorrow, though almost irresistible; and that they  
shall not triumph over his weakness:

——You think I'll weep!  
No! I'll not weep; I have full cause of weeping;  
But this heart shall break into a thousand flaws,  
Or e'er I'll weep!

He concludes—

O fool—I shall go mad!

which is an artful anticipation, that judiciously  
prepares us for the dreadful event that is to  
follow in the succeeding acts.

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## NO. CXIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1753.

*Sperat infestis, metuit secundus,  
Alteram sortem bene præparatum  
Pectus.*

HOR.

*Whoe'er enjoys th' untroubled breast,  
With virtue's tranquil wisdom blest;  
With hope the gloomy hour can cheer,  
And temper happiness with fear.*

FRANCIS.

**A**LMET, the Dervise, who watched the  
sacred lamp in the sepulchre of the Pro-  
phet, as he one day rose up from the devotions  
of the morning, which he had performed at the  
gate of the temple with his body turned towards

the east, and his forehead on the earth, saw be-  
fore him a man in splendid apparel, attended  
by a long retinue, who gazed stedfastly at him  
with a look of mournful complacency, and seemed  
desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

The Dervise, after a short silence, advanced, and saluting him with the calm dignity which independence confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose.

Almet, said the stranger, 'thou seest before thee a man, whom the hand of prosperity has overwhelmed with wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the means of happiness, I now possess; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of time, because it glides away without enjoyment; and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be cut off; and my heart sinks when I anticipate the moment, in which eternity shall close over the vacuity of my life like the sea upon the path of a ship, and leave no traces of my existence more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. If in the treasures of thy wisdom there is any precept to obtain felicity, vouchsafe it to me: for this purpose am I come; a purpose which yet I feared to reveal, lest, like all the former, it should be disappointed.' Almet listened, with looks of astonishment and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reason was known to be a pledge of immortality; but the serenity of his countenance soon returned; and, stretching out his hand towards Heaven—

**STRANGER**, said he, the knowledge which I have received from the Prophet, I will communicate to thee.

As I was sitting one evening at the porch of the temple pensive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was scattered before me; and while I remarked the weariness and solicitude which was visible in every countenance, I was suddenly struck with a sense of their condition. 'Wretched mortals,' said I, 'to what purpose are you busy? If to produce happiness, by whom is it enjoyed? Do the li-  
 'nens of Egypt, and the silks of Persia, bestow  
 'felicity on those who wear them, equal to the  
 'wretchedness of yonder slaves whom I see  
 'leading the camels that bring them? Is the  
 'fineness of the texture, or the splendor of the  
 'tints, regarded with delight by those to whom

'custom has rendered them familiar? or can  
 'the power of habit render others insensible of  
 'pain, who live only to traverse the desert;  
 'a scene of dreadful uniformity, where a bar-  
 'ren level is bounded only by the horizon;  
 'where no change of prospect, or variety of  
 'images, relieves the traveller from a sense of  
 'toil and danger, of whirlwinds which in a  
 'moment may bury him in the sand, and of  
 'thirst which the wealthy have given half their  
 'possessions to allay? Do those on whom here-  
 'ditary diamonds sparkle with unregarded lus-  
 'tre, gain from the possession what is lost by  
 'the wretch who seeks them in the mine; who  
 'lives excluded from the common bounties of  
 'nature; to whom even the vicissitude of day  
 'and night is not known; who sighs in per-  
 'petual darkness, and whose life is one mourn-  
 'ful alternative of insensibility and labour?  
 'If those are not happy who possess, in pro-  
 'portion as those are wretched who bestow,  
 'how vain a dream is the life of man! And if  
 'there is, indeed, such difference in the value of  
 'existence, how shall we acquit of partiality the  
 'hand by which this difference has been made?'

While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became sensible of a sudden influence from above. The streets and the crowds of Mecca disappeared; I found myself sitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right-hand an angel, whom I knew to be Azoran, the minister of reproof. When I saw him I was afraid. I cast mine eye upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be silent, 'Almet,' said he, 'thou hast devoted  
 'thy life to meditation, that thy counsel might  
 'deliver ignorance from the mazes of error,  
 'and deter presumption from the precipice of  
 'guilt: but the book of nature thou hast read  
 'without understanding; it is again open be-  
 'fore thee; look up, consider it and be wise.'

I looked up, and beheld an inclosure, beautiful as the gardens of Paradise, but of a small extent. Through the middle, there was a green walk; at the end, a wild desert; and beyond, impenetrable darkness. The walk was shaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with blossoms and fruit; innumerable birds were singing in the branches:

the grafs was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty: on one side flowed a gentle transparent stream, which was juſt heard to murmur over the golden ſands that ſparkled at the bottom; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains, grottoes, and caſcades, which diverſified the ſcene with endleſs variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

While I was gazing in a tranſport of delight and wonder on this enchanting ſpot, I perceived a man ſtealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace; his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms croſſed on his boſom; he ſometimes ſtarted, as if a ſudden pang had ſeized him; his countenance expreſſed ſolicitude and terror; he looked round with a ſigh, and having gazed a moment on the deſart that lay before him, he ſeemed as if he wiſhed to ſtop, but was impelled forwards by ſome inviſible power: his features, however, ſoon ſettled again into a calm melancholy; his eye was again fixed on the ground; and he went on, as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was ſtruck with this appearance; and turning haſtily to the Angel, was about to enquire what could produce ſuch infelicity in a being, ſurrounded with every object that could gratify every ſenſe; but he prevented my requeſt; ‘The book of nature,’ ſaid he, ‘is before thee; look up, conſider it, and be wiſe.’ I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren; on the path there was no verdure, and the mountain afforded no ſhade; the ſun burned in the zenith, and every ſpring was dried up; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleaſant and fertile, ſhaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a ſecond view, I diſcovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was chearful, and his deportment active; he kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was reſtrained, as the other had been impelled, by ſome ſecret influence: ſometimes, indeed, I perceived a ſudden expreſſion of pain, and ſometimes he ſtepped ſhort as if his foot was pierced by the aſpe-

rities of the way; but the ſprightlineſs of his countenance inſtantly returned, and he preſſed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I turned again toward the Angel, impatient to enquire from what ſecret ſource happineſs was derived, in a ſituation ſo different from that in which it might have been expected: but he again prevented my requeſt; ‘Almet,’ ſaid he, ‘remember what thou haſt ſeen, and let this memorial be written upon the tablets of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in which thou art placed, is but the road to another; and that happineſs depends not upon the path, but the end: the value of this period of thy exiſtence is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wiſhed to linger in the garden, who looked round upon its limits with terror, was deſtitute of enjoyment, becauſe he was deſtitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of loſing that which yet he did not enjoy: the ſong of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had ſo often recurred, that their beauty was not ſeen; the river glided by unnoticed; and he feared to liſt his eye to the proſpect, leſt he ſhould behold the waſte that circumscribed it. But he that toiled through the valley was happy, becauſe he looked forward with hope. Thus, to the ſojourner upon earth, it is of little moment, whether the path he treads be ſtrewed with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himſelf to approach thoſe regions, in comparison of which the thorns and the flowers of this wilderneſs loſe their diſtinction, and are both alike impotent to give pleaſure or pain. What then, has Eternal Wiſdom unequally diſtributed? That which can make every ſtation happy, and without which every ſtation muſt be wretched, is acquired by Virtue, and Virtue is poſſible to all. Remember, Almet, the viſion which thou haſt ſeen; and let my words be written on the tablet of thy heart, that thou mayeſt direct the wanderer to happineſs, and juſtify God to men.’

While the voice of Azoran was yet ſounding in my ear, the proſpect vaniſhed from before me, and I found myſelf again

again sitting at the porch of the temple The sun was gone down, the multitude was retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts to compleat the tranquillity of my mind.

Such, my son, was the vision which the Prophet vouchsafed me, not for my sake only, but for thine. Thou hast sought felicity in temporal things; and, therefore, thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon

thee, as the seal of Mahomet in the well of Aris: but go thy way, let thy flock cloath the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be Above. Thus shalt thou 'rejoice in Hope,' and look forward to the end of life as the consummation of thy felicity.

Almet, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the temple, and the stranger departed in peace.

## No. CXV. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1753.

*Scribimus indocti doctique.*

HOR.

*All dare to write, who can or cannot read.*

THEY who have attentively considered the history of mankind, know that every age has its peculiar character. At one time, no desire is felt but for military honours; every summer affords battles and sieges, and the world is filled with ravage, bloodshed, and devastation: this sanguinary fury at length subsides, and nations are divided into factions, by controversies about points that will never be decided. Men then grow weary of debate and altercation, and apply themselves to the arts of profit; trading companies are formed, manufacturers improved, and navigation extended; and nothing is any longer thought on, but the increase and preservation of property, the artifices of getting money, and the pleasures of spending it.

The present age, if we consider chiefly the state of our own country, may be stiled with great propriety, The Age of Authors; for, perhaps, there never was a time, in which men of all degrees of ability, of every kind of education, of every profession and employment, were posting with ardour so general to the press. The province of writing was formerly left to those who, by study, or appearance of study, were supposed to have gained knowledge unattainable by the busy part of mankind; but in these enlightened days, every man is qualified to instruct every other man: and he that beats the anvil, or guides the plough, not content with supplying corporal necessities, amuses himself in the hours of leisure with

providing intellectual pleasures for his countrymen.

It may be observed, that of this, as of other evils, complaints have been made by every generation: but though it may perhaps be true, that at all times more have been willing than have been able to write, yet there is no reason for believing, that the dogmatical legions of the present race were ever equalled in number by any former period; for so widely is spread the itch of literary praise, that almost every man is an author, either in act or in purpose; has either bestowed his favours on the public, or withholds them, that they may be more seasonably offered, or made more worthy of acceptance.

In former times, the pen, like the sword, was considered as consigned by nature to the hands of men; the ladies contented themselves with private virtues and domestic excellence; and a female writer, like a female warrior, was considered as a kind of eccentric being, that deviated, however illustriously, from her due sphere of motion, and was therefore rather to be gazed at with wonder, than countenanced by imitation. But as the times past are said to have been a nation of Amazons, who drew the bow and wielded the battle-axe, formed encampments and wasted nations; the revolution of years has now produced a generation of Amazons of the pen, who with the spirit of their predecessors have set their masculine tyranny at defiance, asserted their claim to the regi-



ons of science, and seemed to contest the usurpations of virility.

Some, indeed, there are of both sexes, who are authors only in desire, but have not yet attained the power of executing their intentions; whose performances have not arrived at bulk sufficient to form a volume, or who have not the confidence, however impatient of nameless obscurity, to solicit openly the assistance of the printer. Among these are the innumerable correspondents of public papers, who are always offering assistance which no man will receive, and suggesting hints that are never taken, and who complain loudly of the perverseness and arrogance of authors, lament their insensibility of their own interest, and fill the coffee-houses with dark stories of performances by eminent hands, which have been offered and rejected.

To what cause this universal eagerness of writing can be properly ascribed, I have not yet been able to discover. It is said, that every art is propagated in proportion to the rewards conferred upon it; a position from which a stranger would naturally infer, that literature was now blessed with patronage far transcending the candour or munificence of the Augustan age, that the road to greatness was open to none but authors, and that by writing alone riches and honour were to be obtained.

But since it is true, that writers, like other competitors, are very little disposed to favour one another, it is not to be expected, that at a time when every man writes, any man will patronize; and, accordingly, there is not one that I can recollect at present, who professes the least regard for the votaries of science, invites the addresses of learned men, or seems to hope from reputation from any pen but his own.

The cause therefore, of this epidemical conspiracy for the destruction of paper, must remain a secret: nor can I discover, whether we owe it to the influences of the constellations, or the intemperature of seasons; whether the long continuance of the wind at any single point, or intoxicating vapours exhaled from the earth, have turned our nobles and our peasants, our soldiers and traders, our men and women, all into wits, philosophers, and writers.

It is, indeed, of more importance to search out the cure than the cause of this intellectual

malady; and he would deserve well of his country, who, instead of amusing himself with conjectural speculations, should find means of persuading the peer to inspect the steward's accounts, or repair the rural mansion of his ancestors, who could replace the tradesman behind his counter, and send back the farmer to the mattock and the flail.

General irregularities are known in time to remedy themselves. By the constitution of ancient Egypt, the priesthood was continually increasing, till at length there was no people beside themselves; the establishment was then dissolved, and the number of priests was reduced and limited. Thus, among us, writers will perhaps be multiplied, till no readers will be found, and then the ambition of writing must necessarily cease.

But as it will be long before the cure is thus gradually effected, and the evil should be stopped, if it be possible, before it rises to so great a height, I could wish that both sexes would fix their thoughts upon some salutary considerations, which might repress their ardour for that reputation which not one of many thousands is fated to obtain.

Let it be deeply impressed and frequently recollected, that he who has not obtained the proper qualifications of an author, can have no excuse for the arrogance of writing, but the power of imparting to mankind something necessary to be known. A man uneducated or unlettered may sometimes start a useful thought, or make a lucky discovery, or obtain by chance some secret of nature, or some intelligence of facts, of which the most enlightened mind may be ignorant, and which it is better to reveal, though by a rude and unskilful communication, than to lose for ever by suppressing it.

But few will be justified by this plea; for of the innumerable books and pamphlets that have overflowed the nation, scarce one has made any addition to real knowledge, or contained more than a transposition of common sentiments and a repetition of common phrases.

It will be naturally inquired, when the man who feels an inclination to write, may venture to suppose himself properly qualified; and, since every man is inclined to think well of his own intellect, by what test he may



try his abilities, without hazarding the contempt or resentment of the public.

The first qualification of a writer, is a perfect knowledge of the subject which he undertakes to treat; since we cannot teach what we do not know, nor can properly undertake to instruct others while we are ourselves in want of instruction. The next requisite is, that he be master of the language in which he delivers his sentiments; if he treats of science and demonstration, that he has attained a style clear, pure, nervous, and expressive; if his topics be probable and persuaſory, that he be able to recommend them by the ſupplement of elegance in imagery, to diſplay the colours of varied diſtion, and pour forth the muſic of modulated periods.

If it be again enquired, upon what principles any man ſhall conclude that he wants theſe powers, it may be readily answered, that no end is attained but by the proper means; he only can rationally preſume that he underſtands a ſubject, who has read and compared the writers that have hitherto diſcuſſed it, familiarized their arguments to himſelf by long meditation, conſulted the foundations of diſſe-

rent ſystems, and ſeparated truth from error by a rigorous examination.

In like manner, he only has a right to ſuppoſe that he can expreſs his thoughts, whatever they are, with perſpicuity or elegance, who has carefully peruſed the beſt authors, accurately noted the diverſities of ſtyle, diligently ſelected the beſt modes of diſtion, and familiarized them by long habits of attentive practice.

No man is a rhetorician or philoſopher by chance. He who knows that he undertakes to write on queſtions which he has never ſtudied, may without heſitation determine, that he is about to waſte his own time and that of his reader, and expoſe himſelf to the deriſion of thoſe whom he aſpires to inſtruct: he that without forming his ſtyle by the ſtudy of the beſt models, haſtens to obtrude his compoſitions on the public, may be certain, that whatever hope or flattery may ſuggeſt, he ſhall ſhock the learned ear with barbariſm, and contribute, wherever his work ſhall be received, to the depravation of taſte and the corruption of language.

T

## No. CXVI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1753.

*Æſtuat ingens*

*Ino in corde pudor, mixtaque inſania luſu,  
Et furis agitatus amor, et conſcia virtus.*

VIRG.

*Rage boiling from the bottom of his breaſt,  
And ſorrow mix'd with ſhame his ſoul oppreſt;  
And conſcious worth lay lab'ring in his thought;  
And love by jealousy to madneſs wrought.*

DRYDEN.

**T**HUNDER and a gholt have been frequently introduced into tragedy by barren and mechanical play-wrights, as proper objects to impreſs terror and aſtoniſhment, where the diſtreſs has not been important enough to render it probable that nature would interpoſe for the ſake of the ſufferers, and where theſe objects themſelves have not been ſupported by ſuitable ſentiments. Thunder has, however, been made uſe of with great judgment and good effect by Shakeſpeare, to heighten and impreſs the diſtreſſes of Lear.

The venerable and wretched old king is driven out by both his daughters, without neceſſaries and without attendants, not only in the night, but in the miſt of a moſt dreadful ſtorm, and on a bleak and barren heath. On his firſt appearance in this ſituation, he draws an artful and pathetic comparison betwixt the ſeverity of the tempeſt and of his daughters:

Rumble thy belly full! ſpit, fire! ſpout, rain!  
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.

I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness ;  
I never gave you kingdom, called you children ;  
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your-  
slave ;

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man !

The storm continuing with equal violence,  
he drops for a moment the consideration of his  
own miseries, and takes occasion to moralize  
on the terrors which such commotions of nature  
should raise in the breast of secret and unpun-  
ished villainy :

—Tremble, thou wretch !

That hast within thee undivulged crimes  
Unwhipt of justice ! Hide thee, thou bloody  
hand ;

Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue  
That art incestuous !—

—Close pent-up guilts

Rive your concealing continents, and cry  
These dreadful summoners grace !—

He adds, with reference to his own case—

—I am a man

More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent most earnestly intreats him to enter a  
hovel which he had discovered on the heath ;  
and on pressing him again and again to take  
shelter there, Lear exclaims—

Wilt break my heart ?

Much is contained in these four words ; as if  
he had said—‘ The kindness and the gratitude  
of this servant exceeds that of my own chil-  
dren. Though I have given them a king-  
dom, yet have they basely discarded  
me, and suffered a head so old and white  
as mine to be exposed to this terrible tempest,  
while this fellow pities and would protect me  
from its rage. I cannot bear this kindness  
from a stranger ; it breaks my heart.’ All  
this seems to be included in that short exclama-  
tion, which another writer, less acquainted  
with nature, would have displayed at large :  
such a suppression of sentiments plainly implied,  
is judicious and affecting. The reflections  
that follow are drawn likewise from an intimate  
knowledge of man :

When the mind's free,

The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,  
Save what beats there—

Here the remembrance of his daughters behavi-  
our rushes upon him, and he exclaims, full of  
the idea of its unparalleled cruelty—

—Filial ingratitude !

Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand  
For lifting food to it !

He then changes his stile, and vows with im-  
potent menaces, as if still in possession of the  
power he had resigned, to revenge himself on  
his oppressors, and to steel his breast with for-  
titude :

—But I'll punish home.

No, I will weep no more !—

But the sense of his sufferings returns again,  
he forgets the resolution he had formed the  
moment before :

In such a night,

To shut me out ?—Pour on, I will endure—

In such a night as this—

At which, with a beautiful apostrophe, he sud-  
denly addresses himself to his absent daugh-  
ters, tenderly reminding them of the favours  
he had so lately and so liberally conferred upon  
them :

—O Regan—Gonerill—

Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave  
all !

O that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;  
No more of that !

The turns of passion in these few lines are so  
quick and so various, that I thought they mer-  
ited to be minutely pointed out by a kind of  
perpetual commentary.

The mind is never so sensibly disposed to pity  
the misfortunes of others, as when it is itself  
subdued and softened by calamity. Adversity  
diffuses a kind of sacred calm over the breast,  
that is the parent of thoughtfulness and me-  
ditation. The following reflections of Lear  
in his next speech, when his passion has sub-  
sided for a short interval, are equally proper and  
striking :

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er ye are,  
That bide the pelting of this piteous storm!  
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,  
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend  
you  
From seasons such as these!

He concludes with a sentiment finely suited to his condition, and worthy to be written in characters of gold in the closet of every monarch upon earth:

O! I have ta'en  
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp!  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,  
And shew the Heav'ns more just!—

Lear being at last persuaded to take shelter in the hovel, the poet has artfully contrived to lodge there Edgar, the discarded son of Gloucester, who counterfeits the character and habit of a mad beggar, haunted by an evil demon, and whose supposed sufferings are enumerated with an inimitable wildness of fancy; 'Whom the foul fiend hath led through fire, and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits, Tom's a cold!' The assumed madness of Edgar, and the real distraction of Lear, form a judicious contrast.

Upon perceiving the nakedness and wretchedness of this figure, the poor king asks a question that I never could read without strong emotions of pity and admiration:

What! have his daughters brought him to this pass?  
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

And when Kent assures him, that the beggar hath no daughters, he hastily answers—

Death, traitor, nothing could have subdued nature  
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.

Afterwards, upon the calm contemplation of

the misery of Edgar, he breaks out into the following serious and pathetic reflection: Thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more than such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come, unbutton here.

Shakespeare has no where exhibited more inimitable strokes of his art, than in this uncommon scene; where he has so well conducted even the natural jargon of the beggar, and the jestings of the fool, which in other hands must have sunk into burlesque, that they contribute to heighten the pathetic to a very high degree.

The heart of Lear having been agitated and torn by a conflict of such opposition and tumultuous passions, it is not wonderful that his wits should now begin to unsettle. The first plain indication of the loss of his reason, is his calling Edgar a 'learned Theban:' and telling Kent, that 'he will keep still with his philosopher.' When he next appears, he imagines he is punishing his daughters. The imagery is extremely strong, and chills one with horror to read it—

To have a thousand with red burning spits  
Come hissing in upon them!—

As the fancies of lunatics have an extraordinary force and liveliness, and render the objects of their frenzy as it were present to their eyes, Lear actually thinks himself suddenly restored to his kingdom, and seated in judgment to try his daughters for their cruelties:

I'll see their trial first; bring in the evidence:  
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;  
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,  
Bench by his side. You are of the commission,  
Sit you too. Arraign her first, 'tis Gonerill—  
And here's another, whose warped looks proclaim—

What store her heart is made of.—

Here he imagines that Regan escapes out of his hands, and he eagerly exclaims—

——Stop her there.

Arms, arms, sword, fire——Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

A circumstance follows that is strangely moving indeed: for he fancies that his favourite domestic creatures, that used to fawn upon and caress him, and of which he was eminently fond, have now their tempers changed, and join to insult him:

——The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see! they bark at me.

He again resumes his imaginary power, and orders them to anatomize Regan; 'See what breeds about her heart—Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts! You, Sir,' speaking to Edgar, 'I entertain for

'one of my Hundred; a circumstance most artfully introduced to remind us of the first affront he received, and to fix our thought on the causes of his distraction.

General criticism is on all subjects useless and unentertaining; but is more than commonly absurd with respect to Shakespeare, who must be accompanied step by step, and scene by scene, in his gradual developements of characters and passions, and whose finer features must be singly pointed out, if we would do complete justice to his genuine beauties. It would have been easy to have declared, in general terms, 'that the madness of Lear was very natural and pathetic;' and the reader might then have escaped, what he may, perhaps, call a multitude of well-known quotations: but then it had been impossible to exhibit a perfect picture of the secret workings and changes of Lear's mind, which vary in each succeeding passage, and which render an allegation of each particular sentiment absolutely necessary.

Z

No. CXVII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1753.

*Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes.*

VIRG.

*Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid.*

DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I WILL not anticipate the subject of this letter, by relating the motives from which I have written it; nor shall I expect it to be published, if, when you have read it, you do not think that it contains more than one topick of instruction.

My mother has been dead so long that I do not remember her; and when I was in my eighteenth year, I was left a fortune of twenty thousand pounds at my own disposal. I have been often told, that I am handsome; and I have some reasons to believe it to be true, which are very far from gratifying my vanity or conferring happiness.

I was soon addressed by many lovers, from among whom I selected Hilario, the elder brother of a good family, whose paternal estate

was something more than equivalent to my fortune.

Hilario was universally admired as a man of sense; and, to confess the truth, not much less as a man of pleasure. His character appeared to rise in proportion as it was thought to endanger those about him; he derived new dignity, not only from the silence of the men, but the blushes of the ladies; and those whose wit or virtue did not suffer by the admission of such a guest, were honoured as persons who could treat upon equal terms with a hero, who was become formidable by the number of conquests: his company, therefore, was courted by all whom their fears did not restrain; the rest considered him as moving in a sphere above them, and in proportion as they were able to imitate him, they became vicious and petulant in their own circle.

I was myself captivated with his manner and conversation; I hoped that upon Understanding I should be able to engraft Virtue; I was rather encouraged than cautioned by my friends; and after a few months courtship I became his wife.

During a short time all my expectations were gratified, and I exulted in my choice. Hilario was at once tender and polite; present pleasures were heightened by the anticipation of future: my imagination was perpetually wandering among the scenes of poetry and romance; I appropriated every luxurions description of happy lovers; and believed, that whatever time should take from desire, would be added to complacency; and that in old age we should only exchange the tumultuous ecstasy of love, for the calm, rational, and exalted delights of friendship, which every year would increase by new reciprocations of kindness, more tried fidelity, and implicit confidence.

But from this pleasing dream it was not long before I awaked. Although it was the whole study of my life to unite my pleasures with those of Hilario, to regulate my conduct by his will, and thus prolong the felicity which was reflected from his bosom to mine; yet his visits abroad in which I was not a party became more frequent, and his general behaviour less kind. I perceived that when we were alone his mind was often absent, and that my prattle became irksome: my assiduities to recover his attention, and excite him to cheerfulness, were sometimes suffered with a cold civility, sometimes wholly neglected, and sometimes peevishly repressed as ill-timed officiousness, by which he was rather disturbed than obliged. I was, indeed, at length convinced, with whatever reluctance, that neither my person nor my mind had any charm that could stand in competition with variety; and though, as I remember, I never in my looks upbraided him, yet I frequently lamented myself, and spent those hours in which I was forsaken by Hilario in solitude and tears.

But my distress still increased, and one injury made way for another. Hilario, almost as soon as he ceased to be kind, became jealous; he knew that disappointed wishes and the resentment which they produce, concur to render

beauty less solicitous to avoid temptation, and less able to resist it; and as I did not complain of that which he knew I could not but discover, he thought he had great reason to suspect that I made reprisals: thus his sagacity multiplied his vices, and my virtue defeated its own purpose.

Some maxims, however, which I had gathered from novels and plays, were still uppermost in my mind. I reflected often upon the arts of Amanda, and the persevering tenderness and discretion of Lady Easy: and I believed, as I had been taught by the sequel of every story, that they could not be practised without success, but against sordid stupidity and obdurate ill-nature; against the Brutes and the Sullens, whom, on the contrary, it was scarce a crime to punish, by admitting a rake of parts to pleasures of which they were unworthy.

From such maxims, and such examples, I therefore derived some hope. I wished earnestly to detect Hilario in his infidelity; that in the moment of conviction I might rouse his sensibility of my wrongs, and exalt his opinion of my merit; that I might cover him with confusion, melt him with tenderness, and double his obligations by generosity.

The opportunity for which I had so often wished, but never dared to hope, at length arrived. I learned by accident one morning, that he intended to go in the evening to a masquerade; and I immediately conceived a design to discover his dress, and follow him to the theatre; to single him out, make some advances, and if possible bring on an assignation, where in the ardour of his first address I might strike him with astonishment by taking off my mask, reprove him without parade, mingling with the soft distress of violated affection the calm dignity of injured virtue.

My imagination was fired with these images, which I was impatient to realize. My pride, which had hitherto sustained me above complaint, and thrown a veil of cheerfulness over my distress, would not suffer me to employ an assistant in the project I had undertaken; because this could not be done without revealing my suspicions, and confiding my peace to the breast of another, by whose malice or caprice it might be destroyed, and to whom I should, therefore, be brought into the most slavish sub-

jection, without insuring the secrecy of which my dependence would be the price. I therefore resolved, at whatever risk of disappointment or detection, to trace him to the warehouse where his habit was to be hired, and discover that which he should chuse myself.

He had ordered his chariot at eleven: I, therefore, wrapped myself up in an undress, and sat alone in my room till I saw him drive from the door. I then came down, and as soon as he had turned into St. James's Street, which was not more than twenty yards, I went after him, and meeting with a hackney-coach at the end of the street, I got hastily into it, and ordered the driver to follow the chariot at some distance, and stop when it stopped.

I pulled up both the windows; and after half an hour spent in the most tormenting suspense and anxiety, it stopped at the end of Tavistock Street. I looked hastily out of the window, hiding my face with my handkerchief; and saw Hilario alight at the distance of about forty yards, and go into a warehouse of which I could easily distinguish the sign. I waited till he came out, and as soon as the chariot was out of sight, I discharged the coach, and going immediately to the warehouse that Hilario had left, I pretended to want a habit for myself. I saw many lying upon the counter, which I supposed had been brought out for Hilario's choice; about these, therefore, I was very inquisitive, and took particular notice of a very rich Turkish dress, which one of the servants took up to put away. When I saw he was about to remove it, I asked hastily whether it was hired, and learned with unspeakable satisfaction, that it had been chosen by the gentleman who was just gone. Thus far I succeeded to the utmost of my hopes, not only by discovering Hilario's dress, but by his choice of one so very remarkable; for if he had chosen a domino, my scheme would have been rendered impracticable, because in a domino I could not certainly have distinguished him from others.

As I had now gained the intelligence I wanted, I was impatient to leave the shop; which it was not difficult to do, as it was just filled with ladies from two coaches; and the people were in a hurry to accommodate them. My dress did not attract much notice, nor pro-

mise much advantage; I was, therefore, willingly suffered to depart, upon slightly leaving my word that I would call again.

When I got into the street, I considered that it would not have been prudent to have hired a habit, where Hilario would come to dress, or send for himself: I, therefore, took another coach at the end of Southampton Street, and went to a shop near the Hay-market, where I had before purchased a capuchin and some other trifles, and where I knew habits were to be hired, though not in so public a manner as at other places.

I now returned home; and such was the joy and expectation which my success inspired, that I had forgot I had succeeded only in an attempt, for which I could find neither motive nor apology but in wretchedness.

During the interval between my return and the time when the doors of the theatre were to be opened, I suffered the utmost inquietude and impatience. I looked every moment at my watch, could scarce believe that it did not by some accident go too slow, and was continually listening to discover whether it had not stopped: but the lingering hour at length arrived; and though I was among the first that entered, yet it was not long before I singled out my victim, and found means to attract his regard.

I had, when I was at school, learned a way of expressing the alphabet with my fingers, which I have since discovered to be more generally known than at that time I imagined. Hilario, during his courtship, had once observed me using it to a lady who had been my school-fellow, and would never let me rest till I taught it him. In this manner I saw my Turk conversing with a Nun, from whom he suddenly turned with an air of vexation and disappointment. I thought this a favourable opportunity to accost him; and, therefore, as he passed by me, I pulled him gently by the sleeve, and spelt with my fingers the words—'I understand.' At first I was afraid of being discovered by shewing my art; but I reflected, that it would effectually secure me from being discovered by my voice, which I considered as the more formidable danger. I perceived that he was greatly pleased; and after a short conversation, which he seemed to make a point

of continuing in the manner I had begun, an assignation was made, in consequence of which we proceeded in chairs to a bagnio near Covent Garden. During this journey my mind was in great agitation; and it is difficult to determine whether pleasure or pain was predo-

minant. I did not, however, fail to anticipate my triumph in the confusion of Hilario; I conceived the manner and terms in which I would address him, and exult in the superiority which I should acquire by this opposition of his character to mine.

## No. CXVIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1753.

*Animorum  
Impulsum, et cæca magnaue cupidine ducit. JUV.*

*By blind impulse of eager passion driven.*

HE was ready to receive me when my chair was brought into the entry; and, giving me his hand led me hastily up stairs. As soon as we entered the room he shut the door, and, taking off his mask, ran to me with the utmost impatience to take off mine. This was the important moment; but at this moment I discovered, with inexpressible astonishment and terror, that the person with whom I was alone in a brothel was not Hilario, but Caprinus, a wretch whom I well remember to have seen among the rakes that he frequently brought to his table.

At this sight, so unexpected, and so dreadful, I shrieked aloud, and threw myself from him into an easy-chair that stood by the bedside. Caprinus, probably believing I had fainted, hastily tore away my mask to give me air. At the first view of my face, he started back, and gazed at me with the same wonder that had fixed my eyes upon him. But our amazement was the next moment increased; for Hilario, who had succeeded in his intrigue, with whatever lady, happened to be in the next room, and either alarmed by the voice of distress, or knowing it to be mine, rushed in at the door which flew open before him; but, at the next step, stood fixed in the same stupor of astonishment which had seized us. After a moment's recollection, he came up to me; and dragging me to the candle, gazed steadfastly in my face with a look so frightful never to be forgotten; it was the pale countenance of rage, which contempt had distorted with a smile; his lips quivered, and he told me in a voice scarce articulate, that though I might well be frightened at having stumbled upon an acquaintance whom I doubted whether I could

trust, yet I should not have screamed so loud. After this insult he quitted me with as much negligence as he could assume; and bowing obsequiously to Caprinus, told him, he would leave me to his care. Caprinus had not sufficient presence of mind to reply, nor had I power to make any attempt, either to pacify or retain Hilario.

When he was gone I burst into tears, but was still unable to speak. From this agony Caprinus laboured to relieve me; and I began to hope, that he sincerely participated my distress: Caprinus, however, soon appeared to be chiefly solicitous to improve what, with respect to himself, he began to think a fortunate mistake. He had no conception, that I intended an assignation with my husband; but believed, like Hilario, that I had mistaken the person for whom my favours were intended: while he lamented my distress and disappointment, therefore, he pressed my hand with great ardor, wished that he had been thought worthy of my confidence and my love; and to facilitate his design upon the wife of his friend, declared himself a man of honour, and that he would maintain the character at the hazard of his life.

To such an address, in such circumstances, what could I reply? Grief had disarmed my resentment, and the pride of suspected virtue had forsaken me. I expressed myself, not in reproaches but complaints; and abruptly disengaging myself from him, adjured him to tell me, how he had procured his habit, and whether it had not been hired by Hilario. He seemed to be struck with the question, and the manner in which I urged it: 'I hired it,' said he, 'myself, at a warehouse in Tavistock Street; but when I came to demand it, I

' was told it had been the subject of much confusion and dispute. When I made my agreement the master was absent; and the servant neglecting to acquaint him with it at his return, he afterwards, in the absence of the servant, made the same agreement with another, but I know not with whom; and it was with great difficulty that he was obliged to relinquish his claim, after he had been convinced of the mistake.'

I now clearly discovered the snare in which I had been taken, and could only lament that it was impossible to escape. Whether Caprinus began to conceive my design, or whether he was indeed touched at my distress, which all his attempts to alleviate increased, I know not; but he desisted from further protestations and importunity, and at my earnest request procured me a chair, and left me to my fortune.

I now reflected, with inconceivable anguish, upon the change which a few hours had made in my condition. I had left my house in the height of expectation, that in a few hours I should add to the dignity of an untainted reputation the felicity of conjugal endearments. I returned disappointed and degraded; detected in all the circumstances of guilt, to which I had not approached even in thought; having justified the jealousy which I sought to remove, and forfeited the esteem which I hoped to improve to veneration. With these thoughts I once more entered my dressing-room, which was on the same floor with my chamber, and in less than half an hour I heard Hilario come in.

He went immediately to his chamber; and being told that I was in the next room, he locked the door, but did not go to bed, for I could hear him walk backward and forward all the night.

Early the next morning I set a sealed billet to him by his valet; for I had not made a confidence even of my woman: it contained only a pressing intreaty to be heard, and a solemn asseveration of my innocence, which I hoped it would not be impossible to prove. He sent me a verbal answer, that I might come to him: to him therefore I went, not as a judge but a criminal; not to accuse him whom I knew to be guilty, but to justify myself whom I knew to be innocent; and, at this moment, I would have given the world to be restored to that state, which the day before I had thought intolerable.

I found him in great agitation; which yet he laboured to conceal. I therefore hastened to relate my project, the motives from which it was undertaken, and means by which it had been disappointed. He heard me with calmness and attention, till I related the particular of the habit: this threw him into a new fit of jealousy; and, starting from his seat—'What,' said he, 'have you paid for this intelligence?' 'Of whom could you learn it, but the wretch with whom I left you? Did he not when he found you were disappointed of another, solicit for himself?' Here he paused for my reply; and as I could not deny the fact, I was silent: my inviolable regard for truth was mistaken for the confusion of guilt, and equally prevented my justification. His passion returned with yet greater violence. 'I know,' said he, 'that Caprinus related this incident only that you might be enabled to impose upon my credulity, and that he might obtain a participation of the favours which you lavished upon others: but I am not thus to be deceived by the concurrence of accident with cunning, nor reconciled to the infamy which you have brought upon my name.' With injurious reproach he would have left me; but I caught hold of him, and intreated that he would go with me to the warehouse, where the testimony of persons, wholly disinterested, might convince him that I was there immediately after him, and enquired which dress he had chosen. To this request he replied, by asking me, in a peremptory tone, whether Caprinus had not told me where the habit was hired? As I was struck with the suddenness and the design of the question, I had not the fortitude to confess a truth which yet I disdained to deny. Hilario again triumphed in the successful detection of my artifices; and told me, with a sneer of insupportable contempt and derision, that he, who had so kindly directed me to find my witnesses, was too able a solicitor not to acquaint them what testimony they were to give.

Expostulation was now at an end, and I disdained to intreat any mercy under the imputation of guilt. All that remained, therefore, was still to hide my wretchedness in my bosom; and, if possible, to preserve that character abroad, which I had lost at home. But this I soon found to be a vain attempt; it was



immediately whispered, as a secret, that Hilario, who had long suspected me of a criminal correspondence, had at length traced me from the masquerade to a bagnio, and surprized me with a fellow. It was in vain for me to attempt the recovery of my character by giving another turn to this report, for the principal facts I could not deny; and those who appeared to be most my friends, after they had attended to what they call nice distinctions and minute circumstances, could only say, that it was a dark affair, and they hoped I was not so guilty as was generally believed. I was avoided by my female acquaintance as infamous: if I went abroad, I was pointed out with a whisper, and a nod; and if I staid at home, I saw no face but my servant's. Those whose levity I had silently censured by declining to practise it, now revenged themselves of the virtue by which they were condemned, and thanked God they had never yet picked up fellows, though they were not so squeamish as to refuse going to a ball. But this was not the worst; every libertine, whose fortune authorized the insolence, was now making me offers of protection in nameless scrawls, and feared not to solicit me to adultery; they dared to hope I should accept their proposal by directing to A B, who declares, like Caprinus, that he is a man of honour, and will not scruple to run my husband through the body, who now, indeed, thought himself authorized to treat me with every species of cruelty but blows, at the same time that his house was a perpetual scene of lewdness and debauchery.

Reiterated provocation and insult soon became intolerable: I therefore applied to a distant relation, who so far interested himself in my behalf as to obtain me a separate mainte-

nance, with which I retire I into the country, and in this world have no hope but to perpetuate my obscurity.

In this obscurity, however, your paper is known; and I have communicated an adventure to the *Adventurer*, not merely to indulge complaint, or gratify curiosity, but because I think it confirms some principles which you have before illustrated.

Those who doubt of a future retribution, may reflect, that I have been involved in all the miseries of guilt, except the reproach of conscience and the fear of hell, by an attempt which was intended to reclaim another from vice, and obtain the reward of my own virtue.

My example may deter others from venturing to the verge of rectitude, and assuming the appearance of evil. On the other hand, those who judge of mere appearances without charity, may remark, that no conduct was ever condemned with less shew of injurious severity, nor yet with less justice than mine. Whether my narrative will be believed indeed I cannot determine; but where innocence is possible, it is dangerous to impute guilt, because 'with whatsoever judgment men judge they shall be judged;' a truth which, if it was remembered and believed by all who profess to receive it upon Divine Authority, would impose silence upon the censorious and extort candour from the selfish. And I hope that the ladies who read my story, will never hear, but with indignation, that the understanding of a Libertine is a pledge of reformation; for his life cannot be known without abhorrence, nor shared without ruin.

I am, Sir, your humble servant, .

DESDEMONA.

No. CXIX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1753.

*Latius regneis, avidum domando  
Spiritus, quam si Lybiam remotis  
Gadibus jungas, et uterque Poenus  
Serviat uni.*

HOR.

*By virtue's precepts to controul  
The thirsty cravings of the soul,  
Is over wider realms to reign  
Unenvied monarch, than if Spain  
You could to distant Lybia join,  
And both the Carthages were thine.* FRANCIS.

WHEN Socrates was asked, which of mortal men was to be accounted nearest to the Gods in happiness, he answered, that man who is in want of the fewest things.

In this answer, Socrates left it to be guessed by his auditors, whether, by the exemption from want which was to constitute happiness, he meant amplitude of possessions or contraction of desire. And indeed, there is so little difference between them, that Alexander the Great confessed the inhabitant of a tub the next man to the master of the world; and left a declaration to future ages, that if he was not Alexander he should wish to be Diogenes.

These two states, however, though they resemble each other in their consequence, differ widely with respect to the facility with which they may be attained. To make great acquisitions can happen to very few; and in the uncertainty of human affairs, to many it will be incident to labour without reward, and to lose what they already possess by endeavours to make it more; some will always want abilities, and others opportunities to accumulate wealth. It is therefore happy, that nature has allowed us a more certain and easy road to plenty; every man may grow rich by contracting his wishes, and by quiet acquiescence in what has been given him supply the absence of more.

Yet so far is almost every man from emulating the happiness of the gods, by any other means than grasping at their power, that it seems to be the great business of human life to create wants as fast as they are satisfied. It has been long observed by moralists, that every man squanders or loses a great part of that

life, of which every man knows and deplors the shortness; and it may be remarked with equal justness, that though every man laments his own insufficiency to his happiness, and knows himself a necessitous and precarious being, incessantly soliciting the assistance of others, and feeling wants which his own art or strength cannot supply; yet there is no man, who does not, by the superaddition of unnatural cares, render himself still more dependent: who does not create an artificial poverty, and suffer himself to feel pain for the want of that of which, when it is gained, he can have no enjoyment.

It must, indeed, be allowed, that as we lose part of our time because it steals away silent and invisible, and many an hour is passed before we recollect that it is passing; so unnatural desires insinuate themselves unobserved into the mind, and we do not perceive that they are gaining upon us, till the pain which they give us awakens us to notice. No man is sufficiently vigilant to take account of every motion of his heart. Much of our time likewise is sacrificed to custom; we trifle, because we see others trifle: in the same manner we catch from example the contagion of desire; we see all about us busied in pursuit of imaginary good, and begin to bustle in the same chace, lest greater activity should triumph over us.

It is true, that to man, as a member of society, many things become necessary, which, perhaps, in a state of nature are superfluous; and that many things, not absolutely necessary, are yet so useful and convenient, that they cannot easily be spared. I will make yet

a more ample and liberal concession. In opulent states and regular governments, the temptations of wealth and rank, and to the distinctions that follow them, are such as no force of understanding finds it easy to resist.

If, therefore, I saw the quiet of life disturbed only by endeavours after wealth and honour; by solicitude, which the world, whether justly or not, considered as important; I should scarcely have had courage to inculcate any precepts of moderation and forbearance. He that is engaged in a pursuit, in which all mankind profess to be his rivals, is supported by the authority of all mankind in the prosecution of his design, and will therefore scarcely stop to hear the lectures of a solitary philosopher. Nor am I certain, that the accumulation of honest gain ought to be hindered, or the ambition of just honours always to be repressed. Whatever can enable the possessor to confer any benefit upon others, may be desired upon virtuous principles; and we ought not too rashly to accuse any man of intending to confine the influence of his acquisitions to himself.

But if we look round upon mankind, whom shall we find among those that fortune permits to form their own manners, that is not tormenting himself with a wish for something, of which all the pleasure and all the benefit will cease at the moment of attainment? One man is beggaring his posterity to build a house, which when finished he never will inhabit; another is levelling mountains, to open a prospect, which, when he has once enjoyed it, he can enjoy no more; another is painting ceilings, carving wainscot, and filling his apartments with costly furniture, only that some neighbouring house may not be richer or finer than his own.

That splendor and elegance are not desirable, I am not so abstracted from life as to inculcate: but if we inquire closely into the reason for which they are esteemed, we shall find them valued principally as evidences of wealth. Nothing therefore can shew greater depravity of understanding, than to delight in the shew when the reality is wanting; or voluntarily to become poor, that strangers may for a time imagine us to be rich.

But there are yet minuter objects and more trifling anxieties. Men may be found, who

are kept from sleep by the want of a shell properly variegated; who are wasting their lives in stratagems to obtain a book in a language which they do not understand; and who pine with envy at the flowers of another man's parterre; who hover like vultures round the owner of a fossil, in hopes to plunder his cabinet at his death; and who would not much regret to see a street in flames, if a box of medals might be scattered in the tumult.

He that imagines me to speak of these sages in terms exaggerated and hyperbolic, has conversed but little with the race of virtuosos. A slight acquaintance with their studies, and a few visits to their assemblies, would inform him, that nothing is so worthless, but that prejudice and caprice can give it value; nor any thing of so little use, but that, by indulging an idle competition or unreasonable pride, a man may make it to himself one of the necessities of life.

Desires like these, I may surely, without incurring the censure of moroseness, advise every man to repel when they invade his mind; or if he admits them, never to allow them any greater influence than is necessary to give petty employments the power of pleasing, and diversify the day with slight amusements.

An ardent wish, whatever be its object, will always be able to interrupt tranquility. What we believe ourselves to want, torments us not in proportion to its real value, but according to the estimation by which we have rated it in our own minds: in some diseases, the patient has been observed to long for food, which scarce any extremity of hunger would in health have compelled him to swallow; but while his organs were thus depraved, the craving was irresistible, nor could any rest be obtained till it was appeased by compliance. Of the same nature are the irregular appetites of the mind: though they are often excited by trifles, they are equally disquieting with real wants: the Roman, who wept at the death of his lamprey, felt the same degree of sorrow that extorts tears on other occasions.

Inordinate desires, of whatever kind, ought to be repressed upon yet a higher consideration; they must be considered as enemies not only to Happiness but to Virtue. There are men among those commonly reckoned the learned

and the wife, who spare no stratagems to remove a competitor at an auction, who will sink the price of a rarity at the expence of truth, and whom it is not safe to trust alone in a library or cabinet. These are faults which the fraternity seem to look upon as jocular mischiefs, or to think excused by the violence of the temptation: but I shall always fear that he who accustoms himself to fraud in little things, wants only opportunity to practise it in greater: 'He that has hardened himself by killing a sheep,' says Pythagoras,

'will with less reluctance shed the blood of a man.'

To prize every thing according to its real use, ought to be the aim of a rational being. There are few things which can much conduce to Happiness, and therefore few things to be ardently desired. He that looks upon the business and bustle of the world, with the philosophy with which Socrates surveyed the fair at Athens, will turn away at last with this exclamation—'How many things are here which I do not want!'

T

No. CXX. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1753.

—Ultima semper  
*Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus,  
 Ante obitum nemo supremæ funera debet.*

OVID.

*But no frail man, however great and high,  
 Can be concluded blest before he die.*

ADDISON.

THE numerous miseries of human life have extorted in all ages an universal complaint. The wisest of men terminated all his experiments in search of happiness, by the mournful confession, that 'all is vanity:' and the ancient patriarchs lamented, that 'the days of their pilgrimage were few and evil.'

There is, indeed, no topic on which it is more superfluous to accumulate authorities, nor any assertion of which our own eyes will more easily discover, or our sensations more frequently impress the truth, than that misery is the lot of man, and that our present state is a state of danger and infelicity.

When we take the most distant prospect of life, what does it present us but a chaos of unhappiness, a confused and tumultuous scene of labour and contest, disappointment and defeat? If we view past ages in the reflection of history, what do they offer to our meditation but crimes and calamities? One year is distinguished by a famine, another by an earthquake; kingdoms are made desolate, sometimes by wars, and sometimes by pestilence; the peace of the world is interrupted at one time by the caprices of a tyrant, at another by the rage of a conqueror. The memory is stored only with vicissitudes of evil; and the happiness, such as it is, of one part of mankind, is found to arise commonly from sanguinary success, from victories

which confer upon them the power, not so much of improving life by any new enjoyment, as of inflicting misery on others, and gratifying their own pride by comparative greatness.

But by him that examines life with a more close attention, the happiness of the world will be found still less than it appears. In some intervals of public prosperity, or, to use terms more proper, in some intermissions of calamity, a general diffusion of happiness may seem to overspread a people; all is triumph and exultation, jollity and plenty; there are no public fears and dangers, and no 'complaining in the streets.' But the condition of individuals is very little mended by this general calm: pain and malice and discontent still continue their havoc; the silent depredation goes incessantly forward; and the grave continues to be filled by the victims of sorrow.

He that enters a gay assembly, beholds the cheerfulness displayed in every countenance, and finds all sitting vacant and disengaged, with no other attention than to give or receive pleasure: would naturally imagine that he had reached at last the metropolis of felicity, the place sacred to gladness of heart, from whence all fear and anxiety were irreversibly excluded. Such, indeed, we may often find to be the opinion of those who from a lower station look up to the pomp and gaiety which they cannot

reach : but who is there of those who frequent these luxurious assemblies, that will not confess his own uneasiness, or cannot recount the vexations and distresses that prey upon the lives of his gay companions ?

The world, in its best state, is nothing more than a large assembly of beings, combining to counterfeit happiness which they do not feel, employing every art and contrivance to embellish life, and to hide their real condition from the eyes of one another.

The species of happiness most obvious to the observation of others is that which depends upon the goods of fortune ; yet even this is often fictitious. There is in the world more poverty than is generally imagined ; not only because many whose possessions are large have desires still larger, and many measure their wants by their gratifications which others enjoy ; but great numbers are pressed by real necessities which it is their chief ambition to conceal, and are forced to purchase the appearance of competence and cheerfulness at the expense of many comforts and conveniencies of life.

Many, however, are confessedly rich, and many more are sufficiently removed from all danger of real poverty : but it has been long ago remarked, that money cannot purchase quiet ; the highest of mankind can promise themselves no exemption from that discord or suspicion, by which the sweetness of domestic retirement is destroyed ; and must always be even more exposed, in the same degree as they are elevated above others, to the treachery of dependants, the calumny of defamers, and the violence of opponents.

Affliction is inseparable from our present state ; it adheres to all the inhabitants of this world, in different proportions indeed, but with an allotment which seems very little regulated by our own conduct. It has been the boast of some swelling moralists, that every man's fortune was in his own power, that Prudence supplied the place of all other divinities, and that happiness is the unfailing consequence of virtue. But surely the quiver of Omnipotence is stored with arrows, against which the shield of human virtue, however adamantine it has been boasted, is held up in vain : we do not always suffer by our crimes ; we are not always protected by our innocence.

A good man is by no means exempt from the danger of suffering by the crimes of others : even his goodness may raise him enemies of implacable malice and restless perseverance : the Good Man has never been warranted by Heaven from the treachery of friends, the disobedience of children, or the dishonesty of a wife ; he may see his cares made useless by profusion, his instructions defeated by perverseness, and his kindness rejected by ingratitude ; he may languish under the infamy of false accusations, or perish reproachfully by an unjust sentence.

A Good Man is subject, like other mortals, to all the influences of natural evil ; his harvest is not spared by the tempest, nor his cattle by the murrain ; his house flames like others in a conflagration ; nor have his ships any peculiar power of resisting hurricanes : his mind, however elevated, inhabits a body subject to innumerable casualties, of which he must always share the dangers and pains ; he bears about him the seeds of disease, and may linger away a great part of his life under the tortures of the gout or stone ; at one time groaning with insufferable anguish, at another dissolved in listlessness and languor.

From this general and indiscriminate distribution of misery, the moralists have always derived one of their strongest moral arguments for a Future State ; for since the common events of the present life happen alike to good and bad, it follows from the Justice of the SUPREME BEING, that there must be another state of existence, in which a just retribution shall be made, and every man shall be happy and miserable according to his works.

The miseries of life may, perhaps, afford some proof of a future state, compared as well with the Mercy as the Justice of God. It is scarcely to be imagined, that Infinite Benevolence would create a being capable of enjoying so much more than is here to be enjoyed, and qualified by nature to prolong pain by remembrance, and anticipate it by terror, if he was not designed for something nobler and better than a state, in which many of the faculties can serve only for a torment ; in which he is to be importuned by desires that never can be satisfied, to feel many evils which he has no power to avoid, and to fear many which he shall never feel : there will surely come a time, when every

capacity of happiness shall be filled, and none shall be wretched but by his own fault.

In the mean time, it is by affliction chiefly that the heart of man is purified, and that the thoughts are fixed upon a better state. Prosperity, allayed and imperfect as it is, has power to intoxicate the imagination, to fix the mind upon the present scene, to produce confidence and elation, and to make him who enjoys affluence and honours forget the hand by which they were bestowed. It is seldom that we are otherwise, than by affliction, awakened to a sense of our own imbecility, or taught to know how little all our acquisitions can conduce to safety or to quiet; and how justly we may ascribe to the superintendence of a Higher Power, those blessings which in the wantonness of success we considered as the attainments of our policy or courage.

Nothing confers so much ability to resist the temptations that perpetually surround us, as an habitual consideration of the shortness of

life, and the uncertainty of those pleasures that solicit our pursuit; and this consideration can be inculcated only by affliction. 'O Death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that lives at ease in his possessions.' If our present state were one continued succession of delights, or one uniform flow of calmness and tranquility, we should never willingly think upon its end; death would then surely surprize us 'as a thief in the night;' and our task of duty would remain unfinished, till 'the night came when no man can work.'

While affliction thus prepares us for felicity, we may console ourselves under its pressures, by remembering, that they are no particular marks of Divine Displeasure; since all the distresses of persecution have been suffered by those, 'of whom the world was not worthy;' and the REDEEMER of MANKIND himself was 'a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.'

T

## No. CXXI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1754.

*Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris  
Italiam fato profugus, Lavinæque venit  
Littora. Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto;*

*Multa quoque et bello passus.* — VIRG.

*Arms and the man I sing, who forc'd by fate,*

*Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore.  
Long labours, both by sea and land, he bore,  
And in the doubtful war.*

DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

A FEW nights ago, after I came home from the tavern, I took up the first volume of your papers, which at present is deposited near the elbow-chair in my chamber, and happened to read the fifth number, which contains the narrative of a Flea. After I fell asleep, I imagined the book still to lie open before me, and that at the bottom of the page I saw not a Flea but a Louse, who addressed me with such solemnity of accent, that it brought to my mind some orations which I had formerly heard in St. Stephen's chapel.

SIR, said he, it has been remarked by those who have enriched themselves from the mines of knowledge by deep researches and laborious study, that sublunary beings are all mortal, and that life is a state of perpetual peril and inquietude: such, indeed, hitherto, has been my experience; and yet I do not remember that I have brought calamity upon myself by any uncommon deviations either from virtue or prudence.

I was hatched in the head of a boy about eight years old, who was placed under the care of a parish nurse, and educated at the charity-school. In this place, as in a populous city, I soon obtained a settlement; and as our state of

adolescence is short, had in a few months a numerous family. This indeed was the happiest period of my life; I suffered little apprehension from the comb or the razor, and foresaw no misfortune, except that our country should be overstocked, and we should be compelled to wander, like the barbarians of the north, in search of another. But it happened that the lord of our soil, in an evil hour, went with some of his companions to Highgate. Just at the top of the hill was a stage and a mountebank, where several feats of wit and humour were performed by a gentleman with a gridiron upon his back, who assisted the doctor in his vocation. We were presently in the midst of the crowd, and soon after upon the stage; which the boy was persuaded to ascend, that by a sudden stroke of conjuration, a great quantity of gold might be conveyed under his hat. Under his hat, however, the dextrous but mischievous operator, having imperceptibly conveyed a rotten egg, clapped his hand smartly upon it, and shewed the aurum potabile running down on each side, to the unspeakable delight of the beholders, but to the great disappointment of the boy, and the total ruin of our community.

It is impossible to describe the confusion and distress which this accident instantly produced among us: we were at once buried in a quag, intolerably noisome, and insuperably viscid: those who had been overturned in its passage, found it impossible to recover their situation; and the few, who happening to lie near the borders of the suffusion, had with the utmost efforts of their strength, crawled to those parts which it had not reached, laboured in vain to free themselves from shackles, which every moment became more strong, as the substance which formed them grew more hard, and threatened in a short time totally to deprive them of all power of motion. I was myself among this number, and cannot even now recollect my situation, without shuddering at my danger. In the mean time, the candidate for enchanted gold, who in the search of pleasure had found only dirt and hunger, weariness and disappointment, reflecting that his stolen holiday was at an end, returned forlorn and disconsolate to his nurse. The nose of this good woman was soon offended by an unfavourable smell, and it was not long before she

discovered whence it proceeded. A few questions, and a good thump on the back, brought the whole secret to light; and the delinquent, that he might be at once purified and punished, was carried to the next pump, where his head was held under the spout till he had received the discipline of a pickpocket. He was indeed very near being drowned; but his sufferings were nothing in comparison of ours. We were overwhelmed with a second inundation; the cataracts, which burst upon us with a noise tenfold more dreadful than thunder, swept us by hundreds before them, and the few that remained would not have had strength to keep their hold against the impetuosity of the torrent, if it had continued a few minutes longer. I was still among those that escaped; and after we had a little recovered from our fright, we found that if we had lost our friends, we were released from the viscous durance which our own strength could never have broken. We were also delivered from the dread of an emigration and a famine; and taking comfort in these reflections, we were enabled to reconcile ourselves, without murmuring, to the fate of those who had perished.

But the series of misfortunes which I have been doomed to suffer, without respite, was now begun. The next day was Holy Thursday; and the stupendous being, who, without labour, carried the ruins of our state in procession to the bounds of his parish, thought fit to break his wand into a cudgel as soon as he came home. This he was impatient to use; and in an engagement with an adversary, who had armed himself with the like weapon, he received a stroke upon his head, by which my favourite wife and three children, the whole remains of my family, were crushed to atoms in a moment. I was myself so near as to be thrown down by the concussion of the blow; and the boy immediately scratching his head to alleviate the smart, was within a hair of destroying me with his nail.

I was so terrified at this accident, that I crept down to the nape of his neck, where I continued all the rest of the day; and at night, when he retired to eat his crust of bread in the chimney-corner, I concluded that I should at least be safe till the morning, and therefore began my repast, which the dangers and misfortunes of the day had prevented. Whe-

ther, having long fasted, my bite was more keen than usual, or whether I had made my attack in a more sensible part, I cannot tell; but the boy suddenly thrust up his fingers with so much speed and dexterity, that he laid hold of me, and aimed with all his force to throw me into the fire: in this savage attempt he would certainly have succeeded, if I had not stuck between his finger and his nail, and fell short upon some linen that was hanging to dry.

The woman, who took in washing, was employed by a laundress of some distinction; and it happened that I had fallen on the shift-sleeve of a celebrated toast, who frequently made her appearance at court. I concealed myself with great caution in the plaits, and the next night had the honour to accompany her into the drawing-room, where she was surrounded by rival beauties, from whom she attracted every eye, and stood with the utmost composure of mind and countenance in the centre of admiration and desire. In this situation I became impatient of confinement, and after several efforts made my way out by her tucker, hoping to have passed on under her handkerchief to her head; but in this hope I was disappointed, for handkerchief she had none. I was not, however, willing to go back, and as my station was the principal object of the whole circle, I was soon discovered by those who stood near. They gazed at me with eager attention, and sometimes turned towards each other with very intelligent looks; but of this the lady took no notice, as it was the common effect of that profusion of beauty which she had been used to pour upon every eye: the emotion, however, at length increased till she observed it, and glancing her eye downward with a secret exultation, she discovered the cause. Pride instantly covered those cheeks with blushes which modesty had forsaken; and as I was now become sensible of my danger, I was hasting to retreat. At this instant a young nobleman, who perceived that the lady was become sensible of her disgrace, and who, perhaps, thought that it might be deemed an indecorum to approach the place where I stood with his hand in a public assembly, stooped down, and holding up his hat to his face, directed so violent a blast towards me from his mouth, that I vanished before it like an atom in a whirlwind; and the next moment

found myself in the toupee of a battered beau, whose attention was engrossed by the widow of a rich citizen, with whose plumb he hoped to pay his debts and procure a new mistress.

In this place the hair was so thin that it scarcely afforded me shelter, except a single row of curls on each side, where the powder and grease were insuperable obstacles to my progress: here, however, I continued near a week, but it was in every respect a dreadful situation. I lived in perpetual solicitude and danger, secluded from my species, and exposed to the cursed claws of the valet, who persecuted me every morning and every night. In the morning, it was with the utmost difficulty that I escaped from being kneaded up in a lump of pomatum, or squeezed to death between the forceps of a crimping-iron; and at night, after I had with the utmost vigilance and dexterity evaded the comb, I was still liable to be thrust through the body with a pin.

I frequently meditated my escape, and formed many projects to effect it, which I afterwards abandoned either as dangerous or impracticable. I observed that the valet had a much better head of hair than his master, and that he sometimes wore the same bag; into the bag, therefore, one evening I descended with great circumspection, and was removed with it: nor was it long before my utmost expectations were answered, for the valet tied on my dormitory to his own hair the very next morning, and I gained a new settlement.

But the bag was not the only part of the master's dress which was occasionally appropriated by the servant, who being soon after my exploit detected in wearing a laced frock before it had been left off, was turned away at a minute's warning; and, despairing to obtain a character, returned to the occupation in which he had been bred, and became journeyman to a barber in the city, who upon seeing a specimen of his skill to dress hair à-la-mode de la cour, was willing to receive him without a scrupulous examination of his morals.

This change in the situation of my patron was a great advantage to me; for I began to have more company and less disturbance. But among other persons whom he attended every morning to shave, was an elderly gentleman of great repute for natural knowledge, a fellow



of many foreign societies, and a profound adept in experimental philosophy. This gentleman, having conceived a design to repeat Leuenhock's experiments upon the increase of our species, enquired of the proprietor of my dwelling if he could help him to a subject. The man was at first startled at the question; but it was no sooner comprehended than he pulled out an ivory comb, and produced myself and two associates, one of whom died soon after of the hurt he received.

The sage received us with thanks, and very carefully conveyed us into his stocking, where, though it was not a situation perfectly agreeable to our nature, we produced a numerous progeny. Here, however, I suffered new calamity, and was exposed to new danger. The philosopher, whom a sedentary and a reclusive life had rendered extremely susceptible of cold, would often sit with his shins so near the fire, that we were almost scorched to death before we could get round to the calf for shelter. He was also subject to frequent abstractions of mind; and at these times many of us have been miserably destroyed by his broth or his tea, which he would hold so much on one side that it would run over the vessel, and overflow with a scalding deluge from his knee to his ankle: nor was this all; for when he felt the smart he would rub the part with his hand, without reflecting upon his nursery, till he had crushed great part of those who had escaped. Still, however, it was my fortune to survive for new adventures.

The philosopher, among other visitants whose curiosity he was pleased to gratify, was sometimes favoured with the company of ladies: for the entertainment of a lady it was my misfortune to be one morning taken from my family when I least suspected it, and secured in the apparatus of a solar microscope. After I had contributed to their astonishment and diversion near an hour, I was left with the utmost inhumanity and ingratitude to perish of hunger, immured between the two pieces of glass through which I had been exhibited. In this condition I remained three days and three nights; and should certainly have perished in the fourth, if a boy about seven years old, who was carelessly left alone in the room, had not poked his finger through the hole in which I was confined, and once more set me at liberty.

I was, however, extremely weak; and the window being open, I was blown into the street, and fell on the uncovered periwig of a doctor of physic, who had just alighted to visit a patient. This was the first time I had ever entered a periwig, a situation which I scarce less deprecate than the microscope: I found it a desolate wilderness, without inhabitants and without bounds. I continued to traverse it with incredible labour, but I knew not in what direction, and despaired of being ever restored either to food or rest. My spirits were at length exhausted, my gripe relaxed, and I fell almost in a state of insensibility from the verge of the labyrinth in which I had been bewildered, into the head of a patient in the hospital, over whom, after my fall, I could just perceive the doctor leaning to look at his tongue.

By the warmth and nourishment which this place afforded me I soon revived. I rejoiced at my deliverance, and thought I had nothing to fear but the death of the patient in whose head I had taken shelter.

I was, however, soon convinced of my mistake; for among other patients in the same ward was a child about six years old, who having been put in for a rupture, had fallen into the jaundice, for this disease the nurse, in the absence of the physician, prescribed a certain number of my species to be administered alive in a spoonful of milk. A collection was immediately made, and I was numbered among the unhappy victims which ignorance and inhumanity had thus devoted to destruction: I was immersed in the potion, and saw myself approach the horrid jaws that I expected would the next moment close over me; not but that, in this dreadful moment, I had some languid hope of passing the gulph unhurt, and finding a settlement at the bottom. My fate, however, was otherwise determined: for the child, in a fit of frowardness and anger, dashed the spoon out of the hand of the nurse; and after incredible fatigue, I recovered the station to which I had descended from the doctor's wig.

I was once more congratulating myself on an escape almost miraculous, when I was alarmed by the appearance of a barber, with all the dreadful apparatus of his trade. I soon found that the person whose head I had chosen for an asylum was become delirious, and that the hair was by the physician's order to be removed for a blister.

Here my courage totally failed, and all my hopes forsook me. It happened, however, that though I was entangled in the fuds, yet I was deposited unhurt upon the operator's shaving cloth; from whence, as he was shaving you this night, I gained your shoulder, and have this moment crawled out from the plaits of your stock, which you have just taken off and laid upon this table. Whether this event be fortunate or unfortunate, time only can discover: but I still hope to find some dwelling, where no comb shall ever enter, and no nails shall ever scratch; which neither pincers nor razor shall approach; where I shall pass the remain-

der of life in perfect security and repose, amidst the smiles of society and the profusion of plenty.

At this hope so extravagant and ridiculous, uttered with such solemnity of diction and manner, I burst into a fit of immoderate laughter that awaked me: but my mirth was instantly repressed by reflecting, that The Life of Man is not less exposed to Evil; and that all his expectations of security and happiness in Temporal Possessions are equally chimerical and absurd.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

DORMITOR.

No. CXXII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1754.

*Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,  
Projicit ampullas, et sesquipedalia verba,  
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.*

HOR.

*Tragedians too lay by their state to grieve:  
Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,  
Forget their swelling and gigantic words.  
He that wou'd have spectators share his grief,  
Must write not only well but movingly.*

ROSCOMMON.

MADNESS being occasioned by a close and continued attention of the mind to a single object, Shakespeare judiciously represents the resignation of his crown to daughters so cruel and unnatural, as the particular idea which has brought on the distraction of Lear, and which perpetually recurs to his imagination, and mixes itself with all his ramblings. Full of this idea, therefore, he breaks out abruptly in the fourth act—'No, they cannot touch me for coining: I am the king himself.' He believes himself to be raising recruits, and censures the inability and unskilfulness of some of his soldiers: 'There's your press money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace: this piece of toasted cheese will do it.' The art of our poet is transcendent in thus making a passage that even borders on burlesque, strongly expressive of the madness he is painting. Lear suddenly thinks himself in the field; 'There's my gauntlet—' 'I'll prove it on a giant:' and that he has shot his arrow successfully! 'O well flown

'barb! i' th' clout, i' th' clout: hewgh! give the word.' He then recollects the falsehood and cruelty of his daughters, and breaks out in some pathetic reflections on his old age, and on the tempest to which he was so lately exposed: 'Ha! Gonerill!—Ha! Regan!—' 'They flattered me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs on my beard, ere the black ones were there. They say, Ay, and No, to every thing that I said—Ay and No too, was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em; there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they're not men of their words; they told me I was every thing: 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.' The impotence of royalty to exempt its possessor, more than the meanest subject, from suffering natural evils, is here finely hinted at.

His friend and adherent Glo'ster, having been lately deprived of sight, enquires if the voice he hears is not the voice of the king;

Lear instantly catches the word, and replies with great quickness—

———Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes?  
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?  
Adultery? no, thou shalt not die: die for adul-  
tery!

He then make some very severe reflections on the hypocrisy of lewd and abandoned women; and adds—'Fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me 'an ounce of civit, good apothecary, to sweeten 'my imagination.' And as every object seems to be present to the eyes of the lunatic, he thinks he pays for the drug: 'There's mo-  
'ney for thee!'—Very strong and lively also is the imagery in a succeeding speech, where he thinks himself viewing his subjects punished by the proper officer:

Thou rascal bedel, hold thy bloody hand:  
Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thy own  
back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind  
For which thou whip'st her!

This circumstance leads him to reflect on the efficacy of rank and power, to conceal and palliate profligacy and injustice; and this fine satire is couched in two different metaphors, that are carried on with much propriety and elegance:

Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;  
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin  
with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;  
Arm it in rags, a pigmy straw doth pierce it.

We are moved to find that Lear has some faint knowledge of his old and faithful courtier.

If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.  
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester.

The advice he then gives him is very affecting:

Thou must be patient, we came crying hither:  
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the  
air,

We wawle and cry———

When we are born, we cry that we are come  
To this great stage of fools!

This tender complaint of the miseries of human life bears so exact a resemblance with the  
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following passage of Lucretius, that I cannot forbear transcribing it:

*Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut equum est,  
Cui tantum in vita refest transire malorum.*

Then with distressful cries he fills the room,  
Too sure prefaces of his future doom.

DRYDEN.

It is not to be imagined that our author copied from the Roman; on such a subject it is almost impossible but that two persons of genius and sensibility must feel and think alike. Lear drops his moralities and meditates revenge:

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe  
A troop of horse with felt. I'll put 't in proof:  
And when I've stol'n upon these sons-in-law,  
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

The expedient is well suited to the character of a lunatic, and the frequent repetitions of the word Kill forcibly represent his rage and desire of revenge, and must affect an intelligent audience at once with pity and terror. At this instant Cordelia sends one of her attendants to protect her father from the danger with which he is threatened by her sisters: the wretched king is so accustomed to misery, and so helpless of succour, that when the messenger offers to lead him out, he imagines himself taken captive and mortally wounded:

No rescue! What! a prisoner? I am even  
The natural fool of fortune: use me well,  
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;  
I am cut to the brain.

Cordelia at length arrives; an opiate is administered to the king, to calm the agnies and agitations of his mind; and a most interesting interview ensues between this daughter that was so unjustly suspected of disaffection, and the rash mistaken father. Lear, during his slumber, has been arrayed in regal apparel, and is brought upon the stage in a chair, not recovered from his trance. I know not a speech more truly pathetic than that of Cordelia when she first sees him:

Had you not been their father, these white  
flakes

Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face  
To be expos'd against the warring winds?

The dreadfulnefs of that night is expressed by a circumstance of great humanity; for which

R r

kind of strokes Shakespeare is as eminent as for his poetry :

My very enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that  
night

Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor  
father,

To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,  
In short and musty straw.——

Lear begins to awake ; but his imagination  
is still distempered, and his pain exquisite :

You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave.  
Thou art a soul in bliss ; but I am bound  
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead——

When Cordelia in great affliction asks him,  
if he knows her, he replies——

You are a spirit, I know : when did you die ?

This reply heightens her distress ; but his  
sensibility beginning to return, she kneels to  
him, and begs his benediction. I hope I have  
no readers that can peruse his answer without  
tears :

———Pray do not mock me :

I am a very foolish, fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward ; and, to deal plainly,  
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks I should know you, and know this  
man ;

Yet I am doubtful : for I'm mainly ignorant  
What place this is.—Do not laugh at me ;  
For as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

The humility, calmness, and sedateness of  
this speech, opposed to the former rage and  
indignation of Lear, is finely calculated to ex-  
cite commiseration. Struck with the remem-  
brance of the injurious suspicion he had cher-  
ished against this favourite and fond daugh-  
ter, the poor old man intreats her not to weep,  
and tells her that if she has prepared poison for  
him, he is ready to drink it ; ' For I know,'  
says he, ' you do not, you cannot love me, af-  
ter my cruel usage of you. Your sisters have  
' done me much wrong, of which I have some  
' faint remembrance : you have some cause to  
' hate me, they have none.' Being told that he

is not in France, but in his own kingdom, he  
answers hastily, and in connection with that  
leading idea which I have before insisted on  
——' Do not abuse me ;' and adds, with a  
meekness and contrition that are very pathetic  
——' Pray now forget and forgive ; I am old  
' and foolish.'

Cordelia is at last slain : the lamentations of  
Lear are extremely tender and affecting ; and  
this accident is so severe and intolerable, that  
it again deprived him of his intellect, which  
seemed to be returning.

His last speech, as he surveys the body, con-  
sists of such simple reflections as nature and  
sorrow dictate :

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life.  
And thou no breath at all ? Thou'lt come no  
more ;

Never, never, never, never, never !

The heaving and swelling of his heart is de-  
scribed by a most expressive circumstance :

Pray you undo this button. Thank you, Sir ;  
Do you see this ? Look on her, look on her lips :  
Look there, look there—— [Dies.]

I shall transiently observe, in conclusion of  
the remarks, that this drama is chargeable  
with considerable imperfections. The plot of  
Edmund against his brother, which distracts  
the attention, and destroys the unity of the  
fable ; the cruel and horrid extinction of  
Gloster's eyes, which ought not to be exhi-  
bited on the stage ; the utter improbability of  
Gloster's imagining, though blind, that he  
had leaped down Dover cliff ; and some passages  
that are too turgid and full of strained meta-  
phors ; are faults which the warmest admirers  
of Shakespeare will find it difficult to excuse.  
I know not, also, whether the cruelty of the  
daughters is not painted with circumstances  
too savage and unnatural ; for it is not suffi-  
cient to say, that this monstrous barbarity is  
founded on historical truth, if we recollect the  
just observation of Boileau——

*Le vray peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisem-  
blable.*

Some truths may be too strong to be believed.

SOMES.

No. CXXIII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1754.

— *Jam proterva*  
*Fronte petit Lalage maritum.* HOR.

*The maid whom now you court in vain,  
 Will quickly run in quest of man.*

I HAVE before remarked, that to abstain from the appearance of evil, is a precept in that law, which has every characteristic of Divinity; and I have in more than one of these papers endeavoured to enforce the practice of it, by an illustration of its excellence and importance.

Circumstances have been admitted as evidences of guilt, even when death has been the consequence of conviction; and a conduct by which evil is strongly implied, is little less pernicious than that by which it is expressed. With respect to society, as far as it can be influenced by example, the effect of both is the same; for every man encourages the practice of that vice which he commits in appearance, though he avoids it in fact: and with respect to the individual, as the esteem of the world is a motive to virtue only less powerful than the approbation of conscience, he who knows that he is already degraded by the imputation of guilt, will find himself half disarmed when he is assailed by temptation: and as he will have less to lose, he will, indeed, be less disposed to resist. Of the sex, whose levity is most likely to provoke censure, it is eminently true, that the loss of character by imprudence frequently induces the loss of virtue: the ladies, therefore, should be proportionably circumspect; as to those, in whom folly is most likely to terminate in guilt, it is certainly of most importance to be wise.

This subject has irresistibly obtruded itself upon my mind in the silent hour of meditation, because, as often as I have mixed among the busy and the gay, I have observed that a depravity of manners, a licentious extravagance of dress and behaviour, are become almost universal; virtue seems ambitious of a resemblance to vice, as vice glories in the deformities which she has been used to hide.

A decent timidity and modest reserve have been always considered as auxiliaries to beauty;

but an air of dissolute boldness is now affected by all who would be thought graceful or polite: chastity, which used to be discovered in every gesture and every look, is now retired to the breast, and is found only by those who intend its destruction; as a general, when the town is surrendered, retreats to the citadel, which is always less capable of defence, when the outworks are possessed by the enemy.

There is now little apparent difference between the virgin and the prostitute: if they are not otherwise known, they may share the box and the drawing-room without distinction. The same fashion which takes away the veil of modesty, will necessarily conceal lewdness; and honour and shame will lose their influence, because they will no longer distinguish virtue from vice. General custom, perhaps, may be thought an effectual security against general censure; but it will not always lull the suspicions of jealousy; nor can it familiarise any beauty without destroying its influence, or diminish the prerogatives of a husband without weakening his attachment to his wife.

The excess of every mode may be declined without remarkable singularity; and the ladies, who should even dare to be singular in the present defection of taste, would proportionably increase their power and secure their happiness.

I know that in the vanity and the presumption of youth, it is common to alledge the consciousness of innocence, as a reason for the contempt of censure, and a licence, not only for every freedom, but for every favour except the last. This confidence can, perhaps, only be repressed by a sense of danger: and as the persons whom I wish to warn, are most impatient of declamation, and most susceptible of pity, I will address them in a story; and I hope the events will not only illustrate, but impress the precept which they contain.

Flavilla, just as she had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to the care of

her mother, in such circumstances as disappointed all the hopes which her education had encouraged. Her father, who lived in great elegance upon the salary of a place at court, died suddenly, without having made any provision for his family, except an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchased for his wife with part of her marriage portion; nor was he possessed of any property, except the furniture of a large house in one of the new squares, an equipage, a few jewels, and some plate.

The greater part of the furniture and the equipage were sold to pay his debts: the jewels, which were not of great value, and some useful pieces of the plate, were reserved; and Flavilla removed with her mother into lodgings.

But notwithstanding this change in their circumstances, they did not immediately lose their rank. They were still visited by a numerous and polite acquaintance; and though some gratified their pride by assuming the appearance of pity, and rather insulted than alleviated their distress by the whine of condolence, and minute comparison of what they had lost with what they possessed; yet from others they were continually receiving presents, which still enabled them to live with a genteel frugality; they were still considered as people of fashion, and treated by those of a lower class with distant respect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in a sphere to which she had no claim; she was perpetually surrounded with elegance and splendor, which the caprice of others, like the rod of an enchanter, could dissipate in a moment, and leave her to regret the loss of enjoyments, which she could neither hope to obtain nor cease to desire. Of this, however, Flavilla had no dread. She was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated not only for her beauty but her wit: these qualifications she considered, not only as securing whatever she enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of possessing them in her own right by an advantageous marriage. Thus the vision that danced before her, derived stability from the very vanity which it flattered: and she had as little apprehension of distress, as diffidence of her own power to please.

There was a fashionable levity in her carriage and discourse, which her mother, who

knew the danger of her situation, laboured to restrain, sometimes with anger, sometimes with tears, but always without success. Flavilla was ever ready to answer, that she neither did or said any thing of which she had reason to be ashamed; and therefore did not know why she should be restrained, except in mere courtesy to envy, whom it was an honour to provoke, or to slander, whom it was a disgrace to fear. In proportion as Flavilla was more flattered and caressed, the influence of her mother became less: and though she always treated her with respect from a point of good breeding, yet she secretly despised her maxims, and applauded her own conduct.

Flavilla at eighteen was a celebrated toast: and among other gay visitants who frequented her tea-table, was Clodio, a young baronet, who had just taken possession of his title and estate. There were many particulars in Clodio's behaviour, which encouraged Flavilla to hope that she should obtain him for a husband: but she suffered his assiduities with such apparent pleasure, and his familiarities with so little reserve, that he soon ventured to disclose his intention, and make her what he thought a very genteel proposal of another kind. But whatever were the artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made, Flavilla rejected it with the utmost indignation and disdain. Clodio, who, notwithstanding his youth, had long known and often practised the art of seduction, gave way to the storm, threw himself at her feet, imputed his offence to the phrenzy of his passion, flattered her pride by the most abject submission and extravagant praise, intreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which Flavilla did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more: but her vanity and her ambition were still predominant; she still hoped to succeed in her project; Clodio's offence was tacitly forgotten, his visits were permitted, his familiarities were again suffered, and his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that she loved him; in which, however, it is probable, that his own vanity and her indiscretion concurred to deceive him; but this opinion, though it implied the strongest obligation to treat her with ge-

nerosity and tenderness, only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of success. Having, therefore, resolved to obtain her as a mistress, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do, than to convince her that he had taken such a resolution, justify it by some plausible sophistry, and give her some time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view, he went a short journey into the country; having put a letter into her hand at parting, in which he acquainted her, that he had often reflected, with inexpressible regret, upon her resentment of his conduct in a late instance; but that the delicacy and ardour of his affection were insuperable obstacles to his marriage; that where there was no liberty, there could be no happiness: that he should become indifferent to the endearments of love, when they could no longer be distinguished from the officiousness of duty: that while they were happy

in the possession of each other, it would be absurd to suppose they would part; and that if this happiness should cease, it would not only ensure but aggravate their misery to be inseparably united: that this event was less probable, in proportion as their cohabitation was voluntary; but that he would make such provision for her upon the contingency, as a wife would expect upon his death. He conjured her not to determine under the influence of prejudice and custom, but according to the laws of reason and nature. 'After mature deliberation,' said he, 'remember that the whole value of my life depends upon your will. I do not request an explicit consent, with whatever transport I might behold the lovely confusion which it might produce. I shall attend you in a few days, with the anxiety, though not with the guilt, of a criminal who waits for the decision of his judge. If my visit is admitted, we will never part; if it is rejected, I can never see you more.'

No. CXXIV. SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1754.

—————*Incedis per ignes*  
*Suppositos cineri doloso.* HOR.

*With heedless feet on fires you go;*  
*That, hid in treacherous ashes, glow.*

FLAVILLA had too much understanding as well as virtue, to deliberate a moment upon this proposal. She gave immediate orders that Clodio should be admitted no more. But his letter was a temptation to gratify her vanity, which she could not resist; she shewed it first to her mother, and then to the whole circle of her female acquaintance, with all the exultation of a hero who exposes a vanquished enemy at the wheels of his chariot in a triumph; she considered it as an indisputable evidence of her virtue, as a reproof of all who had dared to censure the levity of her conduct, and a licence to continue it without apology or restraint.

It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, was seen in one of the boxes at the play-house by Mercator, a young gentleman who had just returned from his first voyage as captain of a large ship in the Levant trade, which had been purchased for him by his fa-

ther, whose fortune enabled him to make a genteel provision for five sons, of whom Mercator was the youngest, and who expected to share his estate, which was personal, in equal proportions at his death.

Mercator was captivated with her beauty, but discouraged by the splendor of her appearance, and the rank of her company. He was urged rather by curiosity than hope, to enquire who she was; and he soon gained such a knowledge of her circumstances, as relieved him from despair.

As he knew not how to get admission to her company, and had no design upon her virtue, he wrote in the first ardour of his passion to her mother; giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependence, and intreating that he might be permitted to visit Flavilla as a candidate for her affection. The old lady, after having made some enquiries, by which the account that Mer-

cator had given her was confirmed, sent him an invitation, and received his first visit alone. She told him, that as Flavilla had no fortune, and as a considerable part of his own was dependent upon his father's will, it would be extremely imprudent to endanger the disappointment of his expectations, by a marriage which would make it more necessary that they should be fulfilled; that he ought therefore to obtain his father's consent, before any other step was taken, lest he should be embarrassed by engagements which young persons almost insensibly contract, whose complacency in each other is continually gaining strength by frequent visits and conversation. To this counsel, so salutary and perplexing, Mercator was hesitating what to reply, when Flavilla came in, an accident which he was now only solicitous to improve. Flavilla was not displeased either with his person or his address; the frankness and gaiety of her disposition soon made him forget that he was a stranger: a conversation commenced, during which they became yet more pleased with each other; and having thus surmounted the difficulty of a first visit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auspices were not necessary to his success.

His visits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay: he pressed his suit with that contagious ardour, which is caught at every glance, and produces the consent which it solicits. At the same time, indeed, a thought of his father would intervene; but being determined to gratify his wishes at all events, he concluded with a sagacity almost universal on these occasions, that of two evils, to marry without his consent was less, than to marry against it; and one evening, after the lovers had spent the afternoon by themselves, they went out in a kind of frolic, which Mercator had proposed in the vehemence of his passion, and to which Flavilla had consented in the giddiness of her indiscretion, and were married at May Fair.

In the first interval of recollection after this precipitate step, Mercator considered, that he ought to be the first who acquainted his father of the new alliance which had been made in his family: but as he had not fortitude enough to do it in person, he expressed it in the best terms he could conceive by a letter; and af-

ter such an apology for his conduct as he had been used to make to himself, he requested that he might be permitted to present his wife for the parental benediction, which alone was wanting to complete his felicity.

The old gentleman, whose character I cannot better express than in the fashionable phrase which has been contrived to palliate false principles and dissolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard Flavilla toasted by rakes of quality, and had often seen her at public places. Her beauty and her dependence, the gaiety of her dress, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of her conduct, and all the circumstances of her situation, had concurred to render her character suspected; and he was disposed to judge of it with yet less charity, when she had offended him by marrying his son, whom he considered as disgraced and impoverished, and whose misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he resolved not to alleviate, but increase; a resolution, by which fathers, who have foolish and disobedient sons, usually display their own kindness and wisdom. As soon as he had read Mercator's letter, he cursed him for a fool, who had been gulled by the artifices of a strumpet to screen her from public infamy by fathering her children, and secure her from a prison by appropriating her debts. In answer to his letter, which he wrote only to gratify his resentment, he told him, that if he had taken Flavilla into keeping, he would have overlooked it; and if her extravagance had distressed him, he would have satisfied his creditors; but that his marriage was not to be forgiven; that he should never have another shilling of his money; and that he was determined to see him no more. Mercator, who was more provoked by this outrage than grieved at his loss, disdained to reply; and believing that he had now most reason to be offended, could not be persuaded to solicit a reconciliation.

He hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholsterer, who, with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furnished a large house near Leiceſter Fields, and in about two months left her to make another voyage.

He had received visits of congratulation from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them as a pledge of his desire that they should



be repeated. But a remembrance of the gay multitude, which while he was at home had flattered his vanity, as soon as he was absent, alarmed his suspicion: he had, indeed, no particular cause of jealousy; but his anxiety arose merely from a sense of the temptation to which she was exposed, and the impossibility of his superintending her conduct.

In the mean time, Flavilla continued to flatter round the same giddy circle, in which she had shone so long; the number of her visitants was rather increased than diminished, the gentlemen attended with yet greater assiduity, and she continued to encourage their civilities by the same indiscreet familiarity: she was one night at the masquerade, and another at an opera; sometimes at a rout, and sometimes rambling with a party of pleasure in short excursions from town; she came home sometimes at midnight, sometimes in the morning, and sometimes she was absent several nights together.

This conduct was the cause of much speculation and uneasiness to the good man and woman of the house. At first they suspected that Flavilla was no better than a woman of pleasure; and that the person who had hired the lodging for her as his wife, and had disappeared upon pretence of a voyage to sea, had been employed to impose upon them, by concealing her character, in order to obtain such accommodation for her as she could not so easily have procured if it had been known: but as these suspicions made them watchful and inquisitive, they soon discovered, that many ladies by whom she was visited were of good character and fashion. Her conduct, however, supposing her to be a wife, was still inexcusable, and still endangered their credit and subsistence; hints were often dropped by the neighbours to the disadvantage of her character; and an elderly maiden lady, who lodged in the second floor, had given warning; the family was disturbed at all hours in the night, and the door was crouded all day with messengers and visitants to Flavilla.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an opportunity to remonstrate, though in the most distant and respectful terms, and with the utmost diffidence and caution. She told Flavilla, that she was a fine young lady, that her husband was abroad, that she kept a great deal

of company, and that the world was censorious; she wished that less occasion for scandal was given; and hoped to be excused the liberty she had taken, as she might be ruined by those slanders, which could have no influence upon the great, and which therefore they were not solicitous to avoid. This address, however ambiguous, and however gentle, was easily understood, and fiercely resented. Flavilla, proud of her virtue, and impatient of controul, would have despised the counsel of a philosopher, if it had implied an impeachment of her conduct; before a person so much her inferior, therefore, she was under no restraint; she answered with a mixture of contempt and indignation, that those only who did not know her would dare to take any liberty with her character; and warned her to propagate no scandalous report at her peril. Flavilla immediately rose from her seat, and the woman departed without reply, though she was scarce less offended than her lodger, and from that moment she determined when Mercator returned to give him warning.

Mercator's voyage was prosperous; and after an absence of about ten months he came back. The woman, to whom her husband left the whole management of her lodgings, and who persisted in her purpose, soon found an opportunity to put it in execution. Mercator, as his part of the contract had been punctually fulfilled, thought he had some cause to be offended, and insisted to know her reasons for compelling him to leave her house. These his hostess, who was indeed a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give; and as he perceived that she evaded his question, he became more solicitous to obtain an answer. After much hesitation, which perhaps had a worse effect than any tale which malice could have invented, she told him, that madam kept a great deal of company, and often staid out very late; that she had always been used to quiet and regularity; and was determined to let her apartment to some person in a more private station.

At this account Mercator changed countenance; for he inferred from it just as much more than truth, as he believed it to be less. After some moments of suspense, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emotion which convinced her that she had al-

ready said too much. She then assured him, that he had no reason to be alarmed; for that she had no exception to his lady, but those gaieties which her station and the fashion sufficiently authorized. Mercator's suspicions, however, were not wholly removed; and he began to think he had found a confidante in whom it would be his interest to trust: he therefore, in the folly of his jealousy, confessed that he had some doubts concerning his wife, which it was of the utmost importance to his honour and his peace to resolve; he intreated that he might continue in the apartment another year; that, as he should again leave the kingdom in a short time, she would suffer no incident, which might confirm either his hopes or his fears, to escape her notice in his absence; and that at his return she would give him such an account as would at least deliver him from the torrent of suspicion, and determine his future conduct.

There is no sophistry more general than that by which we justify a busy and scrupulous enquiry after secrets, which to discover is to be wretched without hope of redress; and no service to which others are so easily engaged as to assist in the search. To communicate suspicions of matrimonial infidelity, especially to a husband, is, by a strange mixture of folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of justice but of friendship; though it is too late to prevent an evil, which, whatever be its guilt, can diffuse wretch-

edness only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the general kindness of Mercator's confidante was on this occasion overborne; she was flattered by the trust that had been placed in her, and the power with which she was invested; she consented to Mercator's proposal, and promised that she would with the utmost fidelity execute her commission.

Mercator, however, concealed his suspicions from his wife; and, indeed, in her presence they were forgotten. Her manner of life he began seriously to disapprove; but being well acquainted with her temper, in which great sweetness was blended with a high spirit, he would not embitter the pleasure of a short stay by altercation, chiding, and tears: but when her mind was melted into tenderness at his departure, he clasped her in an ecstasy of fondness to his bosom, and intreated her to behave with reserve and circumspection; 'Because,' said he, 'I know that my father keeps a watchful eye upon your conduct, which may, therefore, confirm or remove his displeasure, and either intercept or bestow such an increase of my fortune as will prevent the pangs of separation which must otherwise so often return, and in a short time unite us to part no more.' To this caution she had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual protestations of unalterable love.

## No. CXXV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1754.

—Uxorem, Poflume, ducis? !  
*Dic qua Tifiphone, quibus exagitare colubris?*

JUV.

*A sober man, like thee, to change his life !  
What fury could possess thee with a wife ?*

DRYDEN.

FLAVILLA, soon after she was thus left in a kind of widowhood a second time, found herself with child; and within somewhat less than eight months after Mercator's return from his first voyage, she happened to stumble as she was going up stairs, and being immediately taken ill, was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though its birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably small, nor had any infirmity which endangered its life.

It was now necessary that the vigils of whist, and the tumults of balls and visits, should, for a while, be suspended; and in this interval of languor and retirement Flavilla first became thoughtful. She often reflected upon Mercator's caution when they last parted, which had made an indelible impression upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct: notwithstanding the manner in which it was expressed, and the reason upon which it was founded, she began to fear that it might

have been secretly prompted by jealousy. The birth, therefore, of her first child in his absence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it could not possibly have been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her: but there was yet another, for which it was still less in her power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her still more.

It happened that some civilities which she received from a lady who sat next her at an opera, and whom she had never seen before, introduced a conversation, which so much delighted her, that she gave her a pressing invitation to visit her: this invitation was accepted, and in a few days the visit was paid. Flavilla was not less pleased at the second interview, than she had been at the first; and without making any other enquiry concerning the lady than where she lived, took the first opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which she was received was the ground-floor of an elegant house, at a small distance, from St. James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window; and a party of the horse-guards riding through the street, she expected to see some of the royal family, and hastily threw up the sash. A gentleman who was passing by at the same instant, turned about at the noise of the window, and Flavilla no sooner saw his face than she knew him to be the father of Mercator. After looking first stedfastly at her, and then glancing his eye at the lady whom she was visiting, he affected a contemptuous sneer, and went on. Flavilla, who had been thrown into some confusion by the sudden and unexpected sight of a person, whom she knew considered her as the disgrace of his family and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance, and hastily retired to another part of the room: she was touched both with grief and anger at this silent insult, of which, however, she did not then suspect the cause. It is, indeed, probable, that the father of Mercator would nowhere have looked upon her with complacency; but as soon as he saw her companion, he recollected that she was the favourite mistress of an old courtier, and that this was the house in which he kept her in great splendor, though she had been by turns a prostitute to many others. It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, discovered the character of her new acquaintance; and never remembered by

whom she had been seen in her company, without the utmost regret and apprehension.

She now resolved to move in a less circle, and with more circumspection. In the mean time, her little boy, whom she suckled, grew very fast; and it could no longer be known by his appearance that he had been born too soon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleasures were now become domestic, yet she feared lest that which had produced should destroy them. After such deliberation, she determined that she would conceal the child's age from its father; believing it prudent to prevent a suspicion, which, however ill founded, it might be difficult to remove, as her justification would depend wholly upon the testimony of her dependants; and her mother's and her own would necessarily become doubtful, when every one would have reason to conclude, that it would still have been the same supposing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the state of Flavilla's mind, and her little boy was six months old, when Mercator returned. She received him with joy, indeed, but it was mixed with a visible confusion; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was less cheerful; she smiled with inexpressible complacency, but at the same time the tears gushed from her eyes, and she was seized with an universal tremor. Mercator caught the infection; and caressed first his Flavilla, and then his boy, with an excess of fondness and delight that before he had never expressed. The sight of the child made him more than ever wish a reconciliation with his father; and having heard at his first landing that he was dangerously ill, he determined to go immediately and attempt to see him, promising that he would return to supper. He had, in the midst of his caresses, more than once inquired the age of his son, but the question had been always evaded; of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it produce any suspicion.

He was now hastening to enquire after his father; but as he passed through the hall, he was officiously laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much disposed to enquire how she had fulfilled his charge; but perceiving by her looks that she had something to communicate, which was at least in her own opinion of im-

portance, he suffered her to take him into her parlour. She immediately shut the door, and reminded him, that she had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had pressed upon her; and that she had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a promise; that she was extremely sorry to communicate her discoveries; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and, indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, that the child was born within less than eight months after his last return from abroad; that it was said to have come before its time, but that having pressed to see it, she was refused. This indeed was true, and confirmed the good woman in her suspicion; for Flavilla, who had still resented the freedom which she had taken in her remonstrance, had kept her at a great distance: and the servants, to gratify the mistress, treated her with the utmost insolence and contempt.

At this relation Mercator turned pale. He now recollected, that his question concerning the child's birth had been evaded; and concluded, that he had been shedding tears of tenderness and joy over a strumpet and a bastard, who had robbed him of his patrimony; his honour and his peace. He started up with the furious wildness of sudden phrenzy; but she with great difficulty prevailed upon him not to leave the room. He sat down, and remained some time motionless, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife to be guilty; his tenderness for his father revived; and he resolved, with yet greater zeal, to prosecute his purpose of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

In this state of confusion and distress, he went to the house, where he learned that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then assembled to read his will. Fulvius, a brother of Mercator's mother, with whom he had always been a favourite, happening to pass from one room to another, heard his voice. He accosted him with great ardour of friendship; and, soothing him with expressions of condolence and affection, insisted to introduce him to the company. Mercator tacitly consented: he was received at least with civility by his brothers, and sitting down among them, the will was read. He seemed to listen like the

rest; but was, indeed, musing over the story which he had just heard, and lost in the speculation of his own wretchedness. He waked as from a dream, when the voice of the person who had been reading was suspended; and finding that he could no longer contain himself, he started up, and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him, he knew nothing: but his uncle believing that he was moved with grief and resentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequest only of a shilling, took him into another room; and, to apologize for his father's unkindness, told him; that the resentment which he expressed at his marriage, was every day increased by the conduct of his wife, whose character was now become notoriously infamous; for that she had been seen at the lodgings of a known prostitute, with whom she appeared to be well acquainted. This account shrew Mercator into another agony; from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune and soothe his distress, proposed that he should no more return to his lodgings, but go home with him; and that he would himself take such measures with his wife, as could scarce fail of inducing her to accept a separate maintenance; assume another name; and trouble him no more. Mercator, in the bitterness of his affliction, consented to this proposal, and they went away together.

Mercator, in the mean time, was expected by Flavilla with the most tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed; and decorated a small room in which they had been used to sleep by themselves, and which she had shut up in his absence; she counted the moments as they passed, and listened to every carriage and every step that she heard. Supper now was ready: her impatience was increased; terror was at length mingled with regret, and her fondness was only busied to afflict her; she wished, she feared, she accused, she apologized, and she wept. In the height of these eager expectations and this tender distress, she received a billet which Mercator had been persuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the strongest terms with abusing his confidence and dishonouring his bed; of this, he said, he had now obtained sufficient proof to do justice

to himself, and that he was determined to see her no more.

To those whose hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which seized Flavilla upon the sight of this billet, all attempts to describe it would be not only ineffectual but absurd. Having passed the night without sleep, and all the next day without food, disappointed in every attempt to discover what was become of Mercator, and doubting, if she should have found him, whether it would be possible to convince him of her innocence; the violent agitation of her mind produced a slow fever, which, before she considered it as a disease, she communicated to the child while she cherished it at her bosom, and wept over it as an orphan, whose life she was sustaining with her own.

After Mercator had been absent about ten days, his uncle, having persuaded him to accompany some friends to a country-seat at the distance of near sixty miles, went to his lodgings in order to discharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of a prosecution and divorce; but when he came, he found that Flavilla was sinking very fast under her disease, and that the child was dead already. The woman of the house, into whose hands she had just put her repeating-watch and some other ornaments as a security for her rent, was so touched with her distress, and so firmly persuaded of her innocence by the manner in which she had addressed her, and the calm solemnity with which she absolved those by whom she had been traduced, that as soon as she had discovered Fulvius's business, she threw herself on her knees, and intreated, that if he knew where Mercator was to be found, he would urge him to return, that if possible the life of Flavilla might be preserved, and the happiness of both be restored by her justification. Fulvius, who still suspected appearances, or at least was in doubt of the cause that produced them, would not discover his nephew; but after much intreaty and expostulation at last engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as soon as she obtained this promise, ran up and communicated it to Flavilla; who, when she had recovered from the surprize and tumult which it occasioned, was supported in her bed, and in about half an hour, after many

efforts and many intervals, wrote a short billet; which was sealed and put into the hands of Fulvius.

Fulvius immediately inclosed and dispatched it by the post, resolving that in a question so doubtful and of such importance, he would no farther interpose. Mercator, who the moment he cast his eye upon the letter knew both the hand and seal, after pausing a few moments in suspense, at length tore it open, and read these words:

‘ Such has been my folly; that, perhaps, I should not be acquitted of guilt in any circumstances, but those in which I write. I do not, therefore, but for your sake, wish them other than they are. The dear infant, whose birth has undone me, now lies dead at my side, a victim to my indiscretion and your resentment. I am scarce able to guide my pen. But I most earnestly intreat to see you, that you may at least have the satisfaction to hear me attest my innocence with the last sigh, and seal our reconciliation on my lips while they are yet sensible of the impression.’

Mercator, whom an earthquake would less have affected than this letter, felt all his tenderness revive in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguish upon the rashness of his resentment. At the thought of his distance from London, he started as if he had felt a dagger in his heart: he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, with a look that expressed at once an accusation of himself, and a petition for her; and then rushing out of the house, without taking leave of any, or ordering a servant to attend him, he took post horses at a neighbouring inn, and in less than six hours was in Leicester Fields. But notwithstanding his speed, he arrived too late; Flavilla had suffered the last agony, and her eyes could behold him no more. Grief and disappointment, remorse and despair, now totally subverted his reason. It became necessary to remove him by force from the body; and after a confinement of two years in a mad-house, he died.

May every lady on whose memory compassion shall record these events, tremble to assume the levity of Flavilla; for, perhaps, it is in the power of no man in Mercator's circumstances, to be less jealous than Mercator.

No. CXXVI. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1754.

—*Steriles nec legit aronas*  
*Ut caneret paucis, merisque hoc pulvere verum.* LUCAN.

*Canst thou believe the vast Eternal Mind*  
*Was e'er to Syrts and Lybian sands confin'd?*  
*That he would chuse this waste, this barren ground,*  
*To teach the thin inhabitants around,*  
*And leave his truth in wilds and deserts drown'd* }

THERE has always prevailed among that part of mankind that addict their minds to speculation, a propensity to talk much of the delights of retirement; and some of the most pleasing compositions produced in every age contain descriptions of the peace and happiness of a country life.

I know not whether those who thus ambitiously repeat the praises of solitude, have always considered, how much they depreciate mankind by declaring, that whatever is excellent or desirable is to be obtained by departing from them; that the assistance which we may derive from one another, is not equivalent to the evils which we have to fear; that the kindness of a few is overbalanced by the malice of many; and that the protection of society is too dearly purchased, by encountering its dangers and enduring its oppressions.

These specious representations of solitary happiness, however opprobrious to human nature, have so far spread their influence over the world, that almost every man delights his imagination with the hopes of obtaining some time an opportunity of retreat. Many, indeed, who enjoy retreat only in imagination, content themselves with believing, that another year will transport them to rural tranquility, and die while they talk of doing what, if they had lived longer, they would never have done. But many likewise there are, either of greater resolution or more credulity, who in earnest try the state which they have been taught to think thus secure from cares and dangers; and retire to privacy, either that they may improve their happiness, increase their knowledge, or exalt their virtue.

The greater part of the admirers of solitude, as of all other classes of mankind, have no higher or remoter view, than the present gratification

of their passions. Of these some, haughty and impetuous, fly from society only because they cannot bear to repay to others the regard which themselves exact; and think no state of life eligible, but which places them out of the reach of censure or controul, and affords them opportunities of living in a perpetual compliance with their own inclinations, without the necessity of regulating their actions by any other man's convenience or opinion.

There are others of minds more delicate and tender, easily offended by every deviation from rectitude, soon disgusted by ignorance or impertinence, and always expecting from the conversation of mankind more elegance, purity, and truth, than the mingled mass of life will easily afford. Such men are in haste to retire from grossness, falsehood, and brutality; and hope to find in private habitations at least a negative felicity, an exemption from the shocks and perturbations with which public scenes are continually distressing them.

To neither of these votaries will solitude afford that content, which she has been taught so lavishly to promise. The man of arrogance will quickly discover, that by escaping from his opponents he has lost his flatterers, that greatness is nothing where it is not seen, and power nothing where it cannot be felt: and he whose faculties are employed in too close an observation of failings and defects, will find his condition very little mended by transferring his attention from others to himself; he will probably soon come back in quest of new objects, and be glad to keep his captiousness employed on any character rather than his own.

Others are seduced into solitude merely by the authority of great names, and expect to find those charms in tranquility which have allured statesmen and conquerors to the shades: these like-

wife are apt to wonder at their disappointment, for want of considering, that those whom they aspire to imitate carried with them to their country seats minds full fraught with subjects of reflection, the consciousness of great merit, the memory of illustrious actions, the knowledge of important events, and the seeds of mighty designs to be ripened by future meditation. Solitude was to such men a release from fatigue, and an opportunity of usefulness. But what can retirement confer upon him who, having done nothing, can receive no support from his own importance, who having known nothing, can find no entertainment in reviewing the past; and who, intending nothing, can form no hopes from prospects of the future: he can, surely, take no wiser course than that of losing himself again in the crowd, and filling the vacuities of his mind with the news of the day.

Others consider solitude as the parent of philosophy, and retire in expectation of greater intimacies with science, as Numa repaired to the groves when he conferred with Egeria. These men have not always reason to repent. Some studies require a continued prosecution of the same train of thought, such as is too often interrupted by the petty avocations of common life: sometimes, likewise, it is necessary, that a multiplicity of objects be at once present to the mind; and every thing, therefore, must be kept at a distance, which may perplex the memory, or dissipate the attention.

But though learning may be conferred by solitude, its application must be attained by general converse. He has learned to no purpose, that is not able to teach; and he will always teach unsuccessfully, who cannot recommend his sentiments by his diction or address.

Even the acquisition of knowledge is often much facilitated by the advantages of society: he that never compares his notions with those of others, readily acquiesces in his first thoughts, and very seldom discovers the objections which may be raised against his opinions; he, therefore, often thinks himself in possession of truth, when he is only fondling an error long since exploded. He that has neither companions nor rivals in his studies, will always applaud his own progress, and think highly of his performances, because he knows not that others have equalled or excelled him. And I am afraid

it may be added, that the student who withdraws himself from the world, will soon feel that ardour extinguished which praise or emulation had enkindled, and take the advantage of secrecy to sleep, rather than to labour.

There remains yet another set of recluses, whose intention entitles them to higher respect, and whose motives deserve a more serious consideration. These retire from the world, not merely to bask in ease or gratify curiosity; but that being disengaged from common cares, they may employ more time in the duties of religion; that they may regulate their actions with stricter vigilance, and purify their thoughts by more frequent meditation.

To men thus elevated above the mists of mortality, I am far from presuming myself qualified to give directions. On him that appears to pass through things temporary, with no other care than not to lose finally the things eternal, I look with such veneration as inclines me to approve his conduct in the whole, without a minute examination of its parts; yet I could never forbear to wish, that while vice is every day multiplying seducements, and stalking forth with more hardened effrontery, virtue would not withdraw the influence of her presence, or forbear to assert her natural dignity by open and undaunted perseverance in the right. Piety practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight those unbodied spirits that survey the works of God and the actions of men; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendor of beneficence.

Our MAKER, who, though he gave us such varieties of temper and such difference of powers, yet designed us all for happiness, undoubtedly intended, that we should obtain that happiness by different means. Some are unable to resist the temptations of importunity, or the impetuosity of their own passions incited by the force of present temptations; of these it is undoubtedly the duty to fly from enemies which they cannot conquer, and to cultivate, in the calm of solitude, that virtue which is too tender to endure the tempests of public life. But there are others, whose passions grow more strong and irregular in privacy; and who cannot maintain a uniform tenor of virtue, but



by exposing their manners to the public eye, and assisting the admonitions of conscience with the fear of infamy: for such it is dangerous to exclude all witnesses of their conduct, till they have formed strong habits of virtue, and weakened their passions by frequent victories. But there is a higher order of men so inspired with ardour, and so fortified with resolution, that

the world passes before them without influence or regard: these ought to consider themselves as appointed the guardians of mankind; they are placed in an evil world, to exhibit public examples of good life; and may be said, when they withdraw to solitude, to desert the station which Providence assigned them.

T.

## No. CXXVII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1754.

*Veteres ita miratur, laudatque!*

HOR.

*The wits of old he praises and admires.*

‘IT is very remarkable,’ says Addison, ‘that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, history, architecture, and all the noble arts and sciences which depend more upon genius than experience; we exceed them as much in doggerel, humour, burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule.’ As this fine observation stands at present only in the form of a general assertion, it deserves, I think, to be examined by a deduction of particulars, and confirmed by an allegation of examples, which may furnish an agreeable entertainment to those who have ability and inclination to remark the revolutions of human wit.

That Tasso, Ariosto, and Camoens, the three most celebrated of modern Epic Poets, are infinitely excelled in propriety of design, of sentiment and style, by Horace and Virgil, it would be serious trifling to attempt to prove; but Milton, perhaps, will not so easily resign his claim to equality, if not to superiority. Let it, however, be remembered, that if Milton be enabled to dispute the prize with the great champions of antiquity, it is entirely owing to the sublime conceptions he has copied from the Book of God. These, therefore, must be taken away, before we begin to make a just estimate of his genius; and from what remains, it cannot, I presume, be said, with candour and impartiality, that he has excelled Homer, in the sublimity and variety of his thoughts, or the strength and majesty of his diction.

Shakespeare, Corneille, and Racine, are the

only modern writers of Tragedy, that we can venture to oppose to Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. The first is an author so uncommon and eccentric, that we can scarcely try him by dramatic rules. In strokes of nature and character, he yields not to the Greeks: in all other circumstances that constitute the excellence of the drama, he is vastly inferior. Of the three moderns, the most faultless is the tender and exact Racine: but he was ever ready to acknowledge, that his capital beauties were borrowed from his favourite Euripides; which, indeed, cannot escape the observation of those who read with attention his Phædra and Andromache. The pompous and truly Roman sentiments of Corneille are chiefly drawn from Lucan and Tacitus; the former of whom, by a strange perversion of taste, he is known to have preferred to Virgil. His diction is not so pure and mellifluous, his characters not so various and just, nor his plots so regular, so interesting and simple, as those of his pathetic rival. It is by this simplicity of fable alone, when every single act, and scene, and speech, and sentiment and word, concur to accelerate the intended event, that the Greek tragedies kept the attention of the audience immoveably fixed upon one principal object, which must be necessarily lessened, and the ends of the drama defeated, by the mazes and intricacies of modern plots.

The assertion of Addison with respect to the first particular, regarding the higher kinds of poetry, will remain unquestionably true, till nature, in some distant age, for in the present enervated with luxury she seems incapable of



such an effort, shall produce some transcendent genius, of power to eclipse the *Iliad* and the *Edipus*.

The superiority of the ancient artists in Painting, is not perhaps so clearly manifest. They were ignorant, it will be said, of light, of shade, and perspective; and they had not the use of oil colours, which are happily calculated to blend and unite without harshness and discordance, to give a boldness and relief to the figures, and to form those middle Tints which render every well-wrought piece a closer resemblance of nature. Judges of the truest taste do, however, place the merit of colouring far below that of justness of design, and force of expression. In these two highest and most important excellencies the ancient painters were eminently skilled, if we trust the testimonies of Pliny, Quintilian, and Lucian; and to credit them we are obliged, if we would form to ourselves any idea of these artists at all; for there is not one Grecian picture remaining: and the Romans, some few of whose works have descended to this age, could never boast of a Parrhasius or Apelles, a Zeuxis, Timanthes, or Protogenes, of whose performances the two accomplished critics above-mentioned speak in terms of rapture and admiration. The statues that have escaped the ravages of time, as the *Hercules* and *Laocoon* for instance, are still a stronger demonstration of the power of the Grecian artists in expressing the passions; for what was executed in marble, we have presumptive evidence to think, might also have been executed in colours. Carlo Marat, the last valuable painter of Italy, after copying the head of the *Venus* in the Medicean collection three hundred times, generously confessed, that he could not arrive at half the grace and perfection of his model. But to speak my opinion freely on a very disputable point, I must own, that if the moderns approach the ancients in any of the arts here in question, they approach them nearest in the art of Painting. The human mind can with difficulty conceive any thing more exalted than the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, and the Transfiguration of Raphael. What can be more animated than Raphael's Paul preaching at Athens? What more tender and delicate than Mary holding the child Jesus, in his famous Holy Family? What more graceful than the *Aurora* of Guido?

What more deeply moving than the Massacre of the Innocents, by Le Brun?

But no modern Orator can dare to enter the lists with Demosthenes and Tully. We have discourses, indeed, that may be admired for their perspicuity, purity, and elegance; but can produce none which abound in a sublime which whirls away the auditor like a mighty torrent, and pierces the inmost recesses of his heart like a flash of lightning; which irresistibly and instantaneously convinces, without leaving him leisure to weigh the motives of conviction. The sermons of Bourdaloue, the funeral orations of Bossuet, particularly that on the death of Henrietta, and the pleadings of Pellisson for his disgraced patron Fouquet, are the only pieces of eloquence I can recollect, that bear any resemblance to the Greek or Roman orator; for in England we have been particularly unfortunate in our attempts to be eloquent, whether in parliament, in the pulpit, or at the bar. If it be urged, that the nature of modern politics and laws excludes the pathetic and the sublime, and confines the speaker to a cold argumentative method, and a dull detail of proof and dry matters of fact; yet, surely, the religion of the moderns abounds in topics so incomparably noble and exalted, as might kindle the flames of genuine oratory in the most frigid and barren genius: much more might this success be reasonably expected from such geniuses as Britain can enumerate; yet no piece of this sort, worthy applause or notice, has ever yet appeared.

The few, even among professed scholars, that are able to read the ancient Historians in their inimitable originals, are startled at the paradox of Bolingbroke, who boldly prefers Guicciardini to Thucydides; that is, the most verbose and tedious to the most comprehensive and concise of writers, and a collector of facts to one who was himself an eye-witness and a principal actor in the important story he relates. And, indeed, it may well be presumed, that the ancient histories exceed the modern from this single consideration, that the latter are commonly compiled by reclusé scholars, unpractised in business, war, and politics; whilst the former are many of them written by ministers, commanders, and princes themselves. We have, indeed, a few flimsy memoirs, particularly in a neighbouring nation, written by persons

deeply interested in the transactions they describe; but these I imagine will not be compared to the Retreat of the Ten Thousand which Xenophon himself conducted and related, nor to the Gallic War of Cæsar, nor the Precious Fragments of Polybius, which our modern generals and ministers would not be discredited by diligently perusing, and making them the models of their conduct as well as of their style. Are the reflections of Machiavel so subtle and refined as those of Tacitus? Are the portraits of Thuanus so strong and expressive as those of Sallust and Plutarch? Are the narrations of Davila so lively and animated, or do his sentiments breathe such a love of liberty and virtue as those of Livy and Herodotus?

The supreme excellence of the ancient Architecture, the last particular to be touched, I shall not enlarge upon, because it has never once been called in question, and because it is abundantly testified by the awful ruins of amphitheatres, aqueducts, arches and columns, that are the daily objects of veneration, though not of imitation. This art, it is observable, has never been improved in later ages in one single instance; but every just and legitimate edifice is still formed according to the five old established orders, to which human wit has never been able to add a sixth of equal symmetry and strength.

Such, therefore, are the triumphs of the Ancients, especially the Greeks, over the Moderns. They may, perhaps, be not unjustly

ascribed to a genial climate, that gave such a happy temperament of body as was most proper to produce fine sensations; to a language most harmonious, copious, and forcible; to the public encouragements and honours bestowed on the cultivators of literature; to the emulation excited among the generous youth, by exhibitions of their performances at the solemn games; to an inattention to the arts of lucre and commerce, which engross and debase the minds of the moderns; and above all, to an exemption from the necessity of overloading their natural faculties with learning and languages, with which we in these later times are obliged to qualify ourselves for writers, if we expect to be read.

It is said by Voltaire, with his usual liveliness—‘We shall never again behold the time, when a Duke la Rochefoucault might go from the conversation of a Pascal or Arnauld, to the theatre of Corneille.’ This reflection may be justly applied to the ancients, and it may with much greater truth be said—‘The age will never again return, when a Pericles, after walking with Plato in a portico built by Phidias, and painted by Apelles, might repair to hear a pleading of Demosthenes, or a tragedy of Sophocles.’

I shall next examine the other part of Addison’s assertion, that the moderns excel the ancients in all the arts of Ridicule, and assign the reasons of this supposed excellence.

Z

## No. CXXVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1754.

*Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit; unus utrique  
Error, sed variis illudit partibus.*

HOR.

*When in a wood we leave the certain way,  
One error fools us, tho’ we various stray,  
Some to the left, and some to t’other side.*

FRANCIS.

IT is common among all the classes of mankind, to charge each other with trifling away life: every man looks on the occupation or amusement of his neighbour, as something below the dignity of our nature, and unworthy of the attention of a rational being.

A man who considers the paucity of the wants

of nature, and who, being acquainted with the various means by which all manual occupations are now facilitated, observes what numbers are supported by the labour of a few, would, indeed, be inclined to wonder, how the multitudes who are exempted from the necessity of working either for themselves or others, find business to fill up the vacuities of life. The greater part

of mankind neither card the fleece, dig the mine, fell the wood, nor gather in the harvest; they neither tend herds, nor build houses; in what then are they employed?

This is certainly a question, which a distant prospect of the world will not enable us to answer. We find all ranks and ages mingled together in a tumultuous confusion, with haste in their motions, and eagerness in their looks; but what they have to pursue or avoid, a more minute observation must inform us.

When we analyse the crowd into individuals, it soon appears that the passions and imaginations of men will not easily suffer them to be idle: we see things coveted merely because they are rare, and pursued because they are fugitive; we see men conspire to fix an arbitrary value on that which is worthless in itself, and then contend for the possession. One is a collector of fossils, of which he knows no other use than to shew them; and when he has stocked his own repository, grieves that the stones which he has left behind him should be picked up by another. The florist nurses a tulip, and repines that his rival's beds enjoy the same show-ers and sun-shine with his own. This man is hurrying to a concert, only lest others should have heard the new musician before him; another bursts from his company to the play, because he fancies himself the patron of an actress; some spend the morning in consultations with their taylor, and some in directions to their cook; some are forming parties for cards, and some laying wagers at a horse-race.

It cannot, I think, be denied, that some of these lives are passed in trifles, in occupations by which the busy neither benefit themselves nor others, and by which no man could be long engaged, who seriously considered what he was doing, or had knowledge enough to compare what he is with what he might be made. However, as people who have the same inclination generally flock together, every trifler is kept in countenance by the sight of others as unprofitably active as himself; by kindling the heat of competition, he in time thinks himself important, and by having his mind intensely engaged, he is secured from weariness of himself.

Some degree of self-approbation is always the reward of diligence; and I cannot, there-

fore, but consider the laborious cultivation of petty pleasures, as a more happy and more virtuous disposition, than that universal contempt and haughty negligence, which is sometimes associated with powerful faculties, but is often assumed by indolence when it disowns its name, and aspires to the appellation of greatness of mind.

It has been long observed, that drollery and ridicule is the most easy kind of wit: let it be added, that contempt and arrogance is the easiest philosophy. To find some objection to every thing, and to dissolve in perpetual laziness under pretence that occasions are wanting to call forth activity, to laugh at those who are ridiculously busy without setting an example of more rational industry, is no less in the power of the meanest than of the highest intellects.

Our present state has placed us at once in such different relations, that every human employment, which is not a visible and immediate act of goodness, will be in some respect or other subject to contempt; but it is true likewise, that almost every act, which is not directly vicious, is in some respect beneficial and laudable. 'I often,' says Bruyere, 'observe from my window, two beings of erect form and amiable countenance, endowed with the powers of reason, able to cloath their thoughts in language, and convey their notions to each other. They rise early in the morning, and are every day employed in rubbing two smooth stones together, or, in other terms, in polishing marble.'

'If lions could paint,' says the fable, 'in the room of those pictures which exhibit men vanquishing lions, we should see lions feeding upon men.' If the stone-cutter could have written like Bruyere, what would he have replied?

'I look up,' says he, 'every day from my shop, upon a man whom the idlers, who stand still to gaze upon my work, often celebrate as a wit and a philosopher. I often perceive his face clouded with care, and am told that his taper is sometimes burning at midnight. The sight of a man who works so much harder than myself, excited my curiosity. I heard no sound of tools in his apartment, and, therefore, could not imagine what he was doing; but was told at last, that he was

‘ writing descriptions of mankind, who when he had described them would live just as they had lived before; that he sat up whole nights to change a sentence, because the sound of a letter was too often repeated; that he was often disquieted with doubts, about the propriety of a word which every body understood; that he would hesitate between two expressions equally proper, till he could not fix his choice but by consulting his friends; that he will run from one end of Paris to the other, for an opportunity of reading a period to a nice ear; that if a single line is heard with coldness and inattention, he returns home dejected and disconsolate; and that by all this care and labour he hopes only to make a little book, which at last will teach no useful art, and which none who has it not will perceive himself to want. I have often wondered for what end such a being as this was sent into the world; and should be glad to see those who live thus foolishly, seized by an order of the government, and obliged to labour at some useful occupation.’

Thus, by a partial and imperfect representation, may every thing be made equally ridiculous. He that gazed with contempt on human beings rubbing stones together, might have prolonged the same amusement by walking through the city, and seeing others with looks of importance heaping one brick upon another; or by rambling into the country, where he might observe other creatures of the same kind driving pieces of sharp iron into the clay, or, in the language of men less enlightened, ploughing the field.

As it is thus easy, by a detail of minute circumstances, to make every thing little, so it is not difficult by an aggregation of effects, to make every thing great. The polisher of marble may be forming ornaments for the palaces of virtue, and the schools of science; or providing tables, on which the actions of heroes and the discoveries of sages shall be recorded, for the incitement and instruction of future generations. The mason is exercising one of the principal arts by which reasoning beings are distinguished from the brute, the art to which life owes much of its safety and all its conveniences, by which we are secured from the inclemency of the seasons, and forti-

fied against the ravages of hostility; and the ploughman is changing the face of nature, diffusing plenty and happiness over kingdoms, and compelling the earth to give food to her inhabitants.

Greatness and littleness are terms merely comparative; and we err in our estimation of things, because we measure them by some wrong standard. The trifler proposes to himself only to equal or excel some other trifler, and is happy or miserable as he succeeds or miscarries: the man of sedentary desire and unactive ambition sits comparing his power with his wishes; and makes his inability to perform things impossible, an excuse to himself for performing nothing. Man can only form a just estimate of his own actions, by making his power the test of his performance, by comparing what he does with what he can do. Whoever steadily perseveres in the exertion of all his faculties, does what is great with respect to himself; and what will not be despised by Him, who has given to all created beings their different abilities: he faithfully performs the task of life, within whatever limits his labours may be confined, or how soon soever they may be forgotten.

We can conceive so much more than we can accomplish, that whoever tries his own actions by his imagination, may appear despicable in his own eyes. He that despises for its littleness any thing really useful, has no pretensions to applaud the grandeur of his conceptions; since nothing but narrowness of mind hinders him from seeing, that by pursuing the same principles every thing limited will appear contemptible.

He that neglects the care of his family, while his benevolence expands itself in scheming the happiness of imaginary kingdoms, might with equal reason sit on a throne dreaming of universal empire, and of the diffusion of blessings over all the globe: yet even this globe is little, compared with the system of matter within our view; and that system barely something more than non-entity, compared with the boundless regions of space, to which neither eye nor imagination can extend.

From conceptions, therefore, of what we might have been, and from wishes to be what we are not, conceptions that we know to be foolish, and wishes which we feel to be vain,

we must necessarily descend to the consideration of what we are. We have powers very scanty in their utmost extent, but which in different men are differently proportioned. Suitably to these powers we have duties prescribed, which we must neither decline for the sake of delighting ourselves with easier amusements, nor overlook in idle contemplation of greater excellence or more extensive comprehension.

In order to the right conduct of our lives, we must remember, that we are not born to

please ourselves. He that studies simply his own satisfaction, will always find the proper business of his station too hard or too easy for him. But if we bear continually in mind our relation to The FATHER of Being, by whom we are placed in the world, and who has allotted us the part which we are to bear in the general system of life, we shall be easily persuaded to resign our own inclinations to Unerring Wisdom, and to do the work decreed for us with cheerfulness and diligence.

No. CXXIX. TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1754.

*Quicquid agunt homines, vatum, timor, ira, voluptas,  
Gaudia*—————

JUV.

*Whate'er excites our hatred, love, or joy,  
Or hope, or fear, these themes my muse employ.*

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

BATH, DEC. 29.

LEONARDO Da Vinci, one of the most accomplished masters in the art of painting, was accustomed to delineate instantly in his pocket-book every face in which he discovered any singularity of air or feature. By this method he obtained a vast collection of various countenances; and escaped that barren uniformity and resemblance, so visible in the generality of history pieces, that the spectator is apt to imagine all the figures are of one family.

As a moralist should imitate this practice, and sketch characters from the life, at the instant in which they strike him; I amused myself yesterday in the Pump-room, by contemplating the different conditions and characters of the persons who were moving before me, and particularly the various motives that influenced them to croud to this city.

Aphrodisius, a young nobleman of great hopes and large property, fell into a course of early debauchery at Westminster school, and at the age of sixteen privately kept an abandoned woman of the town, to whose lodgings he stole in the intervals of school-hours, and who soon communicated to him a disease of peculiar power to poison the springs of life, and prevent the maturity of manhood. His body is enervated and emaciated, his cheek yellow and bloodless, his

hand palsied, and his mind gloomy and dejected. It being thought, however, absolutely necessary for the welfare of his family that he should marry, he has been betrothed in this dreadful condition, to a lady whose beauty and vivacity are in their meridian: and his physicians have ordered him to these salutary waters to try if it be possible for him to recover a little health before the marriage is celebrated. Can we wonder at the diminished race of half formed animals, that crawl about our streets in the shape of men, when matches so unequal and so unnatural are not only permitted, but enjoined as a test of filial duty, and the condition of parental favour:

*Invalidique patrum referant jejunia nati.*

VIRG.

—————From the faint embrace,

Unmanly sons arise, a puny race!

Inertio is a plump and healthy old batchelor, a senior fellow of a rich society in one of our universities, whose chief business in life is to ride before dinner for a good appetite, and after it for a good digestion. Not only his situation but his taste has determined him to continue in a state of celibacy; 'For,' says he, 'at present I can afford to drink port, and keep a couple of geldings; but if I should rashly encumber myself with madam and her brats, I must descend to walk on foot and drink ale.' He was much alarmed at missing his regular annual fit of the

gout, and, on that account, having waited for it with impatience and uneasiness a month longer than the expected time, he hurried to this city, in hopes of acquiring it by the efficacy of the waters. I found him yesterday extremely dejected; and, on my entering his chamber—‘Life,’ said he, ‘is full of vexations and disappointments: what a dreadful accident!’ I imagined that some selected friend, some brother of his choice was dead, or that the college treasury was burnt: but he immediately undeceived me by adding—‘I was presented with the finest, the fattest collar of brawn,’ and expected it at dinner this day: but the rascally carrier has conveyed it to a wrong place, fifty miles off, and before I can receive it, it will be absolutely unfit for eating.’

Here likewise is the learned and ingenious Crito. Crito is a genius of a superior order, who hath long instructed and entertained his country by many incomparable works of literature and morality; and who, in a Grecian commonwealth, would have had a statue erected, and have been maintained at the public expence; but in this kingdom he has with great difficulty gained a precarious competence, by incessant labour and application. These interrupted and unrewarded studies have at length impaired his health, and undermined a constitution naturally vigorous and happy; and as Crito has never been able to lay up a sum sufficient to procure the assistance which the debility of sickness and age require, he was obliged to insure his life, and borrow at exorbitant interest a few pounds to enable him to perform this journey to Bath, which alone could restore his health and spirits; and now, as his money and credit are exhausted, he will be compelled to abandon this place, when his cure is only half effected; and must retire to languish in a little lodging in London, while his readers and admirers content themselves with lamenting his distress, and wondering how it comes to pass that nothing has been done for a man of such distinguished abilities and integrity.

Doctor Pamper is possessed of three large ecclesiastical preferments: his motive for coming hither is somewhat singular; it is, because his parishes cannot furnish him with a set of persons that are equal to him in the knowledge of whist; he is, therefore, necessitated every

season to frequent this place, where alone he can meet with gamesters that are worth contending with.

Spumofius, who is one of the liveliest of free-thinkers, had not been three months at the Temple before he became irresistibly enamoured of the beauty of virtue. He always carried a Shaftesbury in his pocket, and used to read and explain the striking passages to large circles at the coffee-house; he was of opinion, that for purity and perspicuity, elegance of style, and force of reasoning, the Characteristics were incomparable, and were models equally proper for regulating our taste and our morals. He discovered a delicate artificial connection in these discourses, which to vulgar eyes appear to be loose and incoherent rhapsodies; nay, he clearly perceived that each treatise depended on the foregoing, and altogether composed one uniform whole, and the noblest system of truth and virtue that had been imparted to mankind. He quarrelled irreconcilably with his dearest friend, who happened to hint, that the style was affected and unharmonious, the metaphors far-fetched and violent, and frequently coarse and illiberal, the arguments inconclusive and unfair, the raillery frigid and insipid, and totally different from the Attic irony of Socrates, which the author presumed to propose for his pattern. Spumofius always disdained to practise virtue on the mean and mercenary motives of reward and punishment; and was convinced, that so excellent a creature as man might be kept in order by the silken cords of delicacy and decorum. He, therefore, frequently sneered at the priestly notions of heaven and hell, as fit only to be entertained by vulgar and sordid minds. But being lately attacked by a severe distemper, he betrayed fears that were not compatible with the boldness of his former professions; and terrified at the approach of death, he had recourse to various remedies, and is at last arrived here, as full of doubt as of disease, but feeling more acute pains in his mind than can possibly be inflicted on his body.

Mr. Gull was lately a soap-boiler at Chester; but having accumulated a vast fortune by trade, he is now resolved to be polite, and enjoy his money with taste. He has brought his numerous family of awkward girls hither, only because he has heard that people of fashion do at

this time of the year generally take a trip to Bath; and for the same reason he intends in the spring to make a journey to Paris, and will, I dare say, commence virtuoso on his return, and be a professed judge of dresses, pictures, and furniture.

I must not forget to inform you that we have the company of Captain Gairish, a wit and a critic, who pretends he is perfectly acquainted with the best writers of the age, and whose opinion on every new work is deemed decisive in the Pump-room. The prefaces of Dryden, and the French critics, are the sources from which his immense literature is derived. Dacier's Plutarch has enabled him to talk familiarly of the most celebrated Greeks and Romans, and Bayle's Dictionary finished him for a scholar. Sometimes he vouchsafes to think

the Adventurer tolerable: but he generally exclaims—'How grave and sententious! Good Heavens! what, more Greek! This circumstance will ruin the credit of the paper. They will not take my advice, for you must know I am intimate with all the authors of it; they are ten in number; and some of them——But as I have been entrusted with their secrets, I must disclose no more. To tell you the truth, I have given them a few essays myself, which I have written for my amusement upon guard.'

If these portraits, which are faithfully copied from the life, should amuse you, I may perhaps take an opportunity of adding to the collection.

I am, Mr. Adventurer, yours,  
Z PHILOMEDES.

## No. CXXX. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1754.

*Qui non est bodie, cras minus aptus erit.* MART.

*The man will surely fail who dares delay,  
And lose to-morrow that has left to-day.*

IT was said by Raleigh, when some of his friends lamented his confinement under a sentence of death, which he knew not how soon he might suffer, that the world itself was only a larger prison, out of which some were every day selected for execution. That there is a time when every man is struck with the sense of this awful truth, I do not doubt; and, perhaps, a hasty speculatist would conclude, that its influence would be stronger in proportion as it more frequently occurred: but upon every mind that is become familiar with calamity, calamity loses its force; and misery grows less only by its continuance, because those who have long suffered, lose their sensibility.

If he who lies down at night in the vigour and health of five-and-twenty, should rise in the morning with the infirmities of four-score, it is not improbable that he would sink under a sense of his condition; regret of enjoyments which could never return, would preclude all that remained, and the last mournful effects of decay would be hastened and aggravated by anticipation. But those who have been enfeebled by degrees, who have been shaken ten years

by the palsy, or crippled by the gout, frequently totter about upon their crutches with an air of waggish jocularly, are always ready to entertain their company with a jest, meet their acquaintance with a toothless grin, and are the first to toast a young beauty when they can scarce lift the glass to their lips. Even criminals, who knew that in the morning they were to die, have often slept in the night; though very few of those who have been committed for a capital offence, which they knew would be easily proved, have slept the first night after they were confined. Danger so sudden and so imminent alarms, confounds and terrifies; but after a time stupor supplies the want of fortitude; and as the evil approaches, it is in effect less terrible, except in the moment when it arrives; and then, indeed, it is common to lament that insensibility, which before perhaps was voluntarily increased by drunkenness or dissipation; by solitary intemperance, or tumultuous company.

There is some reason to believe, that 'this power of the world to come,' as it is expressed in the sublimity of Eastern metaphor, is generally felt at the same age. The dread of

death has seldom been found to intrude upon the cheerfulness, simplicity, and innocence of children; they gaze at a funeral procession with as much vacant curiosity as at any other shew, and see the world change before them without the least sense of their own share in the vicissitude. In youth, when all the appetites are strong, and every gratification is heightened by novelty, the mind resists mournful impressions with a kind of elastic power, by which the signature that is forced upon it is immediately effaced: when this tumult first subsides, while the attachment to life is yet strong, and the mind begins to look forward, and concert measures by which those enjoyments may be secured which it is solicitous to keep, or others obtained to atone for the disappointments that are past, then death starts up like a spectre in all his terrors; the blood is chilled at his appearance, he is perceived to approach with a constant and irresistible pace, retreat is impossible, and resistance is vain.

The terror and anguish which this image produces whenever it first rushes upon the mind, are always complicated with a sense of guilt and remorse; and generally produce some hasty and zealous purposes of more uniform virtue and ardent devotion, of something that may secure us not only from the worm that never dies and the fire that is not quenched, but from total mortality, and admit hope to the regions beyond the grave.

This purpose is seldom wholly relinquished, though it is not always executed with vigour and perseverance; the reflection which produced it often recurs, but it still recurs with less force; desire of immediate pleasure becomes predominant; appetite is no longer restrained; and either all attempts to secure future happiness are deferred 'to a more convenient season,' or some expedients are sought to render sensuality and virtue compatible, and to obtain every object of hope without lessening the treasures of possession. Thus vice naturally becomes the disciple of infidelity; and the wretch who dares not aspire to the heroic virtue of a Christian, listens with eagerness to every objection against the authority of that law by which he is condemned, and labours in vain to establish another that will acquit him: he forms many arguments to justify natural desires; he learns at length to impose upon him-

self; and assents to principles which yet in his heart he does not believe; he thinks himself convinced, that virtue must be happiness, and then dreams that happiness is virtue.

These frauds, though they would have been impossible in the hour of conviction and terror, are yet practised with great ease when it is past, and contribute very much to prevent its return. It is, indeed, scarce possible, that it should return with the same force, because the power of novelty is necessarily exhausted in the first onset. Some incidents, however, there are, which renew the terror; and they seldom fail to renew the purpose: upon the death of a friend, a parent, or a wife, the comforts and the confidence of sophistry are at an end; the moment that suspends the influence of temptation, restores the power of conscience, and at once rectifies the understanding. He who has been labouring to explain away those duties which he had not fortitude to practise, then sees the vanity of the attempt; he regrets the time that is past, and resolves to improve that which remains: but if the first purpose of reformation has been ineffectual, the second is seldom executed; as the sense of danger by which it is produced is not so strong, the motive is less; and as the power of appetite is increased by habitual gratification, the opposition is more: the new conviction wears off; the duties are again neglected as unnecessary which are found to be unpleasant; the lethargy of the soul returns, and as the danger increases she becomes less susceptible of fear.

Thus the dreadful condition of him, 'who looks back after having put his hand to the plough,' may be resolved into natural causes; and it may be affirmed, upon more philosophical principles, that there is a call which is repeated no more, and an apostacy from which it is difficult to return.

Let those who will still delay that which yet they believe to be of eternal moment, remember, that their motives to effect it will still grow weaker, and the difficulty of the work perpetually increase; to neglect it now, therefore, is a pledge that it will be neglected for ever: and if they are roused by this thought, let them instantly improve its influence; for even this thought, when it returns, will return with less power, and though it should rouse them now, will perhaps rouse them no more.



But let them not confide in such virtue as can be practised without a struggle, and which interdicts the gratification of no passion but malice; nor adopts principles which could never be believed at the only time they could be useful; like arguments which men sometimes form when they slumber, and the moment they awake discover to be absurd.

Let those who in the anguish of an awakened mind have regretted the past, and resolved

to redeem it in the future, persist invariably to do whatever they then wished to have done. Let this be established as a constant rule of action, and opposed to all the cavils of sophistry and sense; for this will invariably return when it must for ever be ineffectual, at that awful moment when 'the shadow of death shall be stretched over them,' and 'that night commence in which no man can work.'

No. CXXXI. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1754.

—Mise.

*Ergo aliquid nostris de moribus.*

Juv.

*And mingle something of our times to please.*

DRYDEN JUN.

**F**ONTENELLE, in his panegyric on Sir Isaac Newton, closes a long enumeration of that great philosopher's virtues and attainments, with an observation, that he was not distinguished from other men by any singularity either natural or affected.

It is an eminent instance of Newton's superiority to the rest of mankind, that he was able to separate knowledge from those weaknesses by which knowledge is generally disgraced; that he was able to excel in science and wisdom, without purchasing them by the neglect of little things; and that he stood alone, merely because he had left the rest of mankind behind him, not because he deviated from the beaten track.

Whoever, after the example of Plutarch, should compare the lives of illustrious men, might set this part of Newton's character to view with great advantage, by opposing it to that of Bacon, perhaps the only man of later ages who has any pretensions to dispute with him the palm of genius or science.

Bacon, after he had added to a long and careful contemplation of almost every other object of knowledge a curious inspection into common life, and, after having surveyed nature as a philosopher, had examined men's business and bosoms as a statesman; yet failed so much in the conduct of domestic affairs, that, in the most lucrative post to which a great and wealthy kingdom could advance him, he felt all the miseries of distressful poverty, and committed all the crimes to which poverty in-

cites. Such were at once his negligence and rapacity, that, as it is said, he would gain by unworthy practices that money, which, when so acquired, his servants might steal from one end of the table, while he sat studious and abstracted at the other.

As scarcely any man has reached the excellence, very few have sunk to the weakness of Bacon; but almost all the studious tribe, as they obtain any participation of his knowledge, feel likewise some contagion of his defects; and obstruct the veneration which learning would procure, by follies greater or less to which only learning could betray them.

It has been formerly remarked by the Guardian, that the world punishes with too great severity the error of those who imagine that the ignorance of little things may be compensated by the knowledge of great; for so it is, that as more can detect petty failings than can distinguish or esteem great qualifications, and as mankind is in general more easily disposed to censure than to admiration, contempt is often incurred by slight mistakes, which real virtue or usefulness cannot counterbalance.

Yet such mistakes and inadvertencies, it is not easy for a man deeply immersed in study to avoid; no man can become qualified for the common intercourses of life by private meditation: the manners of the world are not a regular system, planned by philosophers upon settled principles, in which every cause has a congruous effect, and one part has a

just reference to another. Of the fashions prevalent in every country, a few have arisen, perhaps, from particular temperatures of the climate; a few more from the constitution of the government; but the greater part have grown up by chance, been started by caprice, been contrived by affectation, or borrowed without any just motives of choice from other countries.

Of all these, the savage that hunts his prey upon the mountains, and the sage that speculates in his closet, must necessarily live in equal ignorance; yet by the observation of these trifles it is, that the ranks of mankind are kept in order, that the address of one to another is regulated, and the general business of the world carried on with facility and method.

These things, therefore, though small in themselves, become great by their frequency; and he very much mistakes his own interest, who, to the unavoidable unskilfulness of abstraction and retirement, adds a voluntary neglect of common forms, and increases the disadvantages of a studious course of life by an arrogant contempt of those practices, by which others endeavour to gain favour and multiply friendships.

A real and interior disdain of fashion and ceremony is, indeed, not very often to be found: much the greater part of those who pretend to laugh at popery and formality, secretly wish to have possessed those qualifications which they pretend to despise; and because they find it difficult to wash away the tincture which they have so deeply imbibed, endeavour to harden themselves in a sullen approbation of their own colour. Neutrality is a state into which the busy passion of man cannot easily subside; and he who is in danger of the pangs of envy, is generally forced to recreate his imagination with an effort of comfort.

Some, however, may be found, who, supported by the consciousness of great abilities, and elevated by a long course of reputation and applause, voluntarily consign themselves to singularity, affect to cross the roads of life because they know that they shall not be jostled, and indulge boundless gratification of will because they perceive that they shall be quietly obeyed. Men of this kind are generally known by the name of Humourists, an appellation by which he that has obtained it, and can be con-

tented to keep it, is set free at once from the shackles of fashion; and can go in or out, sit or stand, be talkative or silent, gloomy or merry, advance absurdities or oppose demonstration, without any other reprehension from mankind, than that it is his way, that he is an odd fellow, and must be let alone.

This seems to many an easy passport through the various factions of mankind; and those on whom it is bestowed appear too frequently to consider the patience with which their caprices are suffered as an undoubted evidence of their own importance, of a genius to which submission is universally paid, and whose irregularities are only considered as consequences of its vigour. These peculiarities, however, are always found to spot a character, though they may not totally obscure it; and he who expects from mankind, that they should give up established customs in compliance with his single will, and exacts that deference which he does not pay, may be endured, but can never be approved.

Singularity is, I think, in its own nature universally and invariably displeasing. In whatever respect a man differs from others, he must be considered by them as either worse or better: by being better, it is well known that a man gains admiration oftener than love, since all approbation of his practice must necessarily condemn him that gives it; and though a man often pleases by inferiority, there are few who desire to give such pleasure. Yet the truth is, that singularity is almost always regarded as a brand of slight reproach; and where it is associated with acknowledged merit, serves as an abatement or an alloy of excellence, by which weak eyes are reconciled to its lustre, and by which, though kindness is not gained, at least envy is averted.

But let no man be in haste to conclude his own merit so great or conspicuous, as to require or justify singularity: it is as hazardous for a moderate understanding to usurp the prerogatives of genius, as for a common form to play over the airs of uncontested beauty. The pride of men will not patiently endure to see one, whose understanding or attainments are but level with their own, break the rules by which they have consented to be bound, or forsake the direction which they submissively follow. All

All violation of established practice implies in its own nature a rejection of the common opinion, a defiance of common censure, and an appeal from general laws to private judgment: he, therefore, who differs from others without apparent advantage, ought not to be angry if his arrogance is punished with ridicule; if those, whose example he superciliously overlooks, point him out to derision, and hoot him back again into the common road.

The pride of singularity is often exerted in little things, where right and wrong are indeterminate, and where, therefore, vanity is without excuse. But there are occasions on which it is noble to dare to stand alone. To be pious among infidels, to be disinterested in a time of general venality, to lead a life of virtue and reason in the midst of sensualists, is a proof of a mind intent on nobler things than the praise or blame of men, of a soul fixed in the contemplation of the highest good, and superior to the tyranny of custom and example.

In moral and religious questions only, a wise man will hold no consultations with fashion, because these duties are constant and immutable, and depend not on the notions of men, but the commands of Heaven: yet even of these the external mode is to be in some measure regulated by the prevailing taste of the age in

which we live; for he is certainly no friend to virtue, who neglects to give it any lawful attraction, or suffers it to deceive the eye or alienate the affections for want of innocent compliance with fashionable decorations.

It is yet remembered of the learned and pious Nelson, that he was remarkably elegant in his manners, and splendid in his dress. He knew, that the eminence of his character drew many eyes upon him; and he was careful not to drive the young or the gay away from religion, by representing it as an enemy to any distinction or enjoyment in which human nature may innocently delight.

In this censure of singularity, I have, therefore, no intention to subject reason or conscience to custom or example. To comply with the notions and practices of mankind is in some degree the duty of a social being; because by compliance only he can please, and by pleasing only he can become useful: but as the end is not to be lost for the sake of the means, we are not to give up virtue to complaisance; for the end of complaisance is only to gain the kindness of our fellow-beings, whose kindness is desirable only as instrumental to happiness, and happiness must be always lost by departure from virtue.

T

No. CXXXII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1754.

—————*Eximur per opaca locorum.*

VIRG.

—————*Driv'n thro' the palpable obscure.*

**C**ARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdat, was eminent throughout all the East for his avarice and his wealth: his origin was obscure, as that of the spark which by the collision of steel and adamant is struck out of darkness; and the patient labour of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inexorably just. But whether in his dealings with men he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth he discovered his own importance to increase, Carazan prized it more as he used it less; he gradually lost the inclination to do

good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayer; he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the Temple of the Prophet. That devotion which arises from the Love of God, and necessarily includes the Love of Man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary,

the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turning round with a look of circumspective suspicion, proceeded to the mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity; the poor suspended their supplication when he passed by; and though he was known by every man, no man saluted him.

Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the center of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed; the multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry and apparel to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand; attention suspended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curiosity which had procured him audience:

**T**O Him who touches the mountains and they smoke, The Almighty and The Most Merciful, be everlasting honour! He has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandize, and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of Him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of Paradise was

now in sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold: the irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation was past; and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me.

‘Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by Love of God: neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by Love of Man: for thy own sake only hast thou rendered to every man his due; and thou hast approached the ALMIGHTY only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor round thee with kindness. Around thee, thou hast indeed beheld vice and folly; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of Heaven? If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew? Where shall the lips of the spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thine heart, and grasped thy treasures with a hand of iron: thou hast lived for thyself; and therefore, henceforth for ever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair.’ At this moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire: ‘O! that I had been doomed for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt! there society would have alleviated

‘ the torment of despair, and the rage of fire  
 ‘ could not have excluded the comfort of light.  
 ‘ Or if I had been condemned to reside in a  
 ‘ comet, that would return but once in a thou-  
 ‘ sand years to the regions of light and life ;  
 ‘ the hope of these periods, however distant,  
 ‘ would cheer men in the dread interval of cold  
 ‘ and darkness, and vicissitude would divide  
 ‘ eternity into time.’ While this thought  
 passed over my mind, I lost sight of the re-  
 moteſt ſtar, and the laſt glimmering of light  
 was quenched in utter darkneſs. The agonies  
 of deſpair every moment increaſed, as every  
 moment augmented my diſtance from the laſt  
 habitable world. I reflected with intolerable  
 anguiſh, that when ten thouſand years had car-  
 ried me beyond the reach of all but that Power  
 who fills infinitude, I ſhould ſtill look forward  
 into an immenſe abyſs of darkneſs, through  
 which I ſhould ſtill drive without ſuccour and  
 without ſociety, farther and farther ſtill, for

ever and for ever. I then ſtretched out my  
 hand towards the regions of exiſtence, with an  
 emotion that awaked me. Thus have I been  
 taught to eſtimate ſociety, like every other  
 bleſſing, by its loſs. My heart is warned to  
 liberality ; and I am zealous to communicate  
 the happineſs which I feel, to thoſe from whom  
 it is derived ; for the ſociety of one wretch,  
 whom in the pride of proſperity I would have  
 ſpurned from my door, would, in the dreadful  
 ſolitude to which I was condemned, have been  
 more highly prized than the gold of Afric, or  
 the gems of Golconda.

At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan  
 became ſuddenly ſilent, and looked upward in  
 extaſy of gratitude and devotion. The multi-  
 tude were ſtruck at once with the precept and  
 example ; and the Caliph, to whom the event  
 was related, that he might be liberal beyond  
 the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded  
 for the benefit of poſterity.

## No. CXXXIII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1754.

*At noſtri proavi Plantivos et numeros et  
 Laudaveres ſales ; nimium patienter utrumque,  
 Ne dicam ſulte, mirati ; ſi modo ego et vos  
 Scimus inurbanum lepido ſe ponere dicto.*

HOR.

‘ And yet our ſires with joy could Plautus hear ;  
 ‘ Gay were his jeſts, his numbers charm’d their ear ;  
 Let me not ſay too laſciſhly they prais’d ;  
 But ſure their judgment was full cheaply pleas’d,  
 If you or I with taſte are haply bleſt,  
 To know a clowniſh from a courtly jeſt.

FRANCIS.

THE fondneſs I have ſo frequently mani-  
 feſted for the ancients, has not ſo far  
 blinded my judgment, as to render me unable  
 to diſcern, or unwilling to acknowledge the ſu-  
 periority of the moderns, in pieces of Humour  
 and Ridicule. I ſhall, therefore, confirm the  
 general aſſertion of Addiſon, part of which  
 hath already been examined.

Comedy, Satire, and Burleſque, being the  
 three chief branches of ridicule, it is neceſſary  
 for us to compare together the moſt admired  
 performances of the ancients and moderns in  
 theſe three kinds of writing, to qualify us juſtly  
 to censure or commend, as the beauties or blem-  
 iſhes of each party may deſerve.

As Ariſtophanes wrote to pleaſe the multi-  
 tude, at a time when the licentiousneſs of the  
 Athenians was boundleſs, his pleaſantries are  
 coarſe and unpolite, his characters extravagantly  
 forced, and diſtorted with unnatural deformity,  
 like the monſtrous caricaturas of Callot. He  
 is full of the groſſeſt obſcenity, indecency, and  
 inurbanity ; and as the populace always delight  
 to hear their ſuperiors abuſed and miſrepreſent-  
 ed, he ſcatters the rankeſt calumnies on the  
 wiſeſt and worthieſt perſonages of his country.  
 His ſtyle is unequal, occaſioned by a frequent  
 introduction of parodies on Sophocles and Eu-  
 ripides. It is, however, certain, that he  
 abounds in artful alluſions to the ſtate of Athens

at the time when he wrote; and, perhaps, he is more valuable, considered as a political satirist, than a writer of comedy.

Plautus has adulterated a rich vein of genuine wit and humour, with a mixture of the basest buffoonry. No writer seems to have been born with a more forcible or more fertile genius for comedy. He has drawn some characters with incomparable spirit: we are indebted to him for the first good miser, and for that worn-out character among the Romans, a boastful Thrafo. But his love degenerates into lewdness; and his jests are insupportably low and illiberal, and fit only for 'the dregs of 'Romulus' to use and to hear; he has furnished examples of every species of true and false wit, even down to a quibble and a pun. Plautus lived in an age when the Romans were but just emerging into politeness; and I cannot forbear thinking, that if he had been reserved for the age of Augustus, he would have produced more perfect plays than even the elegant disciple of Menander.

Delicacy, sweetness, and correctness, are the characteristics of Terence. His polite images are all represented in the most clear and perspicuous expression; but his characters are too general and uniform, nor are they marked with those discriminating peculiarities that distinguish one man from another; there is a tedious and disgusting sameness of incidents in his plots, which, as hath been observed in a former paper, are too complicated and intricate. It may be added, that he superabounds in soliloquies; and that nothing can be more inartificial or improper, than the manner in which he hath introduced them.

To these three celebrated ancients I venture to oppose singly the matchless Moliere, as the most consummate master of comedy that former or later ages have produced. He was not content with painting obvious and common characters, but set himself closely to examine the numberless varieties of human nature: he soon discovered every difference, however minute; and by a proper management could make it striking: his portraits, therefore, though they appear to be new, are yet discovered to be just. The *Tartuffe* and the *Misanthrope* are the most singular, and yet, perhaps, the most proper and perfect characters that

comedy can represent; and his *Miser* excels that of any other nation. He seems to have hit upon the true nature of comedy; which is, to exhibit one singular and unfamiliar character, by such a series of incidents as may best contribute to shew its singularities. All the circumstances in the *Misanthrope* tend to manifest the peevish and captious disgust of the hero; all the circumstances in the *Tartuffe* are calculated to shew the treachery of an accomplished hypocrite. I am sorry that no English writer of comedy can be produced as a rival to Moliere: although it must be confessed, that *Falstaff* and *Morose* are two admirable characters, excellently supported and displayed; for Shakespeare has contrived all the incidents to illustrate the gluttony, lewdness, cowardice, and boastfulness of the fat old knight: and Johnson has with equal art displayed the oddity of a whimsical humourist, who could endure no kind of noise.

Will it be deemed a paradox to assert, that Congreve's dramatic persons have no striking and natural characteristics? His *Fondlewife* and *Forefight* are but faint portraits of common characters, and *Ben* is a forced and unnatural caricature. His plays appear not to be legitimate comedies, but strings of repartees and fallies of wit, the most poignant and polite, indeed, but unnatural and ill placed. The trite and trivial character of a fop hath strangely engrossed the English stage, and given an insipid similarity to our best comic pieces: originals can never be wanting in such a kingdom as this, where each man follows his natural inclinations and propensities, if our writers would really contemplate nature, and endeavour to open those mines of humour which have been so long and so unaccountably neglected.

If we proceed to consider the Satirists of antiquity, I shall not scruple to prefer Boileau and Pope to Horace and Juvenal; the arrows of whose ridicule are more sharp, in proportion as they are more polished. That reformers should abound in obscenities, as is the case of the two Roman poets, is surely an impropriety of the most extraordinary kind; the courtly Horace also sometimes sinks into mean and farcical abuse, as in the first lines of the seventh satire of the first book; but Boi-

leau and Pope have given to their Satire the Cestus of Venus: their ridicule is concealed and oblique; that of the Romans direct and open. The tenth satire of Boileau on women is more bitter, and more decent and elegant, than the sixth of Juvenal on the same subject; and Pope's epistle to Mrs. Blount far excels them both, in the artfulness and delicacy with which it touches female foibles. I may add, that the imitations of Horace by Pope, and of Juvenal by Johnson, are preferable to their originals in the appositeness of their examples, and in the poignancy of their ridicule. Above all, the *Lutrin*, the *Rape of the Lock*, the *Dispensary*, and the *Dunciad*, cannot be paralleled by any works that the wittiest of the ancients can boast of: for by assuming the form of the *epopea*, they have acquired a dignity and gracefulness, which all satires delivered merely in the poet's own person must want, and with which the satirists of antiquity were wholly unacquainted: for the *Batrachomyomachia* of Homer cannot be considered as the model of these admirable pieces.

Lucian is the greatest master of Burlesque among the ancients: but the travels of Gulliver, though indeed evidently copied from his *True History*, do as evidently excel it. Lucian sets out with informing his readers, that he is in jest, and intends to ridicule some of the incredible stories in Ctesias and Herodotus: this introduction surely enfeebles his satire, and defeats his purpose. The true history consists only of the most wild, monstrous, and miraculous persons and accidents: Gulliver has a concealed meaning, and his dwarfs and giants convey tacitly some moral or political instruction. The *Charon* or the *Prospect* (*ἐπισκοπὴς*) one of the dialogues of Lucian, has likewise given occasion to that agreeable French satire, entitled, '*Le Diable Boiteux*,' or '*The Lamè Devil*,' which has highly improved on its original by a greater variety of characters and descriptions, lively remarks, and interesting adventures. So if a parallel be drawn between Lucian and Cervantes, the ancient will still appear to disadvantage: the burlesque of

Lucian principally consists in making his gods and philosophers speak and act like the meanest of the people; that of Cervantes arises from the solemn and important air with which the most idle and ridiculous actions are related; and is, therefore, much more striking and forcible. In a word, *Don Quixote*, and its copy *Hudibras*, the *Splendid Shilling*, the *Adventures of Gil Blas*, the *Tale of a Tub*, and the *Rehearsal*, are pieces of humour which antiquity cannot equal, much less excel.

Theophrastus must yield to La Bruyere for his intimate knowledge of human nature; and the Athenians never produced a writer whose humour was so exquisite as that of Addison, or who delineated and supported a character with so much nature and true pleasantry as that of Sir Roger de Coverly. It ought, indeed, to be remembered, that every species of wit written in distant times and dead languages, appears with many disadvantages to present readers, from their ignorance of the manners and customs alluded to and exposed; but the grossness, the rudeness, and indelicacy of the ancients will, notwithstanding, sufficiently appear, even from the sentiments of such critics as Cicero and Quintilian, who mentioned corporeal defects and deformities as proper objects of raillery.

It is now to be asked, to what can we ascribe this superiority of the moderns in all the species of Ridicule? I answer, to the improved state of conversation. The great geniuses of Greece and Rome were formed during the times of a republican government: and though it be certain Longinus asserts, that democracies are the nurseries of true sublimity, yet monarchies and courts are more productive of politeness. The arts of civility, and the decencies of conversation, as they unite men more closely, and bring them more frequently together, multiply opportunities of observing those incongruities and absurdities of behaviour, on which Ridicule is founded. The ancients had more Liberty and Seriousness, the moderns have more Luxury and Laughter.



No. CXXXIV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1754.

———*Virtutibus obstat  
Res angusta domi.*

JUVENAL.

*Barely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie  
Plung'd in the depth of helpless poverty.*

DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

AS I was informed by your bookseller, upon whom I called a few days ago to make a small purchase for my daughter, and your whole work would be comprised in one hundred and forty papers, I can no longer delay to send you the account of her life, which I gave you some reason to expect when I related my own [No. 86.] This account she gave in that dreadful night, the remembrance of which still freezes me with horror; the night in which I had hired her as a prostitute, and could not have been deterred from incest, but by an event so extraordinary that it was almost miraculous. I have, indeed, frequently attempted to relate a story which I can never forget, but I was always dissatisfied with my own expressions; nor could I ever produce in writing a narrative which appeared equal to the effect that it wrought upon my mind when I heard it. I have, therefore, prevailed upon the dear injured girl to relate it in her own words, which I shall faithfully transcribe.

THE first situation that I remember was in a cellar; where, I suppose, I had been placed by the parish officers with a woman who kept a little dairy. My nurse was obliged to be often abroad, and I was then left to the care of a girl, who was just old enough to lug me about in her arms, and who, like other pretty creatures in office, knew not how to shew her authority but by the abuse of it. Such was my dread of her power and resentment, that I suffered almost whatever she inflicted, without complaint; and when I was scarcely four years old, had learnt so far to surmount the sense of pain and suppress my passions, that I have been pinched black and blue without wincing, and patiently suffered her to impute to me ma-

ny trivial mischiefs which her own perverseness or carelessness had produced.

This situation, however, was not without its advantages; for instead of a hard crust and small beer, which would probably have been the principal part of my subsistence if I had been placed with a person of the same rank, but of a different employment, I had always plenty of milk; which, though it had been skimmed for cream, was not sour, and which indeed was wholesome food; upon which I thrived very fast, and was taken notice of by every body, for the freshness of my looks, and the clearness of my skin.

Almost as soon as I could speak plain, I was sent to the parish-school to learn to read; and thought myself as fine in my blue gown and badge, as a court beauty in a birth-night suit. The mistress of the school was the widow of a clergyman, whom I have often heard her mention with tears, though he had been long dead when I first came under her tuition, and left her in such circumstances as made her solicit an employment, of which before she would have dreaded the labour, and scorned the meanness. She had been very genteelly educated, and had acquired a general knowledge of literature after her marriage; the communication of which enlivened their hours of retirement, and afforded such a subject of conversation, as added to every other enjoyment the pleasures of beneficence and gratitude.

There was something in her manner, which won my affection and commanded my reverence. I found her a person very different from my nurse; and I watched her looks with such ardour and attention, that I was sometimes able, young as I was, to anticipate her commands. It was natural that she should love the virtue which she had produced, nor was it incongruous that she should reward it. I perceived with inexpressible delight, that she treated me with peculiar



tenderness; and when I was about eight years old, she offered to take my education wholly upon herself, without putting the parish to any farther charge for my maintenance. Her offer was readily accepted, my nurse was discharged, and I was taken home to my mistress, who called me her little maid, a name which I was ambitious to deserve, because she did not, like a tyrant, exact my obedience as a slave, but like a parent invited me to the duty of a child. As our family consisted only of my mistress and myself, except sometimes a chair-woman, we were always alone in the intervals of business; and the good matron amused herself by instructing me, not only in reading, writing, and the first rules of arithmetic, but in various kinds of needlework; and, what was yet of more moment, in the principles of virtue and religion, which in her life appeared to be so amiable, that I wanted neither example nor motive. She gave me also some general notions of the decorum practised among persons of a higher class; and I was thus acquainted, while I was yet a child, and in an obscure station, with some rudiments of good breeding.

Before I was fifteen, I began to assist my benefactress in her employment, and by some plain-work which she had procured me, I furnished myself with decent cloaths. By an insensible and spontaneous imitation of her manner, I had acquired such a carriage, as gained me more respect in a yard-wide stuff, than is often paid by strangers to an upper-servant in a rich silk.

Such was now the simplicity and innocence of my life, that I had scarce a wish unsatisfied; and I often reflected upon my own happiness with a sense of gratitude that increased it. But, alas! this felicity was scarce sooner enjoyed than lost: the good matron, who was in the most endearing sense my parent and my friend, was seized with a fever, which in a few days put an end to her life, and left me alone in the world without alliance or protection, overwhelmed with grief, and distracted with anxiety. The world, indeed, was before me; but I trembled to enter it alone. I knew no art by which I could subsist myself; and I was unwilling to be condemned to a state of servitude, in which no such art could be learned. I therefore ap-

plied again to the officers of the parish, who, as a testimony of respect to my patroness, condescended still to consider me as their charge, and with the usual sum bound me apprentice to a mantua-maker; whose business, of which indeed she had but little, was among persons that were something below the middle class, and who, as I verily believe, had applied to the church-wardens for an apprentice, only that she might silence the number of petty duns, and obtain new credit with the money that is given as a consideration for necessary cloaths.

The dwelling of my new mistress was two back rooms in a dirty street near the Seven Dials. She received me, however, with great appearance of kindness; we breakfasted, dined, and supped together; and though I could not but regret the alteration of my condition; yet I comforted myself with reflecting, that in a few years I should be mistress of my trade by which I might become independent, and live in a manner more agreeable to my inclinations. But my indentures were no sooner signed, than I suffered a new change of fortune. The first step my mistress took was to turn away her maid, a poor slave who was covered only with rags and dirt, and whose ill qualities I foolishly thought were the only cause of her ill treatment. I was now compelled to light fires, go of errands, wash linen, and dress viſuals, and, in short to do every kind of household drudgery, and to sit up half the night, that the task of hemming and running seams, which had been assigned me might be performed.

Though I suffered all this without murmur or complaint, yet I became pensive and melancholy; the tears would often steal silently from my eyes, and my mind was sometimes so abstracted in the contemplation of my misery, that I did not hear what was said to me. But my sensibility produced repentment, instead of pity; my melancholy drew upon me the reproach of sullenness; I was stormed at for spoiling my work with sniveling I knew not why, and threatened that it should not long be without cause; a menace which was generally executed the moment it was uttered; my arms and neck continually bore the marks of the yard, and I was in every respect treated with the most brutal unkindness.

In the mean time, however, I applied my-

self to learn the business as my last resource, and the only foundation of my hope. My diligence and assiduity atoned for the want of instruction; and it might have been truly said, that I stole the knowledge which my mistress had engaged to communicate. As I had a taste for dress, I recommended myself to the best customers, and frequently corrected a fault of which they complained, and which my mistress was not able to discover. The countenance and courtesy which this gained, though it encouraged my hope of the future, yet it made the present less tolerable. My tyrant treated me with yet more inhumanity, and my sufferings were so great, that I frequently meditated an escape, though I knew not whither to go, and though I foresaw that the moment I became a fugitive, I should forfeit all my interest, justify every complaint, and incur a disgrace which I could never obliterate.

I had now groaned under the most cruel oppression something more than four years; the cloaths which had been the purchase of my own money I had worn out, and my mistress thought it her interest not to furnish me with any better than would just serve me to go out on her errands, and follow her with a bundle. But as so much of my time was past, I thought it highly reasonable, and indeed necessary, that I should make a more decent appearance, that I should attend the customers, take their orders and their measure, at least fit on the work. After much premeditation, and many attempts,

I at length surmounted my fears; and in such terms and manner as I thought least likely to give offence, I entreated that I might have such cloaths as would answer the purpose, and proposed to work so many hours extraordinary as would produce the money they should cost. But this request, however modest, was answered only with reproaches and insult. I wanted, forsooth, to be a gentlewoman: yes, I should be equipped to set up for myself. This she might have expected from taking a beggar from the parish: but I should see that she knew how to mortify my pride, and disappoint my cunning. I was at once grieved and angered at this treatment; and I believe, for the first time, expressed myself with some indignation and resentment. My resentment, however, she treated with derision and contempt; as an impotent attempt to throw off her authority; and declaring that she would soon shew me who was mistress, she struck me so violent a blow, that I fell from my chair. Whether she was frightened at my fall, or whether she suspected I should alarm the house, she did not repeat her blow, but contented herself with reviling the poverty and wretchedness which she laboured to perpetuate.

I burst into tears of anguish and resentment, and made no reply; but from this moment my hatred became irreconcilable, and I secretly determined at all events to escape from a slavery, which I accused myself for having already endured too long.

No. CXXXV. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1754.

———*Latet anguis in herba.* VIRG.

*Beneath the grass conceal'd a serpent lies.*

IT happened that the next morning I was sent with some work as far as Chelsea: it was about the middle of May. Upon me, who had long toiled in the smoke and darkness of London, and had seen the sun-shine only upon a chimney or a wall, the freshness of the air, the verdure of the fields, and the songs of the birds, had the power of enchantment. I could not forbear lingering in my walk: and every moment of delay made me the less willing to return; not indeed by increasing my enjoyment, but

my fear: I was tenacious of the present, because I dreaded the future; and increased the evil which I approached at every step, by a vain attempt to retain and possess that which at every step I was leaving behind. I found, that not to look forward with hope, was not to look round with pleasure; and yet I still loitered away the hours which I could not enjoy, and returned in a state of anxious irresolution, still taking the way home, because I knew not where else to go, but still neglecting the speed which alone

could make home less dreadful. My torment increased as my walk became shorter; and when I had returned as far as the lower end of the Mall in St. James's Park, I was quite overwhelmed with regret and despair; and, sitting down on one of the benches, I burst into tears.

As my mind was wholly employed on my distress, and my apron held up to my eyes, it was some time before I discovered an elderly lady who had sat down by me. The moment I saw her, such is the force of habit, all thoughts of my own wretchedness gave way to a sense of indecorum; and as she appeared by her dress to be a person in whose company it was presumption in me to sit, I started up in great confusion, and would have left the seat. This, however, she would not suffer; but taking hold of my gown, and gently drawing me back, addressed me with an accent of tenderness, and soothed me with pity before she knew my distress. It was so long since I had heard the voice of kindness, that my heart melted as she spoke with gratitude and joy. I told her all my story; to which she listened with great attention, and often gazed steadfastly in my face. When my narrative was ended, she told me, that the manner in which I had related it was alone sufficient to convince her that it was true; that there was an air of simplicity and sincerity about me, which had prejudiced her in my favour as soon as she saw me; and that, therefore, she was determined to take me home; that I should live with her till she had established me in business, which she could easily do by recommending me to her acquaintance; and that, in the mean time, she would take care to prevent my mistress from being troublesome.

It is impossible to express the transport that I felt at this unexpected deliverance. I was utterly unacquainted with the artifices of those who are hackneyed in the ways of vice; and the remembrance of the disinterested kindness of my first friend, by whom I had been brought up, came fresh into my mind: I therefore indulged the hope of having found such another without scruple; and uttering some incoherent expressions of gratitude, which was too great to be formed into compliment, I accepted the offer, and followed my conductress home. The house was such as I had never entered before; the

rooms were spacious, and the furniture elegant. I looked round with wonder; and blushing with a sense of my own meanness, would have followed the servant who opened the door into the kitchen, but her mistress prevented me. She saw my confusion; and, encouraging me with a smile, took me up stairs into a kind of dressing-room, where she immediately furnished me with clean shoes and stockings, a cap, handkerchief, ruffles, and apron, and a night-gown of genteel Irish stuff, which had not been much worn, though it was spotted and stained in many places: they belonged, she said, to her cousin, a young lady for whom she intended to provide; and insisted upon my putting them on, that I might sit down with her family at dinner; 'For,' said she, 'I have no acquaintance to whom I could recommend a mantua-maker that I kept in my kitchen.'

I perceived that she watched me with great attention while I was dressing, and seemed to be greatly delighted with the alteration in my appearance when I had done. 'I see,' said she, 'that you was made for a gentlewoman; and a gentlewoman you shall be, or it shall be your own fault.' I could only curtsy in answer to this compliment, but notwithstanding the appearance of diffidence and modesty in the blush which I felt burn upon my cheek, yet my heart secretly exulted in a proud confidence that it was true. When I came down stairs, I was introduced by my patroness (who had told me that her name was Wellwood) to the young lady her cousin, and three others; to whom, soon after we were seated, she related my story, intermixing much invective against my mistress, and much flattery to me; with neither of which, if the truth be confessed, I was much displeased.

After dinner, as I understood that company was expected, I entreated leave to retire, and was shewn up stairs into a small chamber very neatly furnished, which I was desired to consider as my own. As the company staid till it was very late, I drank tea and supped alone, one of the servants being ordered to attend me.

The next morning, when I came down stairs to breakfast, Mrs. Wellwood presented me with a piece of printed cotton sufficient for a sacque and coat, and about twelve yards of slight silk for a night-gown, which, she said, I should

make up myself as a specimen of my skill. I attempted to excuse myself from accepting this benefaction, with much hesitation and confusion; but I was commanded with a kind frown, and in a peremptory tone, to be silent. I was told, that, when business came in, I should pay all my debts; that in the mean time, I should be solicitous only to set up; and that a change of genteel apparel might be considered as my stock in trade, since without it my business could neither be procured nor transacted.

To work, therefore, I went; my cloaths were made and worn; many encomiums were lavished upon my dexterity and my person; and thus I was entangled in the snare that had been laid for me, before I had discovered my danger. I had contracted debts which it was impossible I should pay; the power of the law could now be applied to effect the purposes of guilt; and my creditor could urge me to her purpose both by hope and fear.

I had now been near a month in my new lodging; and great care had hitherto been taken to conceal whatever might shock my modesty, or acquaint me with the danger of my situation. Some incidents, however, notwithstanding this caution, had fallen under my notice, that might well have alarmed me; but as those who are waking from a pleasing dream shut their eyes against the light, and endeavour to prolong the delusion by slumbering again, I checked my suspicions the moment they rose, as if danger that was not known would not exist; without considering that enquiry alone could confirm the good, and enable me to escape the evil.

The house was often filled with company, which divided into separate rooms; the visits were frequently continued till midnight, and sometimes till morning; I had, however, always desired leave to retire, which had hitherto been permitted, though not without reluctance; but at length I was pressed to make tea, with an importunity that I could not resist. The company was very gay, and some familiarities passed between the gentlemen and ladies which threw me into confusion and covered me with blushes; yet I was still zealous to impose upon myself, and, therefore, was contented with the supposition, that they were liberties allowed among persons of fashion, many of whose polite

levities I had heard described and censured by the dear monitor of my youth, to whom I owed all my virtue and all my knowledge. I could not, however, reflect without solicitude and anxiety, that since the first week of my arrival I had heard no more of my business. I had, indeed, frequently ventured to mention it; and still hoped, that when my patroness had procured a little set of customers among her friends, I should be permitted to venture into a room of my own; for I could not think of carrying it on where it would degrade my benefactress, of whom it could not without an affront be said, that she let lodgings to a mantua-maker; nor could I without indecorum distribute directions where I was to be found, till I had removed to another house. But whenever I introduced this subject of conversation, I was either rallied for my gravity, or gently reproached with pride, as impatient of obligation; sometimes I was told with an air of merriment, that my business should be pleasure; and sometimes I was entertained with amorous stories, and excited by licentious and flattered descriptions, to a relish of luxurious idleness and expensive amusements. In short, my suspicions gradually increased; and my fears grew stronger, till my dream was at an end, and I could slumber no more. The terror that seized me when I could no longer doubt into what hands I had fallen, is not to be expressed, nor, indeed, could it be concealed: the effect which it produced in my aspect and behaviour, afforded the wretch who attempted to seduce me no prospect of success; and as she despaired of exciting me by love of pleasure to voluntary guilt, she determined to effect her purpose by surprize, and drive me into her toils by desperation.

It was not less my misfortune than reproach, that I did not immediately quit a place, in which I knew myself devoted to destruction. This, indeed, Mrs. Wellwood was very assiduous to prevent: the morning after I had discovered her purpose, the talk about my business was renewed; and as soon as we had breakfasted, she took me out in a hackney coach, under pretence of procuring me a lodging; but she had still some plausible objection against all that we saw. Thus she contrived to busy my mind, and keep me with her the greatest part of

the day; at three we returned to dinner, and evening, being uncommonly drowsy, I passed the afternoon without company. I went to bed near two hours sooner than usual.

## NO. CXXXVI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1754.

——— *Quis talia fando  
Temperet a lachrymis?*

VIRG.

*And who can hear this tale without a tear?*

TO the transactions of this night I was not conscious; but what they had been, the circumstances of the morning left me no room to doubt. I discovered with astonishment, indignation, and despair, which for a time suspended all my faculties, that I had suffered irreparable injury in a state of insensibility; not so much to gratify the wretch by whom I had been abused, as that I might with less scruple admit another; and by reflecting that it was impossible to recover what I had lost, become careless of all that remained. Many artifices were used to soothe me; and when these were found to be ineffectual, attempts were made to intimidate me with menaces. I knew not exactly what passed in the first fury of my distraction; but at length it quite exhausted me. In the evening, being calm through mere languor and debility; and no precaution having been taken to detain me, because I was not thought able to escape; I found means to steal down stairs, and got into the street without being missed. Wretched as I was, I felt some emotions of joy when I first found myself at liberty; though it was no better than the liberty of an exile in a desert, where having escaped from the dungeon and the wheel, he must yet, without a miracle, be destroyed by savages or hunger. It was not long, indeed, before I reflected, that I knew no house that would receive me; and that I had no money in my pocket. I had not, however, the least inclination to go back. I sometimes thought of returning to my old mistress, the mantua-maker; but the moment I began to anticipate the malicious inference she would draw from my absence and appearance; and her triumph in the mournful necessity that urged me to return, I determined rather to suffer any other evil that could befall me;

Thus destitute and forlorn, feeble and dissipated; I continued to creep along till the shops were shut, and the deserted streets became silent. The busy crowds, which had almost borne me before them; were now dissipated; and every one was retired home; except a few wretched outcasts like myself, who were either huddled together in a corner, or strolling about not knowing whither they went. It is not easy to conceive the anguish with which I reflected on my condition; and, perhaps, it would scarcely have been thought possible, that a person who was not a fugitive from justice, nor an enemy to labour, could be thus destitute even of the little that is essential to life, and in danger of perishing for want in the midst of a populous city, abounding with accommodations for every rank, from the peer to the beggar. Such, however, was my lot: I found myself compelled by necessity to pass the night in the streets, without hope of passing the next in any other place; or, indeed, of procuring food to support me till it arrived. I had now fasted the whole day; my languor increased every moment; I was weary and fainting; my face was covered with a cold sweat, and my legs trembled under me: but I did not dare to sit down; or walk twice along the same street, lest I should have been seized by the watch, or insulted by some voluntary vagabond in the rage or wantonness of drunkenness or lust. I knew not, indeed, well how to vary my walk; but imagined that, upon the whole, I should be more safe in the city, than among the brothels in the Strand, or in streets which being less frequented are less carefully watched: for though I scarce ventured to consider the law as my friend, yet I was more afraid of those who should attempt to break the peace, than those who were appointed to keep it. I went forward, therefore, as well as I was able, and

passed through St. Paul's Church-yard as the clock struck one; but such was my misfortune, that the calamity which I dreaded overtook me in the very place to which I had fled to avoid it. Just as I was crossing at the corner into Cheapside, I was laid hold on by a man not meanly dressed, who would have hurried me down toward the Old Change. I knew not what he said, but I strove to disengage myself from him without making any reply: my struggles, indeed, were weak; and the man still keeping his hold, and perhaps mistaking the feebleness of my resistance for some inclination to comply, proceeded to indecencies, for which I struck him with the sudden force that was supplied by rage and indignation; but my whole strength was exhausted in the blow, which the brute instantly returned, and repeated till I fell. Instinct is still ready in the defence of life, however wretched; and though the moment before I had wished to die, yet in this distress I spontaneously cried out for help. My voice was heard by a watchman, who immediately ran towards me; and, finding me upon the ground, lifted up his lantern, and examined me with an attention, which made me reflect with great confusion upon the disorder of my dress, which before had not once occurred to my thoughts: my hair hung loosely about my shoulders, my stays were but half-laced, and the rest of my cloaths were carelessly thrown on in the tumult and distraction of mind, which prevented my attending to trivial circumstances when I made my escape from Wellwood's. My general appearance, and the condition in which I was found, convinced the watchman that I was a strolling prostitute; and finding that I was not able to rise without assistance, he also concluded that I was drunk; he, therefore, set down his lantern, and calling his comrade to assist him, they lifted me up. As my voice was faltering, my looks wild, and my whole frame so feeble that I tottered as I stood, the man was confirmed in his first opinion; and seeing my face bloody, and my eyes swelled, he told me with a sneer, that to secure me from farther ill treatment, he would provide a lodging for me till the morning; and accordingly they dragged me between them to the Compter, without any regard to my entreaties or distress.

I passed the night in agonies, upon which even now I shudder to look back; and in the morning I was carried before a magistrate. The watchman gave an account of his having found me very drunk, crying out murder, and breeding a riot in the street at one o'clock in the morning: I was scarcely yet sober, he said, as his worship might see, and had been pretty handsomely beaten; but he supposed it was for an unsuccessful attempt to pick a pocket, at which I must have been very dextrous indeed, to have succeeded in that condition.

This account, however injurious, was greatly confirmed by my appearance: I was almost covered with kennel dirt, my face was discoloured, my speech was inarticulate, and I was so oppressed with faintness and terror, that I could not stand without a support. The magistrate, however, with great kindness, called upon me to make my defence, which I attempted by relating the truth: but the story was told with so much hesitation, and was in itself so wild and improbable, so like the inartificial tales that are hastily formed as an apology for detected guilt, that it could not be believed; and I was told, that except I could support my character by some credible witness, I should be committed to Bridewell.

I was thunderstruck at this menace; and had formed ideas so dreadful of the place to which I was to be sent, that my dungeon at the mantua-maker's became a palace in the comparison; and to return thither, with whatever disadvantages, was now the utmost object of my hope. I, therefore, desired that my mistress might be sent for, and flattered myself that she would at least take me out of the house of correction, if it were only for the pleasure of tormenting me herself.

In about two hours the messenger returned, and with him my tyrant, who eyed me with such malicious pleasure, that my hopes failed me the moment I saw her, and I almost repented that she was come. She was, I believe, glad of an opportunity effectually to prevent my obtaining any part of her business, which she had some reason to fear; and, therefore, told the justice who examined her, that she had taken me a beggar from the parish four years ago, and

taught me her trade; but that I had been always fullen, mischievous, and idle; that it was more than a month since I had clandestinely left her service, in decent and modest apparel fitting my condition; and that she would leave his worship to judge, whether I came honestly by the tawdry rags which I had on my back. This account, however correspondent with my own, served only to confirm those facts which condemned me: it appeared incontrovertibly, that I had deserted my service; and been debauched in a brothel, where I had been furnished with cloaths, and continued more than a month. That I had been ignorant of my situation, prostituted without my consent, and at last had escaped to avoid farther injury, appeared to be fictitious circumstances, invented to palliate my offence: the person whom I had accused lived in another county; and it was necessary, for the present, to bring the matter to a short issue: my mistress, therefore, was asked, whether she would receive me again, upon my promise of good behaviour; and upon her peremptory refusal, my mittimus was made out, and I was committed to hard labour. The clerk, however, was ordered to take a memorandum of my charge against Wellwood, and I was told that enquiry should be made about her.

After I had been confined about a week, a note was brought me without date or name, in which I was told, that my malice against those who would have been my benefactors was disappointed; that if I would return to them, my discharge should be procured, and I should still be kindly received; but that if I persisted in my ingratitude, it should not be unrevenged. From this note, I conjectured, that Wellwood had found means to stop an enquiry into her conduct, which she discovered to have been begun upon my information, and had thus learnt where I was to be found: I therefore returned no answer, but that I was contented with my situation, and prepared to suffer whatever Providence should appoint.

During my confinement, I was not treated with great severity; and at the next court, as no particular crime was alledged against me, I was ordered to be discharged. As my character was now irretrievably lost, as I had no friend who would afford me shelter, nor any business to which I could apply, I had no prof-

pect but again to wander about the streets, without lodging and without food. I therefore entreated, that the officers of the parish to which I belonged, might be ordered to receive me into the work-house, till they could get me a service, or find me some employment by which my labour would procure me a subsistence. This request, so reasonable, and so uncommon, was much commended, and immediately granted; but as I was going out at the gate with my pass in my hand, I was met by a bailiff, with an emissary of Wellwood's, and arrested for a debt of twenty pounds. As it was no more in my power to procure bail, than to pay the money, I was immediately dragged to Newgate. It was soon known that I had not a farthing in my pocket, and that no money either for fees or accommodations could be expected; I was, therefore, turned over to a place called the Common-side, among the most profligate of human beings. In Bridewell, indeed, my associates were wicked; but they were over-awed by the presence of their taskmaster, and restrained from licentiousness by perpetual labour: but my ears were now violated every moment by oaths, execrations, and obscenity; the conversation of Mother Wellwood, her inmates, and her guests, was chaste and holy to that of the inhabitants of this place: and in comparison with their life, that to which I had been solicited was innocent. Thus I began insensibly to think of mere incontinence without horror; and, indeed, became less sensible of more complicated enormities, in proportion as they became familiar. My wretchedness, however, was not alleviated, though my virtue became less. I was without friends, and without money; and the misery of confinement in a noisome dungeon was aggravated by hunger and thirst, and cold and nakedness. In this hour of trial, I was again assailed by the wretch who had produced it only to facilitate her success. And let not those before whom the path of virtue has been strewed with flowers, and every thorn removed by prosperity, too severely censure me, to whom it was a barren and a rugged road, in which I had long toiled with labour and anguish, if at last when I was benighted in a storm, I turned at the first light, and hastened to the nearest shelter: let me not be too severely censured, if I now accepted liberty and ease

and plenty, upon the only terms on which they could be obtained. I consented, with whatever reluctance and compunction, to return, and compleat my ruin in the place where it was begun. The action of debt was immediately withdrawn, my fees were paid, and I was once more removed to my lodging near Covent Garden. In a short time I recovered my health and beauty; I was again dressed and adorned at the expence of my tyrant, whose power increased in proportion to my debt: the terms of prostitution were prescribed me; and out of the money which was the price not only of my body but my soul, I scarce received more than I could have earned by weeding in a field. The will of my creditor was my law, from which I knew not how to appeal. My slavery was most deplorable, and my employment most odious; for the principles of virtue and religion, which had been implanted in my youth, however they had been choaked by weeds, could never be plucked up by the root; nor did I ever admit a dishonourable visit, but my heart sunk, my lips quivered, and my knees smote each other.

From this dreadful situation I am at length delivered. But while I lift up my heart in gratitude to Him, who alone can bring good out of evil, I desire it may be remembered, that my deviation to ill was natural, and my recovery almost miraculous. My first step to vice was the desertion of my service; and of this, all my guilt and misery were the consequence. Let none, therefore, quit the post that is assigned them by Providence, or venture out of the strait way; the bye-path, though it may invite them by its verdure, will inevitably lead them to a precipice; nor can it, without folly and presumption, be pronounced of any, that their first deviation from rectitude will produce less evil than mine.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the story of my child, and such are her reflections upon it; to which I can only add, that he who abandons his offspring, or corrupts them by his example, perpetrates greater evil than a murderer, in proportion as immortality is of more value than life. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

AGAMUS.

No. CXXXVII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1754.

Τ. δ' ἔπειτα.

PYTH.

*What have I been doing?*

AS man is a being very sparingly furnished with the power of prescience, he can provide for the future only by considering the past; and as futurity is all in which he has any real interest, he ought very diligently to use the only means by which he can be enabled to enjoy it, and frequently to revolve the experiments which he has hitherto made upon life, that he may gain wisdom from his mistakes, and caution from his miscarriages.

Though I do not so exactly conform to the precepts of Pythagoras, as to practise every night this solemn recollection, yet I am not so lost in dissipation as wholly to omit it; nor can I forbear sometimes to enquire of myself, in what employment my life has passed away. Much of my time has sunk into nothing, and left no trace by which it can be distinguished;

and of this I now only know, that it was once in my power, and might once have been improved.

Of other parts of life memory can give some account; at some hours I have been gay, and at others serious; I have sometimes mingled in conversation, and sometimes meditated in solitude; one day has been spent in consulting the ancient sages, and another in writing Adventurers.

At the conclusion of any undertaking, it is usual to compute the loss and profit. As I shall soon cease to write Adventurers, I could not forbear lately to consider what has been the consequence of my labours; and whether I am to reckon the hours laid out in these compositions, as applied to a good and laudable purpose, or suffered to fume away in useless evaporation.



That I have intended well, I have the attestation of my own heart : but good intentions may be frustrated, when they are executed without suitable skill, or directed to an end unattainable in itself.

Some there are, who leave writers very little room for self-congratulation ; some who affirm, that books have no influence upon the public, that no age was ever made better by its authors, and that to call upon mankind to correct their manners, is like Xerxes, to scourge the wind or shackle the torrent.

This opinion they pretend to support by unfailing experience. The world is full of fraud and corruption, rapine, or malignity ; interest is the ruling motive of mankind, and every one is endeavouring to increase his own stores of happiness by perpetual accumulation, without reflecting upon the numbers whom his superfluity condemns to want : in this state of things a book of morality is published, in which charity and benevolence are strongly enforced ; and it is proved beyond opposition, that men are happy in proportion as they are virtuous, and rich as they are liberal. The book is applauded, and the author is preferred ; he imagines his applause deserved, and receives less pleasure from the acquisition of reward than the consciousness of merit. Let us look again upon mankind : interest is still the ruling motive, and the world is still full of fraud and corruption, malice and rapine.

The difficulty of confuting this assertion arises merely from its generality and comprehension : to overthrow it by a detail of distinct facts, requires a wider survey of the world than human eyes can take ; the progress of reformation is gradual and silent ; as the extension of evening shadows ; we know that they were short at noon, and are long at sunset, but our senses were not able to discern their increase : we know of every civil nation, that it was once savage ; and how was it reclaimed but by precept and admonition ?

Mankind are universally corrupt, but corrupt in different degrees ; as they are universally ignorant, yet with greater or less irradiations of knowledge. How has knowledge or virtue been increased and preserved in one place beyond another, but by diligent inculcation and rational enforcement ?

Books of morality are daily written, yet its influence is still little in the world ; so the ground is annually ploughed, and yet multitudes are in want of bread. But, surely, neither the labours of the moralist nor of the husbandman are vain : let them for a while neglect their tasks, and their usefulness will be known ; the wickedness that is now frequent would become universal, the bread that is now scarce would wholly fail.

The power, indeed, of every individual is small, and the consequence of his endeavours imperceptible in a general prospect of the world. Providence has given no man ability to do much, that something might be left for every man to do. The business of life is carried on by a general co-operation ; in which the part of any single man can be no more distinguished, than the effect of a particular drop when the meadows are floated by a summer shower ; yet every drop increases the inundation, and every hand adds to the happiness or misery of mankind.

That a writer, however zealous or eloquent, seldom works a visible effect upon cities or nations, will readily be granted. The book which is read most, is read by few, compared with those that read it not ; and of those few, the greater part peruse it with dispositions that very little favour their own improvement.

It is difficult to enumerate the several motives which procure to books the honour of perusal : spite, vanity, and curiosity, hope and fear, love and hatred, every passion which incites to any other action, serves at one time or other to stimulate a reader.

Some are fond to take a celebrated volume into their hands, because they hope to distinguish their penetration, by finding faults which have escaped the public ; others eagerly buy it in the first bloom of reputation, that they may join the chorus of praise, and not lag, as Falstaff terms it, in ' the rearward of the fashion.'

Some read for style, and some for argument : one has little care about the sentiment, he observes only how it is expressed ; another regards not the conclusion, but is diligent to mark how it is inferred : they read for other purposes than the attainment of practical knowledge ; and are no more likely to grow wise by an examination of a treatise of moral prudence, than

an architect to inflame his devotion by considering attentively the proportions of a temple.

Some read that they may embellish their conversation, or shine in dispute; some that they may not be detected in ignorance, or want the reputation of literary accomplishments; but the most general and prevalent reason of study is the impossibility of finding another amusement equally cheap or constant, equally dependent on the hour or the weather. He that wants money to follow the chase of pleasure through her yearly circuit, and is left at home when the gay world rolls to Bath or Tunbridge; he whose gout compels him to hear from his chamber the rattle of chariots transporting happier beings to plays and assemblies, will be forced to see in books a refuge from himself.

The author is not wholly useless, who provides innocent amusements for minds like these. There are in the present state of things so many more incitations to evil, than incitements to good, that he who keeps me in a neutral state, may be justly considered as a benefactor to life.

But, perhaps, it seldom happens that study terminates in mere pastime. Books have always a secret influence on the understanding; we cannot at pleasure obliterate ideas: he that reads books of science, though without any fixed desire of improvement, will grow more knowing; he that entertains himself with moral or religious treatises, will imperceptibly advance in goodness; the ideas which are often offered to the mind, will at last find a lucky moment when it is disposed to receive them.

It is, therefore, urged without reason, as a discouragement to writers, that there are already books sufficient in the world; that all the topics of persuasion have been discussed; and every important question clearly stated and justly decided; and that, therefore, there is no

room to hope that pigmies should conquer where heroes have been defeated, or that the petty copiers of the present time should advance the great work of reformation, which their predecessors were forced to leave unfinished.

Whatever be the present extent of human knowledge, it is not only finite, and therefore in its own nature capable of increase; but so narrow, that almost every understanding may, by a diligent application of its powers, hope to enlarge it. It is, however, not necessary, that a man should forbear to write, till he has discovered some truth unknown before; he may be sufficiently useful, by only diversifying the surface of knowledge, and luring the mind by a new appearance to a second view of those beauties which it had passed over inattentively before. Every writer may find intellects correspondent to his own, to whom his expressions are familiar, and his thoughts congenial; and, perhaps, truth is often more successfully propagated by men of moderate abilities, who adopting the opinions of others, have no care but to explain them clearly, than by subtle speculatists and curious searchers, who exact from their readers powers equal to their own, and if their fabrics of science be strong, take no care to render them accessible.

For my part, I do not regret the hours which I have laid out in these little compositions. That the world has grown apparently better, since the publication of the *Adventurer*, I have not observed; but am willing to think, that many have been affected by single sentiments, of which it is their business to renew the impression; that many have caught hints of truth, which it is now their duty to pursue; and that those who have received no improvement, have wanted not opportunity but intention to improve.

T

No. CXXXVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1754.

*Quid pure tranquillet? honos, an dulce lucellum.  
An secretum iter, et fallentis semita vita?* HOR.

*Whether the tranquil mind and pure,  
Honours or wealth our mind insure;  
Or down through life unknown to stray,  
Where lonely leads the silent way.* FRANCIS.

HAVING considered the importance of authors to the welfare of the public, I am led by a natural train of thought, to reflect on their condition with regard to themselves; and to enquire what degree of happiness or vexation is annexed to the difficult and laborious employment of providing instruction or entertainment for mankind.

In estimating the pain or pleasure of any particular state, every man, indeed, draws his decisions from his own breast, and cannot with certainty determine, whether other minds are affected by the same causes in the same manner. Yet by this criterion we must be content to judge, because no other can be obtained; and, indeed, we have no reason to think it very fallacious, for excepting here and there an anomalous mind, which either does not feel like others, or dissembles its sensibility, we find men unanimously concur in attributing happiness or misery to particular conditions, as they agree in acknowledging the cold of winter and the heat of autumn.

If we apply to authors themselves for an account of their state, it will appear very little to deserve envy; for they have in all ages been addicted to complaint. The neglect of learning, the ingratitude of the present age, and the absurd preference by which ignorance and dullness often obtain favour and rewards, have been from age to age topics of invective; and few have left their names to posterity, without some appeal to future candour from the perverseness and malice of their own times.

I have, nevertheless, been often inclined to doubt, whether authors, however querulous, are in reality more miserable than their fellow mortals. The present life is to all a state of infelicity; every man, like an author, believes himself to merit more than he obtains, and so places the present with the prospect of the future; others, indeed, suffer those disappoint-

ments in silence, of which the writer complains, to shew how well he has learnt the art of lamentation.

There is at least one gleam of felicity, of which few writers have missed the enjoyment: he whose hopes have so far overpowered his fears, that he has resolved to stand forth a candidate for fame, seldom fails to amuse himself, before his appearance, with pleasing scenes of affluence or honour; while his fortune is yet under the regulation of fancy, he easily models it to his wish, suffers no thoughts of critics or rivals to intrude upon his mind, but counts over the bounties of patronage, or listens to the voice of praise.

Some there are, that talk very luxuriously of the second period of an author's happiness, and tell of the tumultuous raptures of invention, when the mind riots in imagery, and the choice stands suspended between different sentiments.

These pleasures, I believe, may sometimes be indulged to those who come to a subject of disquisitions with minds full of ideas, and with fancies so vigorous, as easily to excite, select, and arrange them. To write is, indeed, no unpleasant employment, when one sentiment readily produces another, and both ideas and expressions present themselves at the first summons: but such happiness the greatest genius does not always obtain; and common writers know it only to such a degree, as to credit its possibility. Composition is, for the most part, an effort of slow diligence and steady perseverance, to which the mind is dragged by necessity or resolution, and from which the attention is every moment starting to more delightful amusements.

It frequently happens, that a design which, when considered at a distance, gave flattering hopes of facility, mocks us in the execution with unexpected difficulties; the mind which,

while it considered it in the gross, imagined itself amply furnished with materials, finds sometimes an unexpected barrenness and vacuity, and wonders whither all those ideas are vanished, which a little before seemed struggling for emission.

Sometimes many thoughts present themselves; but so confused and unconnected, that they are not without difficulty reduced to method, or concatenated in a regular and dependent series: the mind falls at once into a labyrinth, of which neither the beginning nor end can be discovered; and toils and struggles without progress or extrication.

It is asserted by Horace, that if matter be once got together, words will be found with very little difficulty; a position which, though sufficiently plausible to be inserted in poetical precepts, is by no means strictly and philosophically true. If words were naturally and necessarily consequential to sentiments, it would always follow, that he who has most knowledge must have most eloquence, and that every man would clearly express what he clearly understood: yet we find, that to think and discourse are often the qualities of different persons: and many books might surely be produced, where just and noble sentiments are degraded and obscured by unsuitable diction.

Words, therefore, as well as things, claim the care of an author. Indeed of many authors, and those not useless or contemptible, words are almost the only care: many make it their study, not so much to strike out new sentiments, as to recommend those which are already known to more favourable notice by fairer decorations; but every man, whether he copies or invents, whether he delivers his own thoughts or those of another, has often found himself deficient in the power of expression, big with ideas which he could not utter, obliged to ransack his memory for terms adequate to his conceptions, and at last unable to impress upon his reader the image existing in his own mind.

It is one of the common distresses of a writer, to be within a word of a happy period, to want only a single epithet to give amplification its full force, to require only a correspondent term in order to finish a paragraph with elegance, and make one of its members answer to the other: but these deficiencies cannot always be supplied; and after a long study and vexation, the

passage is turned anew, and the web unwoven that was so nearly finished.

But when thoughts and words are collected and adjusted, and the whole composition at last concluded, it seldom gratifies the author, when he comes coolly and deliberately to review it, with the hopes which had been excited in the fury of the performance: novelty always captivates the mind; as our thoughts rise fresh upon us, we readily believe them just and original, which, when the pleasure of production is over, we find to be mean and common, or borrowed from the works of others, and supplied by memory rather than invention.

But though it should happen that the writer finds no such faults in his performance, he is still to remember, that he looks upon it with partial eyes: and when he considers how many men who could judge of others with great exactness, have often failed of judging of themselves, he will be afraid of deciding too hastily in his own favour, or of allowing himself to contemplate with too much complacency, treasure that has not yet been brought to the test, nor passed the only trial that can stamp its value.

From the public, and only from the public, is he to await a confirmation of his claim, and a final justification of self-esteem; but the public is not easily persuaded to favour an author. If mankind were left to judge for themselves, it is reasonable to imagine, that of such writings, at least, as describe the movements of the human passions, and of which every man carries the archetype within him, a just opinion would be formed; but whoever has remarked the fate of books, must have found it governed by other causes than general consent arising from general conviction. If a new performance happens not to fall into the hands of some, who have courage to tell, and authority to propagate their opinion, it often remains long in obscurity, and perhaps perishes unknown and unexamined. A few, a very few, commonly constitute the taste of the time; the judgment which they have once pronounced, some are too lazy to discuss, and some too timorous to contradict: it may, however, be, I think, observed, that their power is greater to depress than exalt, as mankind are more credulous of censure than of praise.

This perversion of the public judgment is not to be rashly numbered amongst the mis-

ries of an author; since it commonly serves, after miscarriage, to reconcile him to himself. Because the world has sometimes passed an unjust sentence, he readily concludes the sentence unjust by which his performance is condemned; because some have been exalted above

their merits by partiality, he is sure to ascribe the success of a rival, not to the merit of his work, but the zeal of his patrons. Upon the whole, as the author seems to share all the common miseries of life, he appears to partake likewise of its lenitives and abatements.

T

## NO. CXXXIX. TUESDAY, MARCH 5, 1754.

*Ipse viam tantum potui docuisse repertam  
Aonas ad montes, longeque ostendere musas,  
Plaudentes celsæ choreas in vertice rupis.*

VIDA.

*I only pointed out the paths that lead  
The panting youth to steep Parnassus' head,  
And shew'd the tuneful muses from afar,  
Mix'd in a solemn choir and dancing there.*

PITT.

HE that undertakes to superintend the morals and the taste of the public, should attentively consider what are the peculiar irregularities and defects that characterize the times: for though some have contended, that men have always been vicious and foolish in the same degree, yet their vices and follies are known to have been not only different but opposite in their kind. The disease of the time has been sometimes a fever, and sometimes a lethargy; and he, therefore, who should always prescribe the same remedy, would be justly scorned as a quack, the dispenser of a nostrum, which, however efficacious, must, if indiscriminately applied, produce as much evil as good. There was a time, when every man, who was ambitious of religion or virtue, enlisted himself in a crusade or buried himself in a hermitage: and he who should then have declaimed against lukewarmness and scepticism, would have acted just as absurdly as he who should warn the present age against priestcraft and superstition, or set himself gravely to prove the lawfulness of pleasure, to lure the hermit from his cell, and deliver the penitent from suicide.

But as vicious manners have not differed more than vicious taste, there was a time when every literary character was disgraced by an impertinent ostentation of skill in abstruse science, and an habitual familiarity with books written in the dead languages; every man, therefore, was a pedant, in proportion as he desired to be thought a scholar. The preacher and the pleader strung to-

gether classical quotations with the same labour, affectation, and insignificance; truths however obvious, and opinions however indisputable, were illustrated and confirmed by the testimonies of Tully or Horace; and Seneca and Epictetus were solemnly cited, to evince the certainty of death or the fickleness of fortune. The discourses of Taylor are crowded with extracts from the writers of the porch and the academy; and it is scarcely possible to forbear smiling at a marginal note of Lord Coke, in which he gravely acquaints his reader with an excellence that he might otherwise have overlooked: 'This,' says he, 'is the thirty-third time that Virgil hath been quoted in this work.' The mixture, however, is so preposterous, that to those who can read Coke with pleasure, these passages will appear like a dancer who should intrude on the solemnity of a senate; and to those who have a taste only for polite literature, like a fountain or a palm-tree in the deserts of Arabia.

It appears by the essays of Montaigne and La Motte le Vayer, that this affectation extended to France; but the absurdity was too gross to remain long after the revival of literature. It was ridiculed here so early as the Silent Woman of Ben Jonson; and afterwards more strongly and professedly in the character of Hudibras, who decorates his flimsy orations with gawdy patches of Latin, and scraps of tissue from the schoolmen. The same task was also undertaken in France by Balzac, in a satire called Barbon.

Wit is more rarely disappointed of its purpose than wisdom; and it is no wonder that this species of pedantry, in itself so ridiculous and despicable, was soon brought into contempt by these powers, against which truth and rectitude have not always maintained their dignity. The features of learning began insensibly to lose their austerity, and her air became engaging and easy: philosophy was now decorated by the graces.

The abstruse truths of astronomy were explained by Fontenelle to a lady by moonlight; justice and propriety of thought and sentiment were discussed by Bouhours amid the delicacies of a garden; and Algarotti introduced the Newtonian theory of light and colours to the toilet. Addison remarks, that Socrates was said to have brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men: 'And I,' said he, 'shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables, and in coffee-houses.'

But this purpose has in some measure been defeated by its success; and we have been driven from one extreme with such precipitation, that we have not stopped in the medium, but gone on to the other.

Learning has been divested of the peculiarities of a college dress, that she might mix in polite assemblies, and be admitted to domestic familiarity; but by this means she hath been confounded with ignorance and levity. Those who before could distinguish her only by the singularity of her garb, cannot now distinguish her at all; and whenever she asserts the dignity of her character, she has reason to fear that ridicule which is inseparably connected with the remembrance of her dress; she is, therefore, in danger of being driven back to the college, where, such is her transformation, she may at last be refused admittance; for, instead of learning's having elevated conversation, conversation has degraded learning; and the barbarous and inaccurate manner in which an extemporary speaker expresses a hasty conception, is now contended to be the rule by which an author should write. It seems, therefore, that to correct the taste of the present generation, literary subjects should be again introduced among

the polite and gay, without labouring too much to disguise them like common prattle; and that conversation should be weeded of folly and impertinence, of common-place rhetoric, jingling phrases, and trite repartee, which are echoed from one visitor to another without the labour of thought, and have been suffered by better understandings in the dread of an imputation of pedantry. I am of opinion, that with this view Swift wrote his *Polite Conversation*; and where he has plucked up a weed, the writers who succeed him should endeavour to plant a flower. With this view, Criticism has in this paper been intermixed with subjects of greater importance; and it is hoped that our fashionable conversation will no longer be the disgrace of rational beings; and that men of genius and literature will not give the sanction of their example to popular folly, and suffer their evenings to pass in hearing or in telling the exploits of a pointer, discussing a method to prevent wines from being pricked, or solving a difficult case in backgammon.

I would not, however, be thought solicitous to confine the conversation even of scholars to literary subjects, but only to prevent such subjects from being totally excluded. And it may be remarked, that the present insignificance of conversation has a very extensive effect: excellence that is not understood will never be rewarded, and without hope of reward few will labour to excel; every writer will be tempted to negligence, in proportion as he despises the judgment of those who are to determine his merit; and as it is no man's interest to write that which the public is not disposed to read, the productions of the press will always be accommodated to popular taste, and in proportion as the world is inclined to be ignorant, little will be taught them. Thus the Greek and Roman architecture are discarded for the novelties of China; the Ruins of Palmyra, and the copies of the capital pictures of Correggio, are neglected for gothic designs, and burlesque political prints; and the tinsel of a *Burletta* has more admirers than the gold of Shakespeare, though it now receives new splendor from the mint, and, like a medal, is illustrious, not only for intrinsic worth, but for beauty of expression.

Perhaps it may be thought, that if this be indeed the state of learning and taste, an at-

tempt to improve it by a private hand is romantic, and the hope of success chimerical: but to this I am not solicitous to give other answer, than that such an attempt is consistent

with the character in which this paper is written; and that the Adventurer can assert, upon classical authority, that in brave attempts it is glorious even to fail.

Z

No. CXL. SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1754.

*Define Manalios, mea tibia, define cantus.*

VIRG.

*Now cease, my pipe, now cease, Manalian strains.*

WARTON.

WHEN this work was first planned, it was determined that, whatever might be the success, it should not be continued as a paper, till it became unwieldy as a book; for no immediate advantage would have induced the Adventurer to write what, like a newspaper, was designed but for a day; and he knew, that the pieces of which it would consist, might be multiplied till they were thought too numerous to collect, and too costly to purchase, even by those who should allow them to be excellent in their kind. It was soon agreed, that four volumes, when they should be printed in a pocket size, would circulate better than more, and that scarce any of the purposes of publication could be effected by less; the work, therefore, was limited to four volumes, and four volumes are now completed.

A moral writer, of whatever abilities, who labours to reclaim those to whom vice is become habitual, and who are become veterans in infidelity, must surely labour to little purpose. Vice is a gradual and easy descent, where it first deviates from the level of innocence; but the declivity at every pace becomes more steep, and those who descend, descend every moment with greater rapidity. As a moralist, therefore, I determined to mark the first insensible gradation to ill; to caution against those acts which are not generally believed to incur guilt, but of which indubitable vice and hopeless misery are the natural and most necessary consequences.

As I was, upon these principles to write for the Young and the Gay, for those who are entering the path of life, I knew that it would be necessary to amuse the imagination while I was approaching the heart; and that I could not hope to fix the attention, but by engaging

the passions. I have, therefore, sometimes led them into the regions of fancy, and sometimes held up before them the mirror of life; I have concatenated events, rather than deduced consequences by logical reasoning; and have exhibited scenes of prosperity and distress, as more forcibly persuasive than the rhetoric of declamation.

In the story of Melissa I have endeavoured to repress romantic hopes, by which the reward of laborious industry is despised; and have founded affluence and honour upon an act of generous integrity, to which few would have thought themselves obliged. In the life of Op-sinuous, I have shewn the danger of the first speculative defection, and endeavoured to demonstrate the necessary dependence of Virtue upon Religion. Amurath's first advance to cruelty was striking a dog. The wretchedness of Hassan was produced merely by the want of positive virtue; and that of Mirza by the solitariness of his devotion. The distress of Lady Freeman arises from a common and allowed deviation from truth; and in the two papers upon marriage, the importance of minute particulars is illustrated and displayed. With this clue, the reader will be able to discover the same design in almost every paper that I have written, which may easily be known from the rest, by having no signature \* at the bottom. Among these, however, Number forty-four was the voluntary contribution of a stranger, and Number forty-two the gift of a friend; so were the first hints on which I wrote the story of Eugenio, and the letter signed Tim. Cogdie.

I did not, however, undertake to execute this scheme alone; not only because I wanted sufficient leisure, but because some degree of

\* By signature is meant the letter, or mark, placed on the left hand side of the page: not the subscribed names of the assumed characters in which several of the papers are written.

fameness is produced by the peculiarities of every writer; and it was thought that the conceptions and expressions of another, whose pieces should have a general coincidence with mine, would produce variety, and by increasing entertainment facilitate instruction.

With this view the pieces that appear in the beginning of the work signed A were procured; but this resource soon failing, I was obliged to carry on the publication alone, except some casual supplies, till I obtained from the gentlemen who have distinguished their pieces by the letters T and Z \* such assistance as I most wished. Of their views and expectations, some account has been already given in Number one hundred and thirty-seven, and Number one hundred and thirty-nine. But there is one particular, in which the critical pieces concur in the general design of this paper, which has not been mentioned: those who can judge of literary excellence, will easily discover the Sacred Writings to have a divine origin by their manifest superiority; he, therefore, who displays the beauties and defects of a classic author, whether ancient or modern, puts into the hands of those to whom he communicates critical knowledge, a new testimony of the truth of Christianity.

Besides the assistance of these gentlemen, I have received some voluntary contributions which would have done honour to any collection: the allegorical letter from Night, signed S; the story of Fidelia, in three papers, signed Y; the letter signed Tim. Wildgoose; Number forty-four and Number ninety marked with an &, were sent by unknown hands.

But whatever was the design to which I directed my part of this work, I will not pretend, that the view with which I undertook it was wholly disinterested; or that I would have engaged in a periodical paper, if I had not considered, that though it would not require deep

researches and abstracted speculation, yet it would admit much of that novelty which nature can now supply, and afford me opportunity to excel, if I possessed the power; as the pencil of a master is as easily distinguished in still-life, as in a Hercules or a Venus, a landscape or a battle. I confess, that in this work I was incited, not only by a desire to propagate virtue, but to gratify myself, nor has the private wish, which was involved in the public, been disappointed. I have no cause to complain, that the *Adventurer* has been injuriously neglected; or that I have been denied that praise, the hope of which animated my labour and cheered my weariness: I have been pleased, in proportion as I have been known in this character; and as the fears in which I made the first experiment are past, I have subscribed this paper with my name. But the hour is hastening, in which whatever praise or censure I have acquired by these compositions, if they are remembered at all, will be remembered with equal indifference and the remembrance of them only will afford me comfort. Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand that is now writing it in the dust, and still the breast that now throbs at the reflection: but let not this be read as something that relates only to another; for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading from the hand that has written. This awful truth, however obvious, and however reiterated, is yet frequently forgotten; for, surely, if we did not lose our remembrance, or at least our sensibility, that view would always predominate in our lives, which alone can afford us comfort when we die.

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

BROMLEY, IN KENT,

MARCH 4, 1754.

\* The pieces signed Z are by the Rev. Mr. Warton, whose translation of Virgil's *Pastorals* and *Georgics* would alone sufficiently distinguish him as a genius and a scholar.

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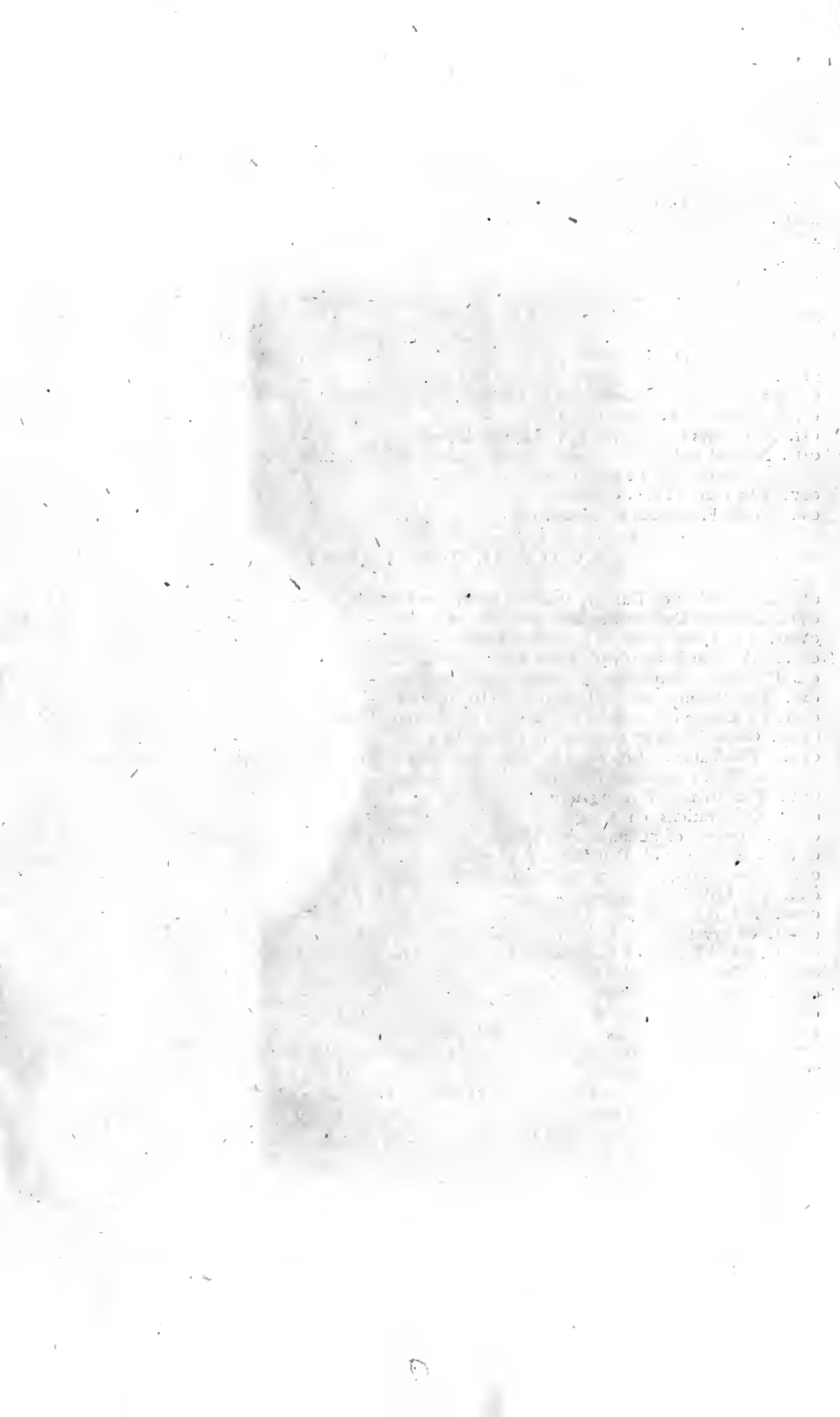
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